BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

JUNE
1937

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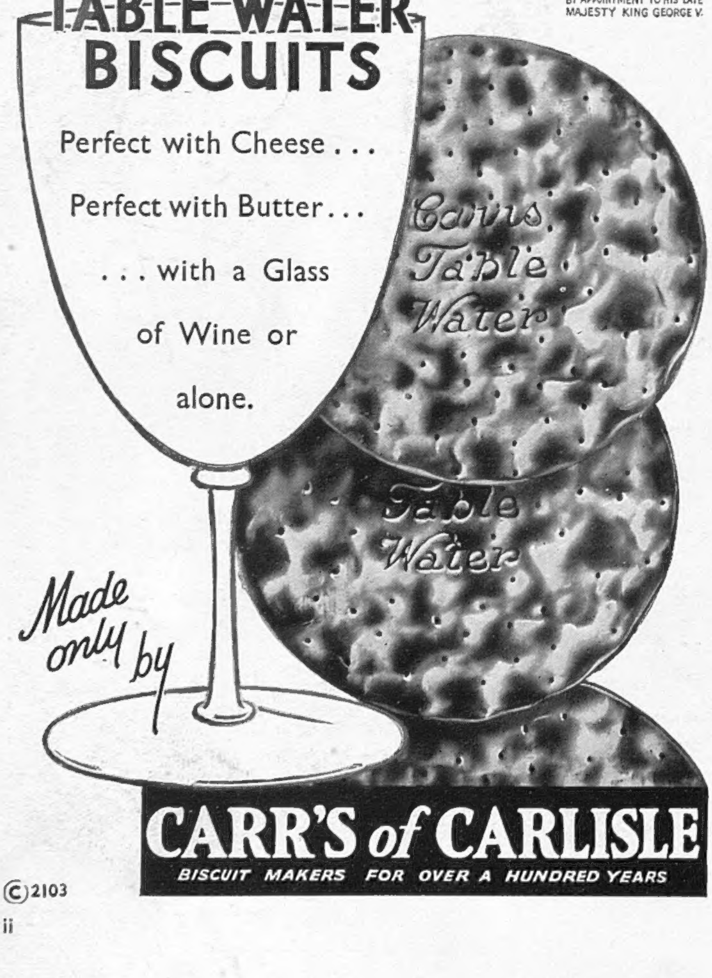

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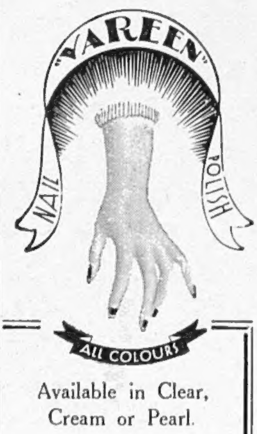

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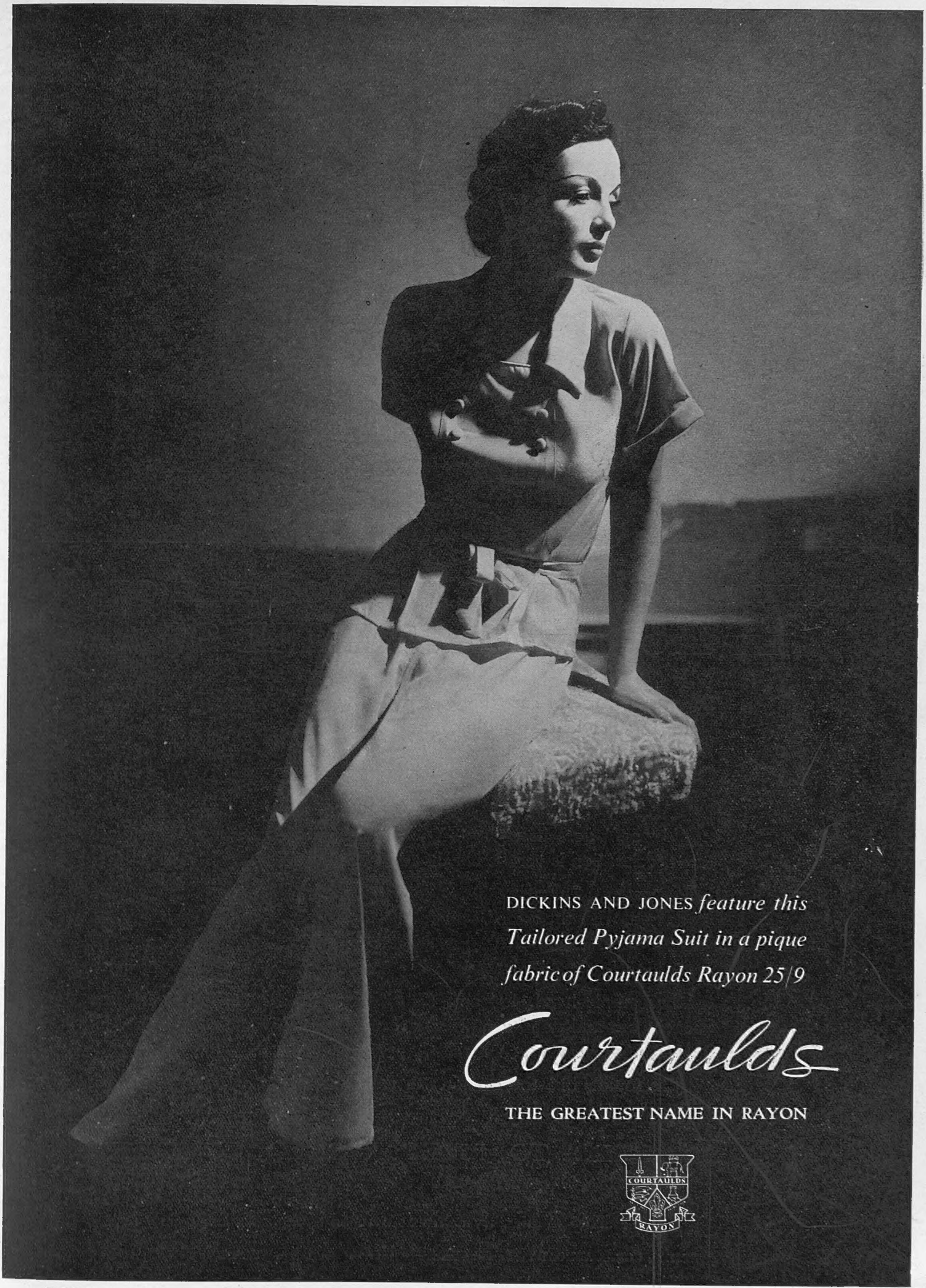

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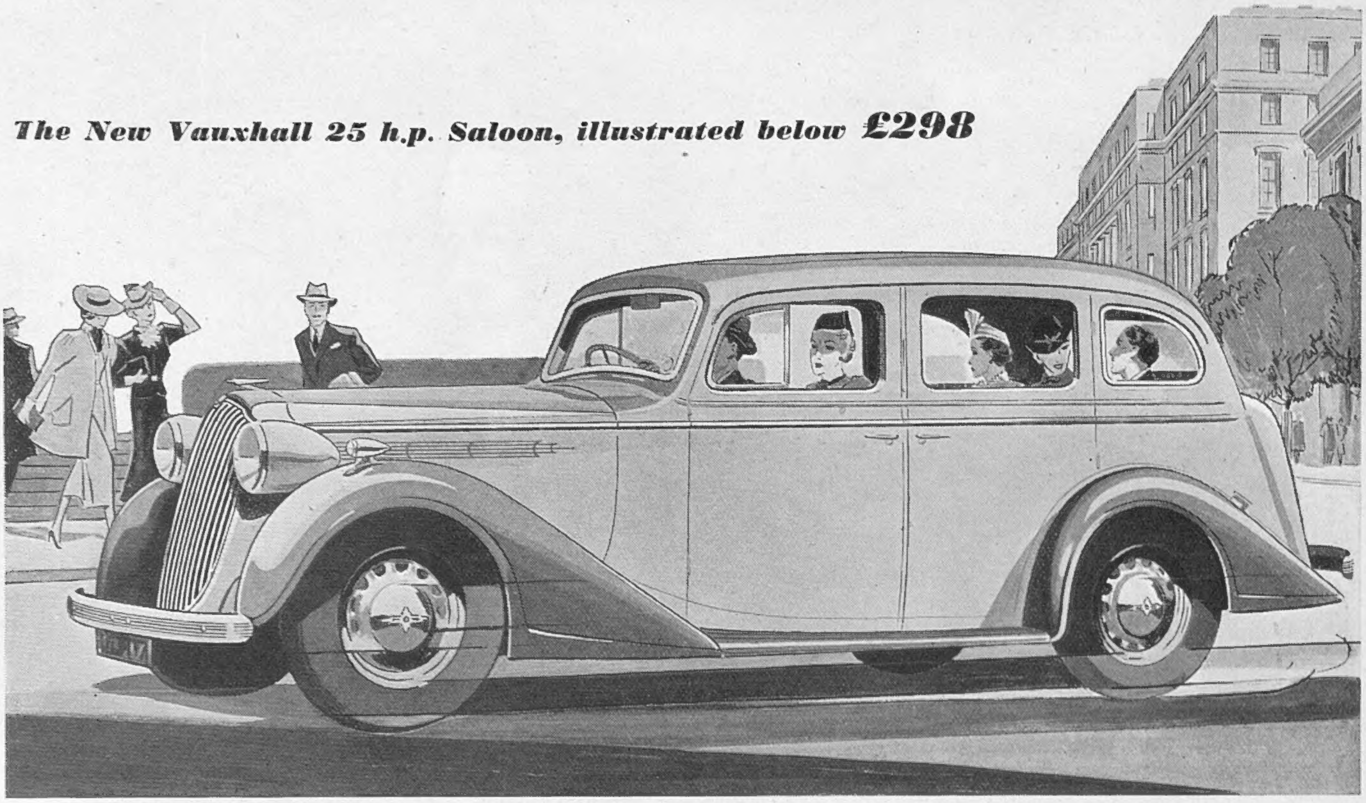

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 6. JUNE 1937

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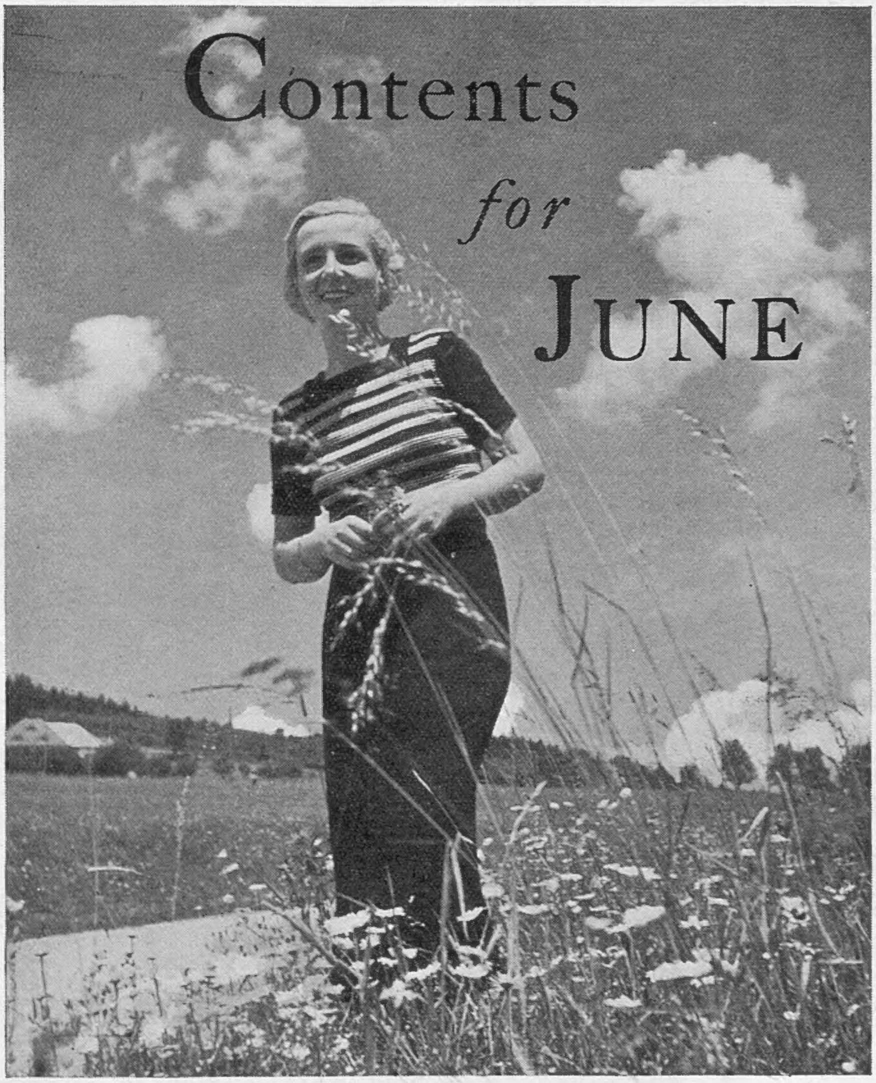

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 160. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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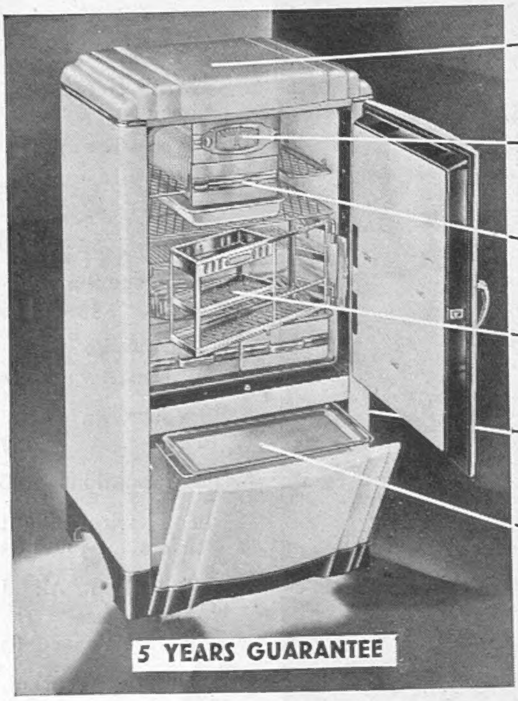

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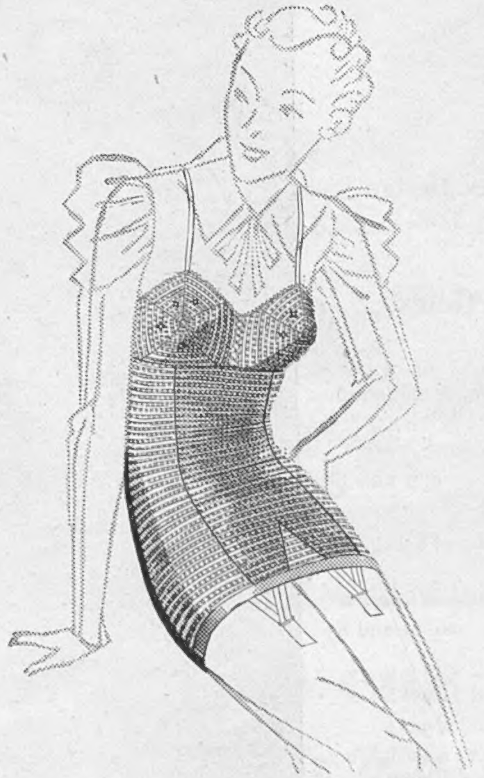

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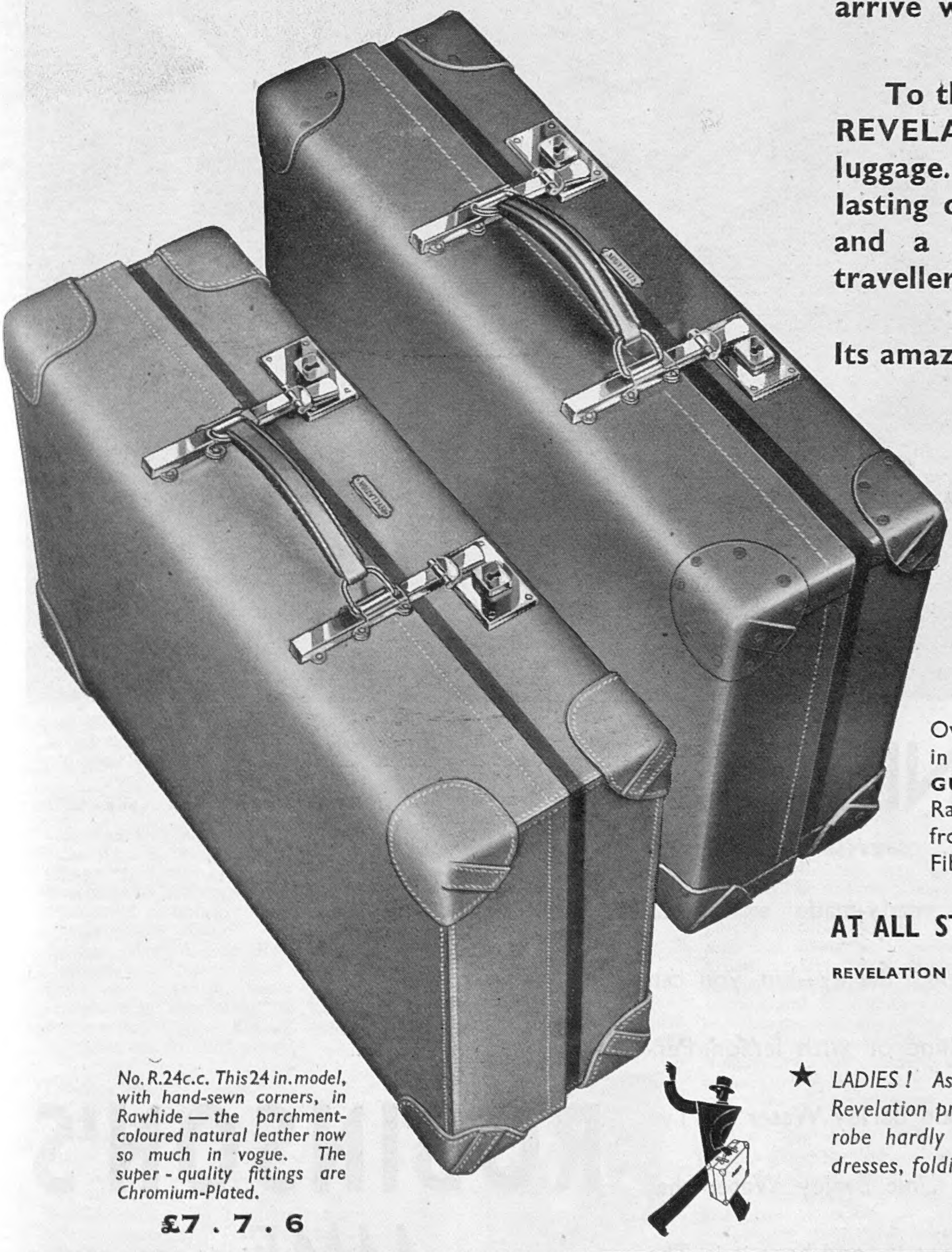

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Its amazing ease of closing—however full you pack it—and its extraordinary reserve of space for those return-journey extras are an eye-opener for those who have not experienced them.

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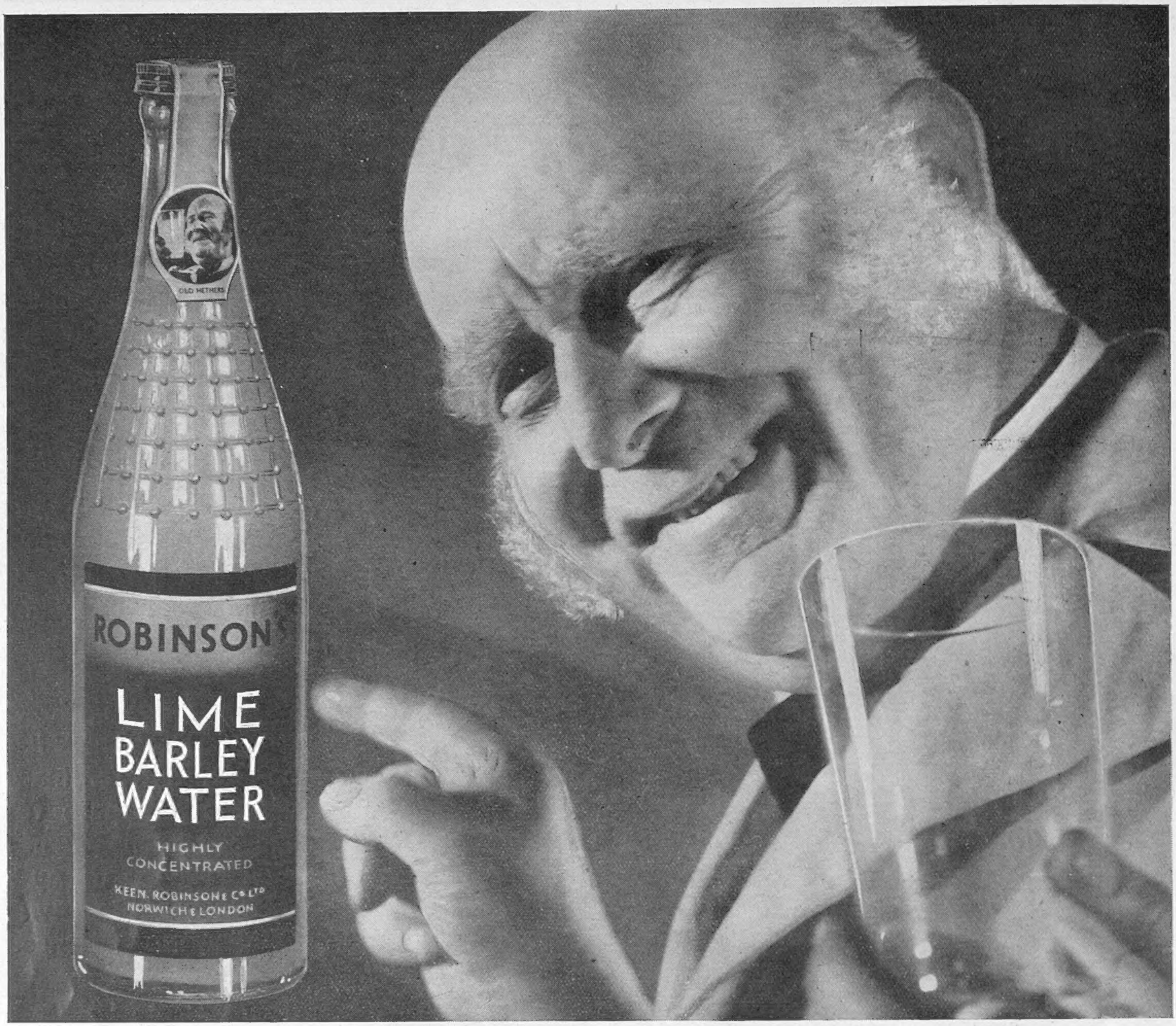
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says OLD HETHERS

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BARLEY WATER

Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Carrow Works, Norwich.

CVS—233

JUNE

Lo, and behold—fair, rose-flushed June!
Month of Fashion, Poet's Moon.
Scattering days of racing, rowing,
Parties, idylls, dances, wooing.
Tennis, cricket and tattooing,
Hay-making and Hendon-going.

—And Heaven knows what else besides. It's up to you.

Possible length of daily sunshine: 16 hours 40 minutes. Statistic average: 6 hours 36 minutes. Well, well!

Tuesday, 1st

Epsom, to-day, if you're up and doing. And a fine tussle you'll have between the gypsies and their babes, picnickers, wagons and rough-riders over the downs, to get down to—the races. Still, it's good fun and bracin'.

Wednesday, 2nd

DERBY DAY and probably wet.

Le Ksar is favourite on heavy ground. Long odds—Renado. Best way to bet: wait till places are drawn, as horse on inner rails stands good chance; so does Gordon Richards; so does Steve Donoghue. Now back your fancy and forget it, unless your attention is compelled by suddenly seeing "your horse" flash first past the winning post.

Friday, 4th

The OAKS and a fine day. Race seems to lie between Exhibitionist and Gainsborough Lass. Stars seem to favour peacock blue and old gold as carried by Exhibitionist. Still, there's no telling, especially if Gainsborough Lass also sports a bit of blue and gold.

Golf: Women's Championship at Turnberry begins.

Saturday, 5th

Rose enthusiasts should be up at 5 a.m. for green-fly contest. Lawnmowers will also find this hour stimulating. If lawn-weeds bother, squirt them with ½ lb. commercial sodium chlorate dissolved in a gallon of water. Harmless to animals. Death to vegetation.

If this is a spare afternoon, take family to see Royal Tournament, Olympia. Well worth a visit. Ends Saturday, June 12th.

Monday, 7th

Astonishing opportunities occur to make money between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. by: law-suits or those practising in the legal profession; pen-pushers, newspaper magnates, booksellers or publishers; dealers in horseflesh; any form of gambling that has nothing to do with shipping or overseas goods. Please note.

Tuesday, 8th

Sandwich in *Iris Society's Show, New Hall, Westminster:* These flowers provide a luxuriant display, require little attention, and have varieties to suit every soil and climate. Hence their increasing popularity.

Thursday, 10th

Among other shimmering gaieties, *Richmond Royal Horse Show opens*, for three days. Arcadian setting; and whether it is cart-horses or children jumping that is being shown, the same happy feeling as of a bright family gathering prevails throughout.

Cambridge Full Easter Term ends. Colleges now plunge into May week, most romantic festival of the year. Former undergraduates, some forty, sixty and seventy years old, return to squint at their old colleges and renew acquaintance with their youth-days.

Watch present undergrads celebrate and never-go-to-bed.

At Farnham: Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo. Spectacularly unequalled. An eye-ful, a soul-ful, enthralling, exalting. Don't miss it. Every night from now on till 19th.

Saturday, 12th

Cricket now adds its bat to the season at Lord's. *Middlesex versus New Zealand* opens, for three days. Great activity also at all the aero clubs—some twenty-three—round London. If you have never flown, now is the time to learn. Days are long and visibility good. A self-flown aeroplane can be hired for £4 a day. You can get to the South of France in less than half a day for no more than £1 in petrol. There and back calls for £10 and self-reliance. It's the same to go to the North of Scotland, Berlin or Madrid. Choose.

Of course, if you are one of those stay-at-home people who would just as soon seek out some local orchis-bedded wood, or lie beside some home-county rippling stream—well, that's another matter. Here are hints when entering the next village or market town flower competition.

Always pick sweet-peas twenty-four hours before the show and immerse them three-quarter length in water in a cool spot. Flowers increase in size and strength. If showing giant poppies, stand stem-ends in almost boiling water for three minutes. This will draw out the white sap which otherwise sets hard and prevents the intake of water. Rose stems should be slit six inches up the middle.

Tuesday, 15th

Ascot and the Grand Debutante and Matrimonial Stakes. Four days perpetual running. Weather will be tricky, but trickier still on

Wednesday, 16th

Royal Hunt Cup Day. Not until

Thursday, 17th

will the buds show forth in all their splendour on *A Golden Gold Cup Day.*

What matter if Omaha or another wins the Gold Cup, the scene will be radiant. Wonderful-looking men and women will parade in the paddock: leisured, moneyed, insouciant. Buffets will groan under their burden of lobster mayonnaise and strawberries, and if a man plays his social cards well, the outlay on his Royal Enclosure ticket will be repaid by his invitations to house-parties for every remaining week-end, and then on to Goodwood, Cowes and Scotland. A girl: the same; while, if you are no schemer, you will at least enjoy having an eye on the game.

International Horse Show, Olympia, opens.

Jumping teams are being sent by France, Germany, Canada, Belgium, Turkey, Irish Free State and the U.S.A. The Cadre-Noir, a crack French cavalry regiment, will be giving a display; so will the French Cossacks, and a Boys' School from Canford, Dorset. Some show.

Monday, 21st

Longest day in the year. Several thousand "pilgrims" will go to Stonehenge to see the sun rise at 4.40 a.m. If the first shaft flickers on to the altar stone, their year will be lucky. This rarely happens, for mists as a rule obscure the rising sun. But forecasts this year indicate a clear sky. If so, luck to the "pilgrims."

Tennis Championships at Wimbledon begin, with Bunny Austin, Dorothy Round, Señorita Lizana, and a volley of familiar faces! Gee whiz and Gee willie.

Polo. Champion Cup Play at Hurlingham, for which the Chukka Sahibs will be Chukkering for six days.

Wednesday, 23rd

The King's Official Birthday. God bless him.

Thursday, 24th

Quarter Day, and don't forget it!

Saturday, 26th

Cricket: England versus New Zealand, at Lord's, three days. International Horse Show at Olympia ends.

Royal Air Force Display at Hendon will be attracting millions. No need to talk about this. It's dynamic. Take smoked glasses and go early.

Tuesday, 29th

Racing at Newmarket for four days.

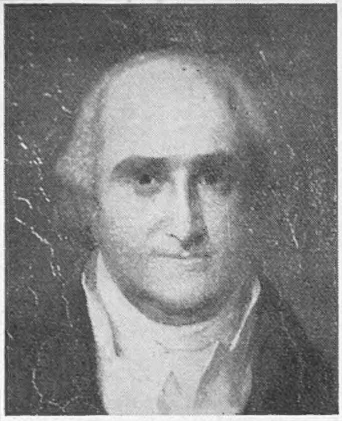
Wednesday, 30th

Henley Regatta — also four days. Recent Varsity Blues wear shorts on river. Former Varsity Blues wear white flannels on banks. Serene and languid hours are broken by moments of frenzied excitement during a race. Very young. Very pleasant.

Polo: Ninth Annual British Empire Garden Party at Roehampton.

And so June slips into July . . .

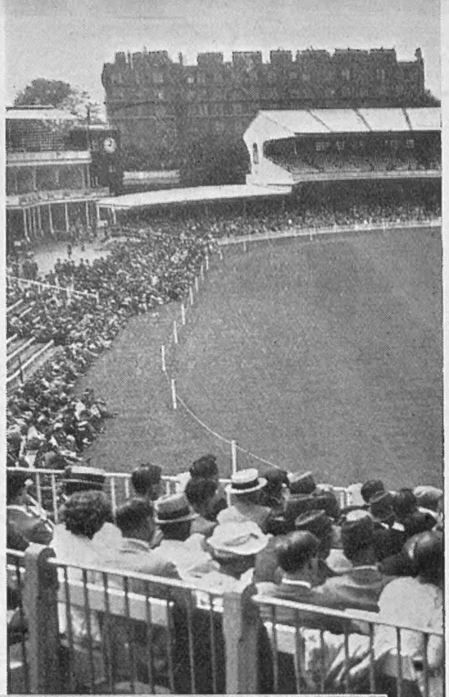
BRITANNIA + EVE JUNE 1937



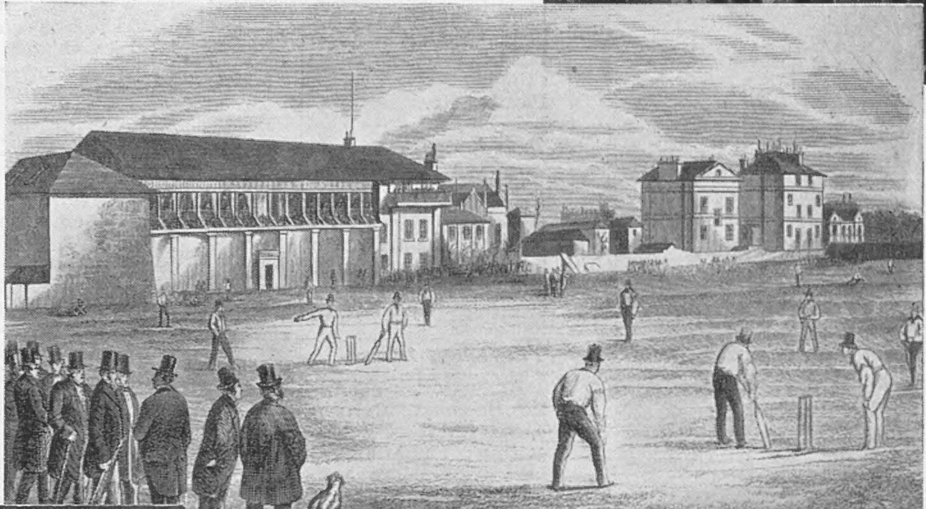
THOMAS LORD. *In 1786 he obtained a lease on a field where Dorset Square now stands and opened it as a cricket ground in the following year*

The Story of LORD'S *Cricket Ground and the Marylebone Cricket Club*

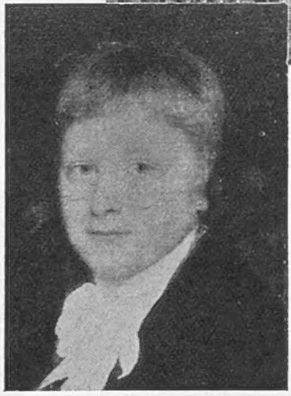
By HOWARD JONES



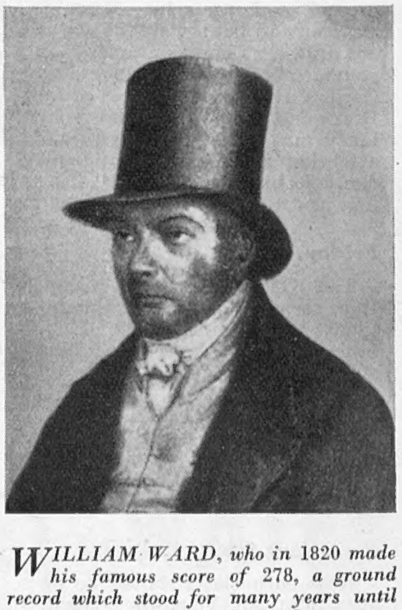
J. H. DARK, *who took over the lease of Lord's from William Ward and managed the ground very successfully for thirty years*



MARYLEBONE *v. All Ireland. A match in progress at Lord's in May,* 1858



LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK, *President of the M.C.C. in 1826 and an outstanding personality of the club*



WILLIAM WARD, *who in 1820 made his famous score of 278, a ground record which stood for many years until shattered by Jack Hobbs with a score of 316. W. Ward is better remembered for making Lord's safe for the M.C.C.*

ON the north side of St. John's Wood Road, between the church and Grove End Road, stands the world's most famous cricket ground.

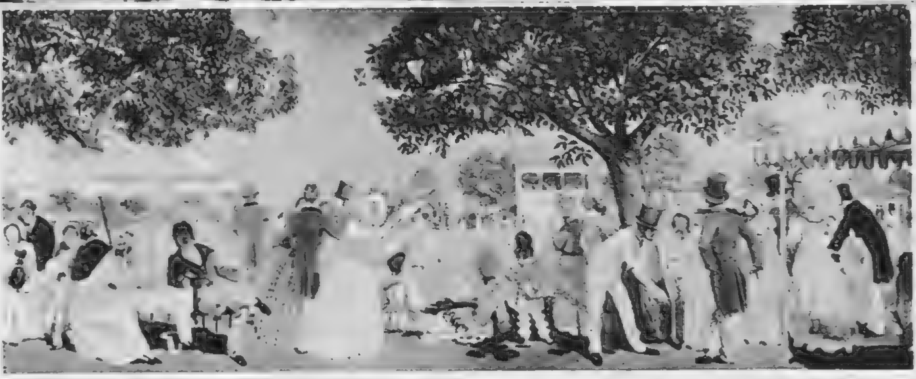
Though it is probably the best equipped ground of its kind in England, especially for the shilling spectator, it suffers in comparison with some of the first-class cricketing arenas in Australia. Melbourne, for instance, accommodates ninety thousand spectators quite easily, whereas at Lord's thirty thousand is a squash. Visitors from Sydney have been known to laugh openly at the Lord's scoring boxes, whose mysteries can only be unravelled with the cipher supplied on a twopenny match card. Even the pitches do not escape the criticisms of many who regard a concrete-true surface as essential to the modern game.

Yet whatever may be the failings or merits of Lord's, none can deny that certain something about the place which no other ground possesses, a dignity and grandeur which time and a thousand fine old cricketers have hammered into the very grass roots. Lord's is the nursery and the true home of cricket, the headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club. It is a place of phantoms.

Sitting on the roof of the great pavilion in the sunlight of a summer afternoon, you may close your eyes and see them. Out there beneath you, old Tom Lord bends over his beloved turf, and the straight, lean figure of Lord Frederick Beauclerk moves in the shadows of Father Time. Bill Lillywhite, the "Nonpareil," stalks there in glistening top-hat; and facing the pavilion doors, the toe of his left boot lifted and his beard astir in the breeze, the almighty "W. G." awaits a desperate delivery from the demon Spofforth. These and a thousand others are there, phantoms stretching through a century and a half, phantoms to whom the smack of blade on ball was a religion, whose names are writ indelibly on the Scroll of Cricket.

It is strange to reflect that if a certain well-to-do Yorkshireman had not allied himself to the Jacobite uprising in 1745, there would have been no Lord's, no M.C.C., no Test matches, no "bodyline" controversy! The decision of William Lord of Thirsk to raise 500 horse at his own expense for Prince Charlie's cause cost him dear, but it made cricket history. After the Culloden massacre had smashed Stuart hopes for ever, Lord returned to his lands—no longer a gentleman owner, but a hired labourer. Nine years later his son, Thomas Lord, was born; and in the fulness of time young Tom had to seek a living. He was taken into the service of George, 8th Earl of Winchilsea.

In 1780 there existed in London a social club known as the Je-ne-sais-quoi, or Star and Garter Club. A number of its more wealthy and sporting members, including the Earl of Winchilsea and the Hon. Charles Lennox, formed a cricketing



One of the murals which decorate the members' dining-room at Lord's

W. G. Grace, one of the greatest players the game has known, who scored a brilliant 50 in his début at Lord's, when he was only sixteen years old

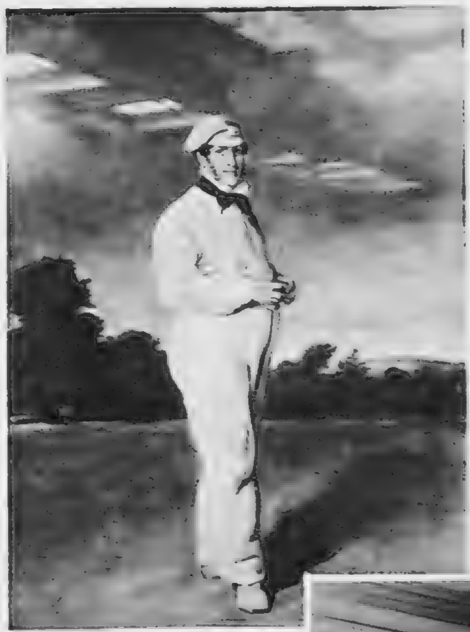
A view of the interior of the Pavilion at Lord's. It is a treasure-house of cricket trophies, and the illustrations to this article have been reproduced by permission of the Committee of the M.C.C.

side with headquarters at the White Conduit Fields, in Islington. Two years after they started playing they were known as the White Conduit Club, and their matches were important enough to be reported in the newspapers.

It was the rapidly increasing population of London that brought the activities of these gentlemen to a close at White Conduit. Anyone who cared to hire bat, stumps, and a ball from the licensee of the inn adjoining the Fields could play there; and as the houses spread northwards from Oxford Street, so more and more young men subscribed their pennies for a game of cricket on their own account. The green spaces of White Conduit were at times uncomfortable and overcrowded; and in 1786 the Earl of Winchilsea suggested that Lord (who acted mainly as cricket coach to him) should become the proprietor of a cricket ground for the exclusive use of the White Conduit players and their friends. Lord was dubious, despite the support promised him. He had saved sufficient money to launch such a ground, but he was not prepared to lose it in a scheme that might prove a nine-days' wonder.

Winchilsea and his friend Lennox overcame his fears by guaranteeing any losses he might incur, and he hesitated no longer. He obtained a lease on a field where Dorset Square now stands, and, working on it throughout the winter, had it ready for use by the summer of 1787. A number of the White Conduit

(Continued on page 88)



Alfred Mynn, a player from Kent who was indirectly responsible for a cricket innovation, gloves and pads

The Making of A Fighter

By Ralph Michaelis

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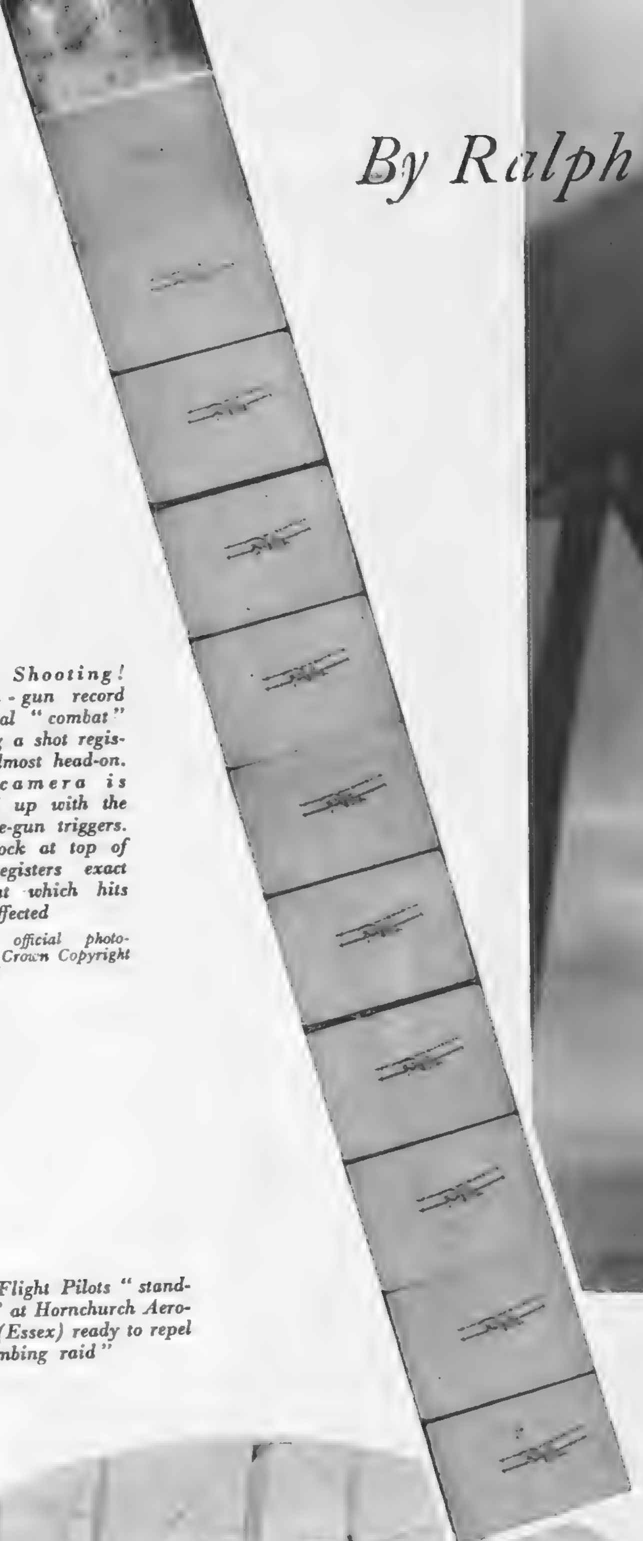


Good Shooting! Camera-gun record of aerial "combat" showing a shot registered almost head-on. The camera is coupled up with the machine-gun triggers. The clock at top of film registers exact time at which hits were effected

R.A.F. official photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved

Battle Flight Pilots "standing to" at Hornchurch Aerodrome (Essex) ready to repel a "bombing raid"

"BATTLE Flight stand by! Battle Flight stand by! Go!"

Almost daily all over Britain that order goes out by radio telephone to fighter pilots sitting ready in the cockpits of their machines, engines ticking over, oxygen hissing into their masks, a full warload of a thousand rounds of ammunition on board—and a camera gun to check up on the shooting.

The six high-speed fighter machines taxi out into the wind in flight formation. With a roar of 3600 h.p. they tear across the aerodrome, and inside a minute of the order being given they are soaring skywards like a lift.

The Flight Commander switches his R.T. (radio telephone) to "receive."

"Enemy raid approaching Brentford at 25,000 feet. Intercept over Chelmsford."

In a flash he switches his R.T. to "send," snaps out his own order, and the whole flight formation changes direction.

"Hullo, Blue 1—hullo, Blue 1," he says, calling to his Flight Commander. (Blue being the code sign of the Flight, and 1 the Flight Commander.) "Six enemy aircraft, 3 o'clock, 'below.'"

As he 'phones the information, the pilot turns his machine in the direction of the enemy, opens up his engine, and gives chase at a pretty 230 m.p.h. flat out, while the Flight Commander snaps out: "Attack! Attack! Line astern. Go!"

Like well-drilled troops, the machines close into line astern formation.

The leader rams down the nose of his machine. Two hundred and fifty—300—350—500 miles per hour registers the air-speed indicator, as the tiny machine bucks and struggles like a live thing under his hand.

Right underneath him a two-seater bomber flashes into his gunsight.

Fifty yards—20—10—he presses the gun-triggers, attached to the "joy-stick," shaves the raider's tail by a hair's-breadth, and zooms up in a climbing turn.

One after another the members of the Flight go down, pick off their enemy, and re-form ready for the next attack. The Flight Commander gives the command, and down they go again, while the

Showing a Clean Pair of Wheels. Upside-down flying in Avro School machines in formation from the Central Flying School, Wittering

Close formation-flying as it appears to the pilot. "Bulldog" fighters of No. 32 Squadron stationed at Biggin Hill

Pilot

Back in the aerodrome control-room, the Sector Commander, in charge of this particular chunk of war, telephones his order.

Telephonists, with ear-phones clamped to their heads, are seated round a table spread with maps, moving flags that represent incoming raiders and outgoing defenders.

Messages from maybe a dozen or twenty units in the air come tumbling in from all over the sector, and are handed to the Sector Commander.

One flight has engaged a formation of enemy raiders over Southend.

Another has sighted bombers coming in over the Blackwater.

A third is chasing an enemy formation that had slipped through in the direction of London.

Twenty miles away from the aerodrome, six machines are flying in formation, the pilot of each one with his eyes skinned to watch every inch of the sky in the definite arc allotted to him: above, below, and left and right, according to his side.

Suddenly the young pilot on the Flight Commander's right sees a speck in the sky at right-angles to their line of flight. He switches his R.T. to "send."

observers in the rear cockpits of the bombers acting as raiders put in some camera-gun shooting on the attacking fighters.

Thirty miles away, the Sector Commander in his control-room picks up the Flight Commander's orders, and knows he has engaged the enemy.

A few minutes later the engagement is broken off, and the Flight Commander informs the control-room by R.T. "Six enemy aircraft attacked, 25,000 feet over Chelmsford. Three E.A. destroyed, remainder broken up, proceeding towards London. Am following to attack."

In a matter of seconds the Sector Commander sees the combat report, which is at once typed out over the teleprinter that communicates the information to the Air Officer Commanding in Chief in the control-room at his headquarters.

The Battle Flight continues its operations against the raiders until ordered home to rearm and refuel.

Fuel tanks and ammunition lorries speed out across the tarmac, and hardly have the incoming flight come to rest on the aerodrome than mechanics are pumping in petrol and loading in fresh tanks of ammunition.

(*Continued on page 83*)

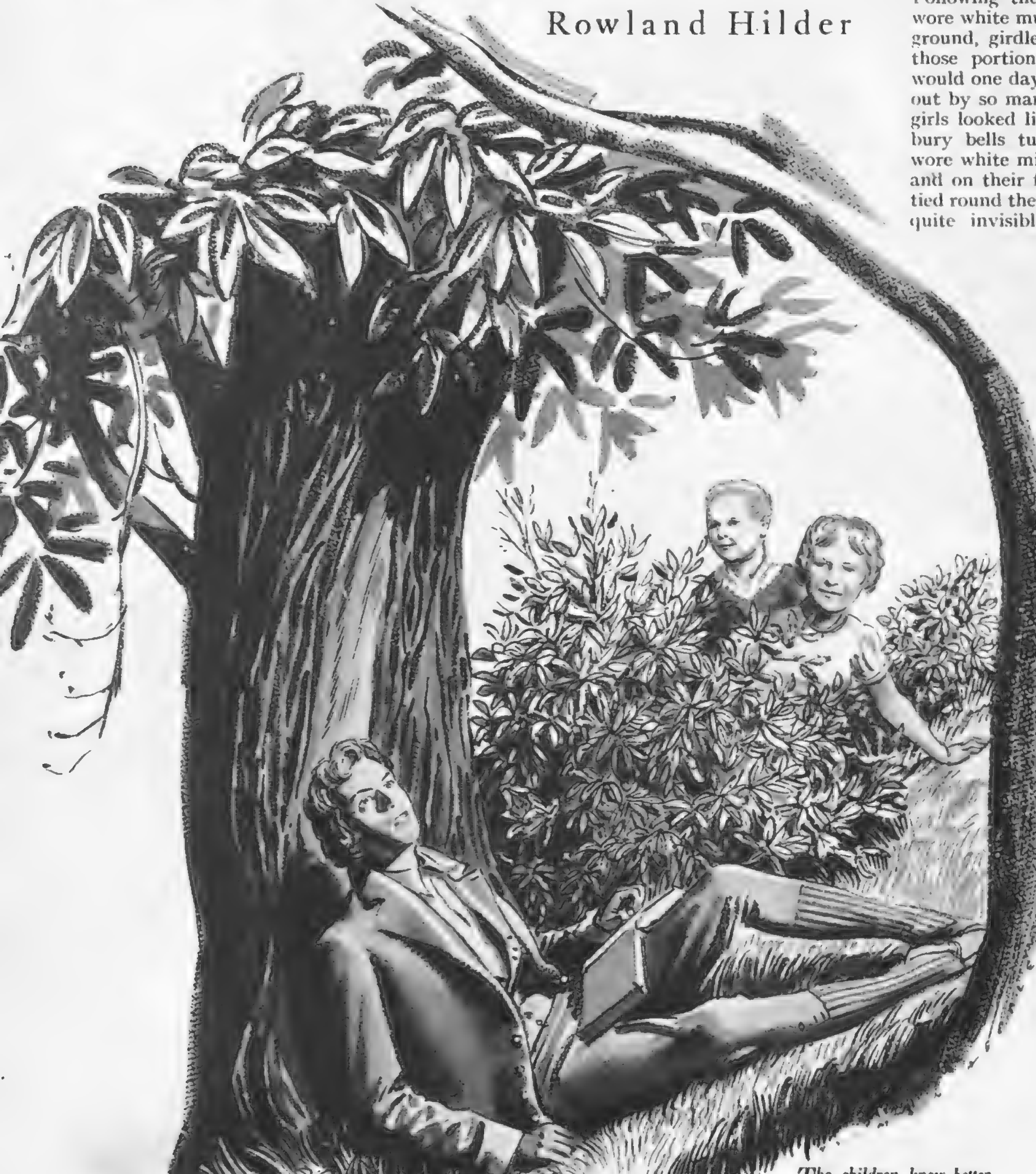
The Golden Skylark

By Elizabeth Goudge

Illustrations by Rowland Hilder

POSY and Pansy stood at the nursery window, gazing out at the flood of the spring that came washing up out of the blue horizon, where the sea was, and rolling over the fields and hills of Sussex to their very door. They could see the ebb and flow of it in the motion of the rosy woods that bent before the wind, and in the swaying daffodil leaves that were now silver, now green as they bowed and then straightened themselves at each merry gust. The daffodil flowers were out, taking the wind with beauty, and the aconites had been flung over the lawn like a handful of golden coins. The air was keen and fresh outside, smelling of wet earth and violets, but inside the nursery it was warm and cosy and smelt of baby powder and woolly lambs and bread and milk.

The little girls had been too excited to eat much tea and now they stood with their noses flattened into white buttons against the window-panes, and their hearts beating so fast that they felt like birds fluttering in their chests. They were nice little girls, as plump as partridges, but with hair like spun gold and the flower-like faces that had won them their pet names of Posy and Pansy. Following the fashion of the time, they wore white muslin dresses reaching to the ground, girdled with blue ribbons round those portions of their anatomies that would one day become waists, and puffed out by so many petticoats that the little girls looked like the blossoms of Canterbury bells turned upside down. They wore white mittens upon their bare arms and on their feet were small black shoes tied round their ankles with satin ribbons, quite invisible beneath the petticoats, their activities only made known by a violent cascading of white muslin frills when the little girls set themselves in motion.



The children knew better than to interrupt Percy while he was listening to the blackbird

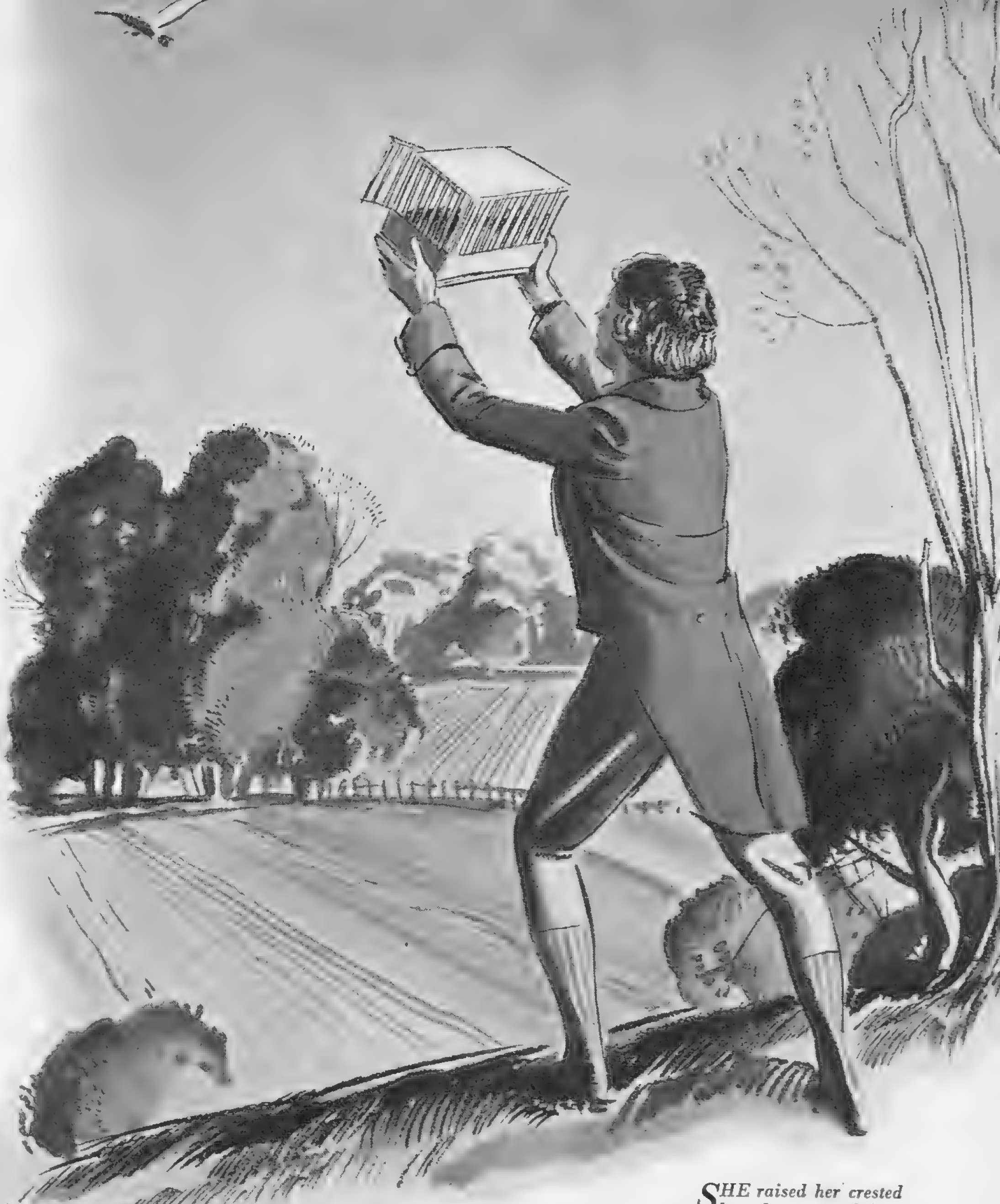
"Don't blow like that, Pansy," said Posy. "You've made the glass all misty and I can't see the road."

"I weren't blowin'," said little Pansy. "I were breathin'," and she dug her elbow sharply into Posy's fat side.

"You naughty little girl!" said Posy, digging back. "I shall tell Mamma." But she didn't mean it, and they were soon pressing their noses against the glass as amicably as before, watching in the same breathless silence for the appearance of the chaise that was bringing Percy home for the holidays.

Down in the garden below they could see their elder sister Elizabeth and their cousin Harriet, arms round slender waists, walking up and down beside the daffodils deep in conversation. To the outward eye Elizabeth and Harriet were perfectly calm, but Posy and Pansy knew that they were really as

A Story of Shelley's Boyhood



SHE raised her crested head, spread her wings, and flew out into the golden light

excited as themselves . . . They had their best dresses on, though it was a weekday, and they had gone to bed last night with their hair in curl papers . . . Only Baby, loudly absorbing bread and milk at the nursery table, seemed unexpectant; but then Baby was so young that he appeared to forget Percy from one holiday to the other.

"Percy is comin' home, Baby," said Pansy over her shoulder.

"He doesn't remember Percy," said Posy. "He never thinks of anything but his food . . . He is just a little piggy."

Baby paused in the mastication of his bread and milk, his pink face ruminative and his eyelashes lowered and lying on his cheeks like small fans. He tilted his head a little so that the long sausage curl on the top of his head, that made him look like a crested cockatoo, slipped sideways . . . He seemed chasing something in his mind, his lower lip stuck out and a drop of milk rolling unheeded down his chin on to his bib. . . . Suddenly he had it; he flung his head back, roaring with laughter, his blue eyes sparkling joyously and all his dimples showing.

"The devil!" said Baby, and plunged his spoon so triumphantly into his bread and milk that it spurted to the ceiling. The little girls squeaked, and Nurse put her hand to her heart and rolled her eyes heavenwards, but Baby rocked and roared with mirth. . . His brother Percy had taught him to say that, last time he was home for the holidays, and for one awful moment he had feared that the remark had slipped his memory. . . . So they thought he had forgotten Percy, did they? Not he!

"Isn't Baby awful!" said Pansy.

"It's Master Percy that's to blame," said Nurse grimly, mopping up bread and milk. "Teaching bad words to a poor innocent as can't know the meaning of what he's saying."

"Baby knows," said that young man. "Devil down there, in Hell." And he planted a fat finger upon the nursery table, indicating a line which if followed vertically downwards would have passed through the nursery floor and the dining-room below into the recesses of the cellars where the port wine was kept.

Nurse sighed and shivered. Her peace of mind was hers now only for a matter of minutes. As soon as the chaise became visible, bringing Master Percy home from Eton, it would be gone from her and her nursery would be invaded by a strange alien force that swept away the walls of custom and obedience, even as the trumpets swept away the walls of Jericho, letting in the winds and the stars of heaven. . . . Not that Nurse saw it in this way. . . . She merely said that with Master Percy home the children became such dratted little varmints that life was not worth living for decent folk.

The little girls also sighed and shivered, not with foreboding but with ecstasy and a delicious terror, for when Percy jumped out of the chaise and dashed in through the wide-open door of Field Place he did not come in alone; other people, visible to the little girls but not to their father and mother, came in with him, and all the dark corners of the house that the elder folk thought were uninhabited became peopled and alive. . . . The devil departed in blue flame to his habitation in the cellar; Cornelius Agrippa the magician, holding his long beard well up out of the way of his feet, walked solemnly up the stairs and shut himself into the locked empty room in the attics; and a host of lesser folk, gnomes and demons and fairies, flitted bat-like into the shadows under the stairs, under the windowseats and the beds and into the folds of the curtains. . . . In the term time Field Place was just the stately country home of a conventional squire and his conventional dependants, but in the holidays it was Pandora's box of dreams.

And this time there was an added excitement in Percy's return from school, for not only would he have wonderful things to show them but they would have something to show him. . . . It was going to be a particularly wonderful home-coming.

"Won't Percy love our lark!" said Posy. "Percy loves birds."

"M'm," said Pansy, nodding violently with lips tightly pressed together, as was her habit when excited.

Both little girls lifted their heads and looked at the lark in her beautiful gilded cage. One of their father's tenants had found her one early morning sitting drowsily on her nest in the big field behind the kitchen garden. He was a kind-hearted fellow, always full of the best intentions and wonderfully quick and clever at snaring and catching wild things, so he captured both lark and eggs, giving the latter to his little boy and the former to the young ladies at the big house. The little girls had been delighted. Their father had given them a beautiful cage for their treasure, and she was hung in the post of honour in the nursery window. She would, the little girls were told, sing to them by the hour together, and boredom in the nursery would become a thing unknown. . . . But she didn't. . . . She huddled herself in a corner of the gilded cage, her crested head drooping, and refused to oblige even to the extent of a tiny twitter.

" Perhaps Percy will be able to make our lark sing," said Posy a little forlornly, and then, with a complete change of tone, " Oh, look, look, Pansy ! The chaise ! The chaise ! "

" Ee—oh ! " squeaked Pansy.

And there it was, bowling smartly along through the park, rising and falling as the road swept up and down over the hummocks of green fields, sailing towards them like a ship on the sea.

The little girls made a dash for the door and Baby dived off his chair like a fat porpoise and scrambled after them, with his bib still on and his pantalettes descending round his ankles. Nurse pursued him with lamentable cries as far as the nursery door and then gave up. She was a stout woman, and her elastic-sided boots were not a match for the winged feet of the Shelley family.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Shelley stood side by side upon the ancestral doorstep. Timothy Shelley was tall, handsome, pompous and stupid, and his beautiful wife was what was to be expected of his good, but conventional, taste. Both physically and mentally they conformed to the fashions of the time, and were deeply, and deservedly, respected. Life had been good to them, and they had only one burden to bear—Percy. They were a homely cock and hen to whom the Fates had given a swan for a child, and their bewilderment at their predicament was pathetic. Their pained clucking was in full blast when their younger children joined them upon the doorstep.

" I expect his report will be as appalling as usual," moaned Mr. Shelley.

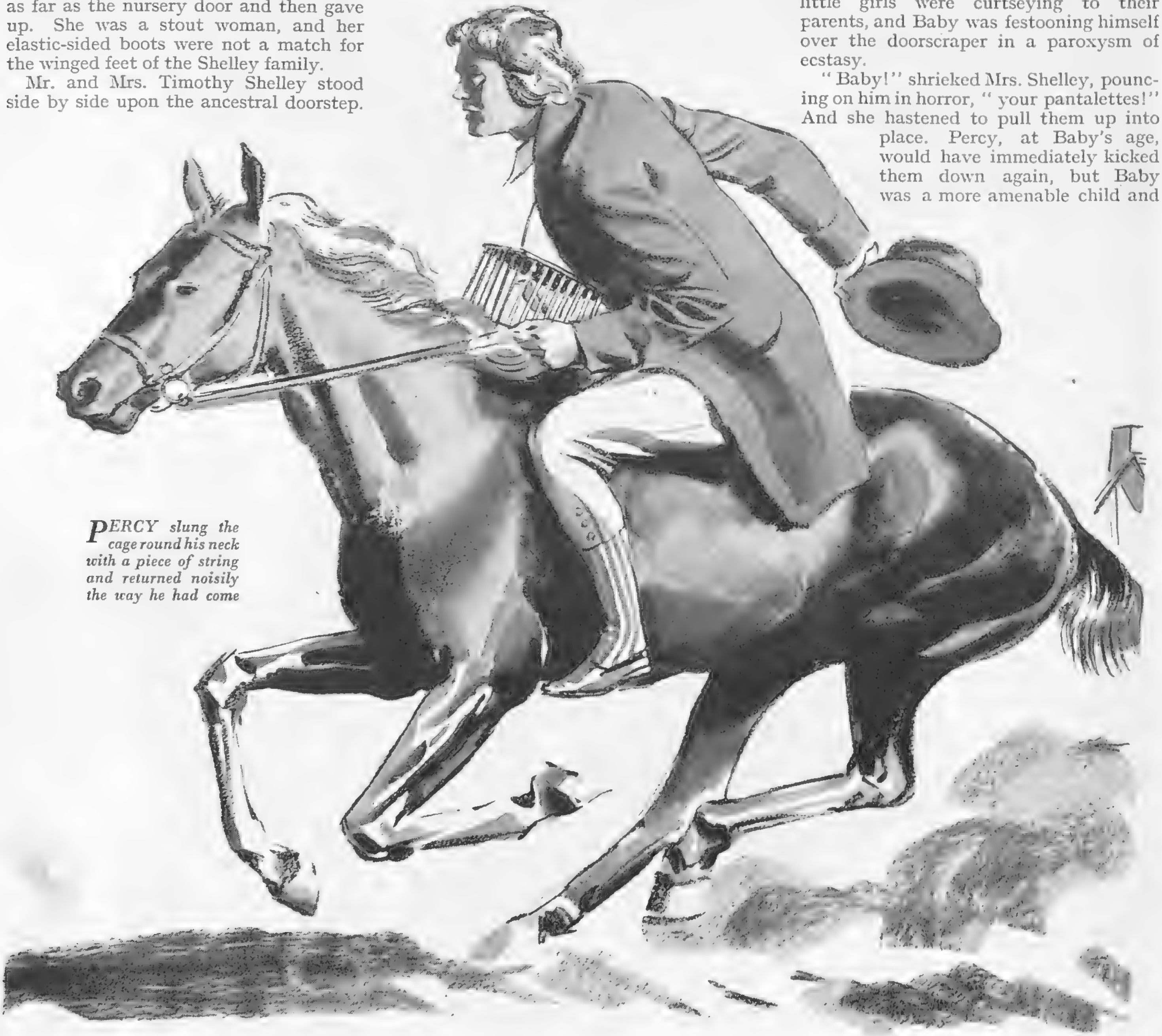
" You must be sterner with him, dear," said Mrs. Shelley. " You must get him to see that eccentricity is detestable in an Etonian and a gentleman. I am sure that all he needs is a little gentle, but firm, handling."

Her depressed husband settled his handsome chin more becomingly into his stock and sighed deeply. He was aware that firm handling was what Percy required, but it was difficult to know how to apply it to anything so illusive as his eldest son. You cannot take firm hold of a rainbow or the dew of the morning ; if you try to, you only get a wetting for your pains ; indeed, poor Mr. Shelley had discovered that you cannot handle anything successfully unless you understand it, and he could make neither head nor tail of Percy ; and Eton, of which he had had such high hopes, had fared no better. At the beginning of every term, Percy was poured afresh into the Etonian mould, and at the end of it he ran out again in an entirely different pattern . . . It was a hopeless business . . . The fact was that Percy, who liked to manufacture and put into practice his own ideas, marched under the banner of freedom, and Timothy and Eton, who liked to use other people's, marched under the banner of conformity, and their two roads were parallel lines that never met. As for Mrs. Shelley, she did not deal much in ideas, either her own or other people's. She liked a man to be a gentleman, and her idea of a gentleman was someone who hadn't any . . When she saw her son with a book under his arm instead of a gun, it broke her heart.

" Hush, dear," she said, as her husband opened his mouth to make some further disparaging remarks about Percy's probably deplorable report ; " the children are here."

Elizabeth and Harriet had mounted the steps from the garden and stood demurely smoothing their muslins ; the little girls were curtseying to their parents, and Baby was festooning himself over the doorscraper in a paroxysm of ecstasy.

" Baby!" shrieked Mrs. Shelley, pouncing on him in horror, " your pantalettes!" And she hastened to pull them up into place. Percy, at Baby's age, would have immediately kicked them down again, but Baby was a more amenable child and



PERCY slung the cage round his neck with a piece of string and returned noisily the way he had come suffered himself to be made to look a little gentleman with no protest at all.

THE Shelley coachman, chosen for his sobriety and caution, could be trusted to drive the family chaise as though it were a hearse on all days of the year except those when he drove Percy home for the holidays, and then to all appearances he went completely mad. Urged on by Percy, he whipped up the horses, he took the corners on two wheels only, he rolled up his eyes to heaven and sang aloud. The yellow chaise ceased to be a respectable family conveyance and became the chariot of the sun god, hurtling through space, with the stars and the planets spinning from beneath the wheels like mere pebbles, and the west wind streaming overhead like —like—what was it like ?

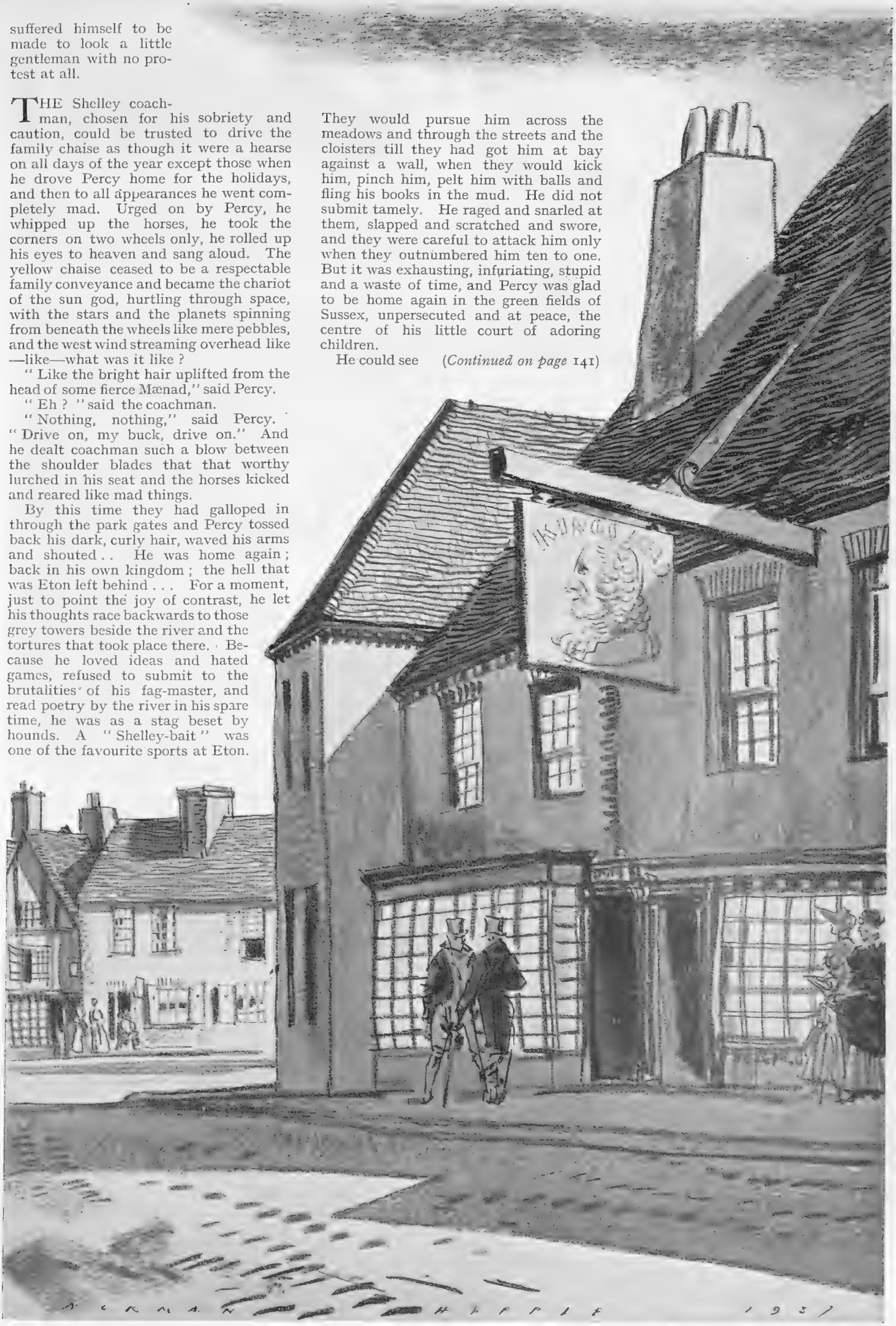
" Like the bright hair uplifted from the head of some fierce Mænad," said Percy.

" Eh ? " said the coachman.

" Nothing, nothing," said Percy. " Drive on, my buck, drive on." And he dealt coachman such a blow between the shoulder blades that that worthy lurched in his seat and the horses kicked and reared like mad things.

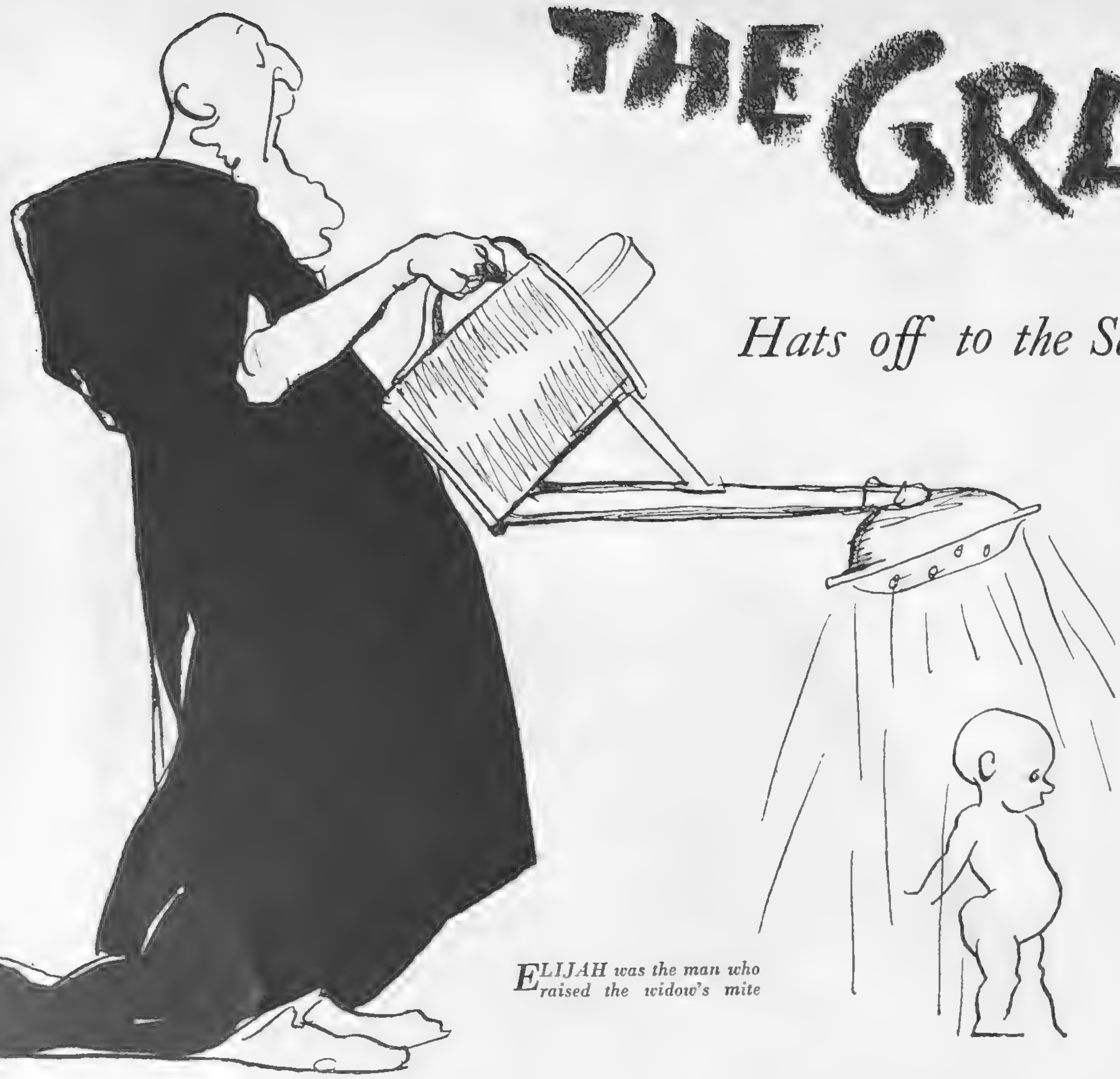
By this time they had galloped in through the park gates and Percy tossed back his dark, curly hair, waved his arms and shouted . . He was home again ; back in his own kingdom ; the hell that was Eton left behind . . . For a moment, just to point the joy of contrast, he let his thoughts race backwards to those grey towers beside the river and the tortures that took place there. Because he loved ideas and hated games, refused to submit to the brutalities of his fag-master, and read poetry by the river in his spare time, he was as a stag beset by hounds. A " Shelley-bait " was one of the favourite sports at Eton. They would pursue him across the meadows and through the streets and the cloisters till they had got him at bay against a wall, when they would kick him, pinch him, pelt him with balls and fling his books in the mud. He did not submit tamely. He raged and snarled at them, slapped and scratched and swore, and they were careful to attack him only when they outnumbered him ten to one. But it was exhausting, infuriating, stupid and a waste of time, and Percy was glad to be home again in the green fields of Sussex, unpersecuted and at peace, the centre of his little court of adoring children.

He could see (*Continued on page* 141)



THE GRAND

Hats off to the Schoolboy! His



ELIJAH *was the man who raised the widow's mite*

HALL CAINE, it was said, based all his best-sellers on Biblical plots. "Hall Caine," the schoolboy wrote, with thoughts of the splice inscription, "is a maker of cricket bats."

I drew wisdom from both sources and believed that if the Biblical quotation "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings . . ." were completed with the word "humour," the public would endorse my faith.

They did—to the extent of a best-seller. But it was not quite as easy as all that.

Ever since a boy in my own form had written that "Joan of Arc was the daughter of a pheasant," I had collected howlers and persuaded friends to yield up the rich writings which generally go the round of the Masters' Common Room and are forgotten.

My first conception, put to my then business chief, Sir Ernest Benn, was that the howlers should be embodied in a running narrative, giving a separate chapter to each main subject—History, Geography, Scripture — the world's story re-written erroneously. Later, a similar idea, most brilliantly handled, occurred to the very clever authors of 1066 *and All That.*

The directors did not reveal any enthusiasm, and certainly conveyed to me the impression that they supposed they might as well do the book as I was on the staff, and there was not likely to be much loss. Someone did, however, suggest that the howlers should be set straight out, and I evolved the classifications that have continued to this day, inventing the category which I called "Philosophy," and which is apparently the most popular of all.

But *isn't* there wisdom worthy to be ranked with the utterances of the immortals in such howlers as these ?

"Income is a yearly tax."

"The patriarchs had two wives only as these were necessary to salvation."

"Chivalry is the attitude of a man towards a strange woman."

"Certainly the pleasures of youth are very great, but they are not to be compared with the pleasures of adultery."

(A moment's thought—or even deep contemplation—will fail to reveal a word more natural than "adultery" to the young mind as suiting the circumstances.)

"Ambiguity means having two wives living at the same time."

"Willesden has a religious past, but the promise of a great future."

"A teetotaller is a man you do not see drinking."

"Florence Nightingale became a nurse and at her own risk attended soldiers."

"He heard a horn blow and was struck in the back. A lady was evidently trying to pass."

"Livingstone went to Africa to be a misery to the natives."

Howlers, at a popular price, went with a bang. It subscribed 10,000 before publication, and in one week sold 9,000 copies. Since then I have done several more collections on similar lines, in response to thousands of appeals, invariably accompanied by further contributions.

Probably no best-seller brought less to its lucky author, because when author, artist, printer, publisher, wholesaler, retailer have to take from eighteenpence, the profit is infinitesimal. But what is much more important is that these little laughter books have brought me pen friends all over the world and the knowledge that perhaps I have contributed something to the gaiety of nations. I value innumerable letters from hospital patients, bedridden invalids, isolated settlers, who have found in my books not only healing laughter but continual encouragement. Dentists, doctors, and other professional men complain continually that not only do copies vanish unfailingly from their waiting-rooms, even when boldly marked with ownership, but that frequently I rob them of fees because the patient apparently recovers while reading in the waiting-room and goes away with the "medicine."

Just how much their laughter potenti-

Sketches by E. Blampied

A MOSQUITO *is the child of black and white parents*

HOWL

By Cecil Hunt

"Howlers" add a spice to life

alities mean was brought home to me rather pathetically recently when a letter came from Berlin. The girl had bought one of my books while in England on vacation. She asked permission to translate and print some of the howlers in a Berlin newspaper and begged me to consent "because we have so little to laugh at now. . . ."

A few previous collections of howlers had been published, some privately, and I had studiously avoided them when compiling my first book. I had no intention of copying, and in any case I had an ample supply. That did not prevent one or two people writing in when *Howlers* was a success and accusing me of stealing their property. When asked to make specific accusations in writing which could be passed to my solicitor, they were singularly silent. After publication imitators were not at all afraid of lifting large sections from my books, and sometimes of designing jackets that had an astonishing similarity to my own covers. But to some folk that's all in a day's work, I suppose.

FROM the first I have always been particularly careful that my Howler books should include nothing that could give offence to a reasonable person, though the schoolboy and girl perpetrators are nothing like so careful, believe me. On one occasion, however, a church newspaper saw fit to criticise a Biblical section. I wrote and told them that the howlers were drawn largely from the offerings of clergymen and that the particular howler to which they took exception was sent me by a bishop. Somehow they never printed my letter. Still, "All beasts are imperfect animals; man alone is the perfect beast," as the schoolboy said.

Of two Biblical howlers that I always regard as gems of the first water, one was sent to me by a priest in an outlandish part of Australia. His parish was so vast and so scattered that many parts were visited but rarely, and parishioners came long distances to the infrequent services. In one place he generally held an evening service and the priest and the people had supper together before they dispersed for their distant homesteads. The occasional journey and the meal were naturally vivid excitements in the minds of the few children who participated. So much so that when one child was faced later in a Scripture examination with the question "Say what you know of the Last Supper," her innocent answer was: "I wasn't there. I had the measles."

The other was caused by a question that would probably give pause to many an adult: "What is an Occasional Office in the Prayer Book?"

A brave lad, right in principle, replied: "An Occasional Office in the Prayer Book is one not used frequently, such as the Consecration of a Cemetery, or the Churching of a Bishop."

When my first book was booming one dear lady told a relative that she thought Mr. Hunt was very clever to invent so many funny things, but she didn't know whether I ought to have done quite so many about the Bible.

Actually I have never invented howlers, for two sound reasons. I am not clever enough to achieve the incredible, ingenuous perspective that typifies the perfect howler, and in any case there has never been any need.

C.I.D. means Copper in Disguise

But perhaps that "never" should here be qualified by a confession. *Once* I invented a howler, to fill a page proof. It was "To descant is to pour out the air above the tune." Anæmic, but my own. Two years later it was sent to me as original from Australia. In such unity is our vast Empire strong.

It was particularly gratifying to find that such a cheap little laughter book as *Howlers* should be examined as something more than a rib-tickler. Authoritative newspapers and periodicals, while relishing its fun, also pointed to the singularly interesting reflection the howlers cast upon our educational system. Leading articles were written upon that eighteenpenny laughter book, surely a very rare happening. As the *Morning Post* said of my last collection, in a leading article entitled "Honey from the Weed," the book is "in effect a post-graduate course for school teachers."

While teaching has never been my profession, or even my hobby, I have always derived much instruction from examining the causes of howlers.

Many result from what Dr. Johnson called "ignorance, pure ignorance, Madam," while others are the product of deliberate juvenile mischief.

Some may be the result of adult ingenuity, (*Continued on page* 137)

"Needs must love . . ."

What does any woman know of her husband when she's living in a fool's paradise?

By Monica Ewer

ON the canvas, the Oriental poppies glowed a lively red and Naomi Amhurst had a feeling that if she stretched out a finger to touch them they would be hot.

Young Mr. Bernstein elbowed his way through the fashionable crowd at his gallery, the artist at his heels. Mrs. Amhurst sometimes bought pictures, and to Mr. Bernstein the most beautiful sight in the world was a small red circle at the corner of a gold frame.

"Mrs. Amhurst, may I present the artist?"

Naomi smiled graciously. "I like your poppies so much."

"I'm so glad." The young man felt awkward. He had never yet found the correct answer for people who praised his work. But he looked with pleasure at Naomi Amhurst because she filled the eye agreeably.

The poppies, Naomi thought, would glow magnificently in that dark corner of David's study. He would be thirty-four next week.

"Decorative," murmured Mr. Bernstein. "Superbly decorative."

A girl who knew the artist had made a dive and captured him. An elderly man, whose name she could not remember, saluted Naomi from the press of people. Mr. Bernstein's secretary was whispering a message urgently in his ear.

"I'll ring you in the morning, Mr. Bernstein," said Naomi.

She smiled and slipped through the crowd, keeping her eyes down for fear anyone else should want to speak to her.

Sandford was waiting with the car only a few steps away. He had a genius for working himself into the best parking places. Naomi smiled at him. She had a genius too—for finding good servants and keeping them contented. She got results from the trouble she took to oil the machinery of life.

The car stopped before a house hidden in a St. John's Wood garden. A discreet house behind a high wall. From the street you could guess nothing of its trim lawn, with the tiny fountain, or the delphinium-filled flower border, or the pergola where the climbing white roses rioted.

Carson opened the door. "Mr. Amhurst telephoned, madam. He may be a little late."

"Thank you, Carson."

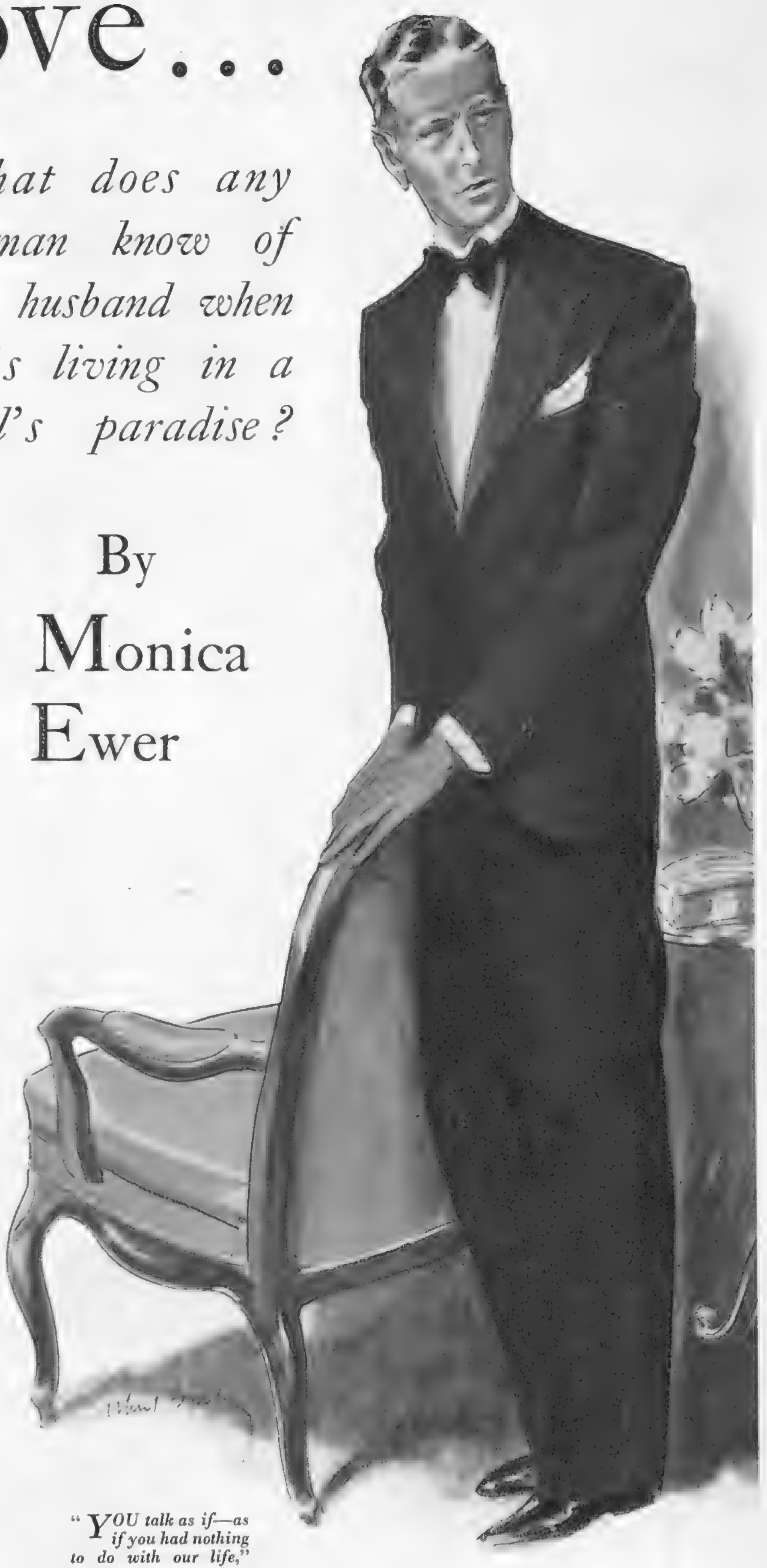
As she picked up her letters off the salver, she reflected that David was working too hard these days. There was a look of strain about his eyes.

She walked quickly upstairs. She wanted to have plenty of time to dress. It was part of the delicious ritual of the evening and it must be enjoyed.

"I'LL wear the new black," she told her maid.

David hadn't seen it. She had meant to keep it for the reception at the French Embassy, but she changed her mind. To-night was the kind of party she liked best—a hand-picked dinner party, just half a dozen of their most intimate friends.

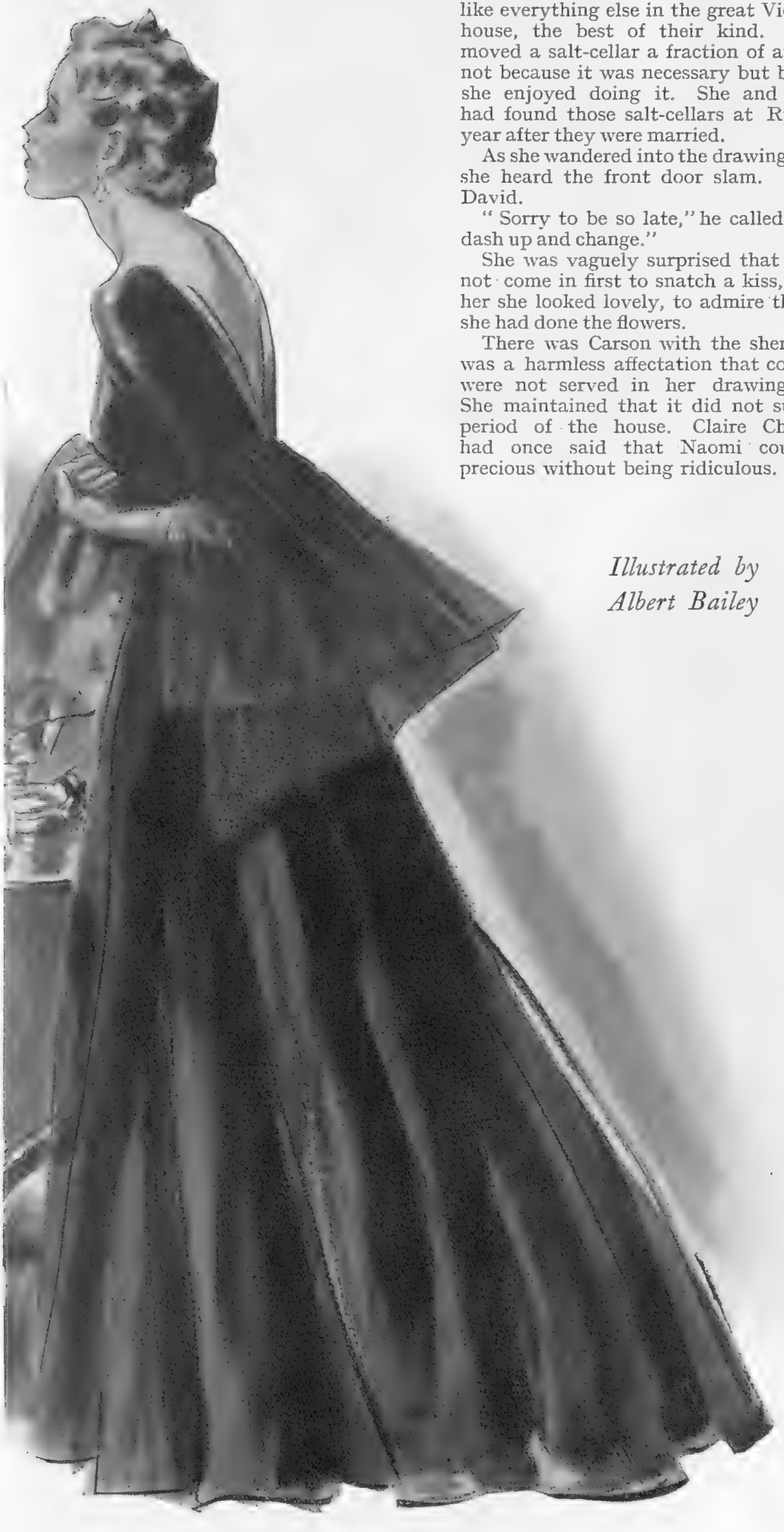
The maid had prepared her bath.



"YOU talk as if—as if you had nothing to do with our life," she said wonderingly

Naomi looked at herself attentively. Along the top of the big mirror ran a long, white bulb of light. She had an almost morbid fear of self-deception, and was determined to have one mirror in the house that did not flatter.

Thirty. She tried to look at herself as if she were a stranger. The face was unlined, the grey eyes calm. She had altered very little during six years of marriage. Even as a girl she had never looked immature. And her figure was beautiful. There had been no children. David didn't like children, and Naomi thought the world grown too wicked for them, so for different reasons they arrived at the same conclusion.



Illustrated by
Albert Bailey

The black silk net billowed around her slenderness and made her skin look very white and her grey eyes very dark.

Downstairs the dinner table was charming, with the yellow rosebuds, the fine Venetian lace mats, and the bright cut Irish silver. They would not need any artificial light. The sun caught the heavy cut glass and made it shine. The glasses had been her grandmother's—like everything else in the great Victorian house, the best of their kind. Naomi moved a salt-cellar a fraction of an inch, not because it was necessary but because she enjoyed doing it. She and David had found those salt-cellars at Rye the year after they were married.

As she wandered into the drawing-room, she heard the front door slam. It was David.

"Sorry to be so late," he called. "I'll dash up and change."

She was vaguely surprised that he did not come in first to snatch a kiss, to tell her she looked lovely, to admire the way she had done the flowers.

There was Carson with the sherry. It was a harmless affectation that cocktails were not served in her drawing-room. She maintained that it did not suit the period of the house. Claire Charteris had once said that Naomi could be precious without being ridiculous. Claire had probably said a lot of other things that Naomi didn't hear. You couldn't get a reputation as a wit without deviating from the paths of charity.

As Carson put down the sherry the door bell rang. It would be Mary Delamere. Naomi had asked her to be early.

They had been at school together, but since then Mary's life had held four children and a husband who was only a moderately successful journalist. So her honey hair had faded and was greying a little, though she was no older than Naomi.

"Darling, it's a shame Fred couldn't come."

Mary sank comfortably into the nearest armchair and accepted a cigarette.

"He's settling the state of Europe at Geneva." Mary sighed. "Oh, Naomi, aren't you glad your husband isn't political."

"No," said Naomi, handing Mary a sherry. "I think it would be rather nice to have a husband with a job one could understand. I can't chat with David about stocks and shares." She drew her brows together for a moment. "I've often wondered he didn't want to break away from the City. But I expect that's just my ignorance. All jobs look dull to the outsider. No, I envy you Fred's job, Mary."

"Not politics, Naomi! It makes you so world-conscious. Who ever heard of a good political situation? What politician ever brought news of anything except war and tyranny and unrest and injustice?" She glanced round the room, her eyes resting a moment on the white panelling, the walnut, the green and gold brocade, the jade on the mantelpiece, the sweet peas in the great Delft bowl. "Sometimes, Naomi, I think you're the last outpost of civilisation."

"Sounds like a serious trust."

"It is. If you and David ever go back on me, ever cease being a haven from a world grown wicked, what should I do? By the way, where is David? And who's coming to-night?"

"David was late at the office, and he's changing. To-night—Agnes Mearden and her husband. Claire Charteris and her third. Have you read her new book? And Sir John Bland. He digs—mummies and things. He's nice."

"Sounds grand." Mary sighed contentedly. "Oh, I do hope you'll always be able to keep the outpost secure—always giving perfect parties—you and David both looking wonderful—with everything in harmony."

As Naomi sat at the head of her table, she hoped so too. She smiled at her handsome husband. Everything was going splendidly. David had the loveliest woman in the room on his right. Agnes Mearden was breath-takingly beautiful, and Claire was keeping everyone amused, while Sir John contributed a fund of entertaining inside stories of his struggles with the Egyptian authorities. And there was Bart Charteris—familiarly known as "Claire's third," but a real person, a publisher of repute, and a good talker. And even Harold Mearden, who conducted an orchestra so much better than a conversation, mellowed with the Clos de Vougeot and told an almost funny story about Puccini.

Afterwards, in the dusk, they sat in the drawing-room and Agnes played Bach—clear, clean music—her frock snow-white against the ebony of the grand piano.

In the friendly silence they all seemed very intimate. The music settled them in a temporary immobility, so that Naomi had time to study them. Claire's plain, clever face was thoughtful. She wasn't really listening; probably she was working out some scene for her next book. Mary lay relaxed in the big armchair, thinking about her children, and Harold was watching his beautiful wife and listening. Bart Charteris was wondering whether a " Bach for the Layman " would sell. Sir John looked contented, as if all this meant something after a year in the desert—even the sophisticated desert of Egyptology.

And David—Naomi knew that look so well, his handsome face a mask, polite, still, rather meaningless. She liked to see him so in public, because it never failed to thrill her that he came to life only with her in private. To-night, she thought, he looked tired. It must be hot in the City this weather. Perhaps she could get him to stay over Monday at Rosetree Hall. She mustn't let him work too hard. She had plenty of money of her own. There was no need for him to worry.

When the others had gone she brought up the subject. " Had a bad day ? You look tired, David."

" No, I'm grand," he said. " Shall we push off upstairs ? "

" Like your party ? " she asked.

" Grand," he said.

She wanted to discuss it, but she gave way to his wishes at once. He seemed really anxious to get to bed.

For a moment she laid a hand on his arm. " All the same, I do think you look tired. I just want to say this. You won't ever worry about money, will you ? I mean I've never lived up to my income. What's mine is yours. And even if I hadn't an income I could do without."

For a moment he looked around the room. " Without all this—without Bach—and little dinners—and polite conversation." He shook his head. " I think not."

" Culture is free."

" Not if it's well staged." There was something vaguely hostile in his voice.

" You talk as if—as if you had nothing to do with our life," she said wonderingly.

" You set its tone and tempo six years ago. You did it beautifully."

She was not sure whether he was congratulating her or not. His voice was queerly dead. " But, David, it's your life too."

He laughed politely as if he were afraid that all this might become too serious and engulf them. " You produce and I stage-manage. Anyway, why are we talking like this ? Money is perfectly all right, and I hope you'll never have to do without your proper setting."

" Mary calls us the last outpost of a dying civilisation."

He looked at her curiously for a moment or two. " Are we really civilised ? Scratch any of us—and aren't we savage ? "

She thought for a moment before she answered, trying to imagine some circumstance which would make her savage. " No—I don't think so."

" Not you, perhaps," he said slowly. " I don't know—but not you perhaps. Come on." He switched off one of the lamps.

Upstairs he came into her room for a moment. She offered him her lips. Lightly he brushed her cheek.

" Good night. I've a board meeting at nine-thirty."

" Good night, David."

But she stood quite still where he had left her. He had not really kissed her. He had not noticed her new frock. He had not complimented her on the evening's arrangements. It was almost as if he wanted to avoid talking to her. Was she being fanciful, or did all this really mean something ?

She slipped thoughtfully out of her frock. She wanted to steer a sensible middle course. It had been a very hot day and David was obviously tired. And yet—yet if it meant anything different, she didn't want to shirk from knowing it. She had no use for a fool's paradise.

He had talked almost as if he hated their way of life. As if Bach were a personal enemy.

She pulled back the curtains. The night was hot. Just the night for fancies. If there were anything she would know soon enough. Presently she fell into a light, uneasy sleep.

Yet at breakfast she presented an exquisitely groomed and unruffled appearance. David took refuge behind the newspapers and the letters. As she turned away to help the sausage off the hot-plate on the sideboard, she saw David slip an unopened letter into his pocket.

WHEN he left home she examined her conscience. What had she done or left undone ? She remembered Agnes Mearden's gleaming beauty in the dusk at the piano. Had she grown careless ? She would go and have a face massage. She would go and see Sarsetti, her hairdresser. Perhaps he could suggest a newer style. David hadn't noticed her dress. Black—her mother had always said that men didn't really like black. They were going to a studio party that evening. She'd get something gay.

She kept busy all day with an absurd feeling that she was working hard for David's sake and that he would be pleased with the result.

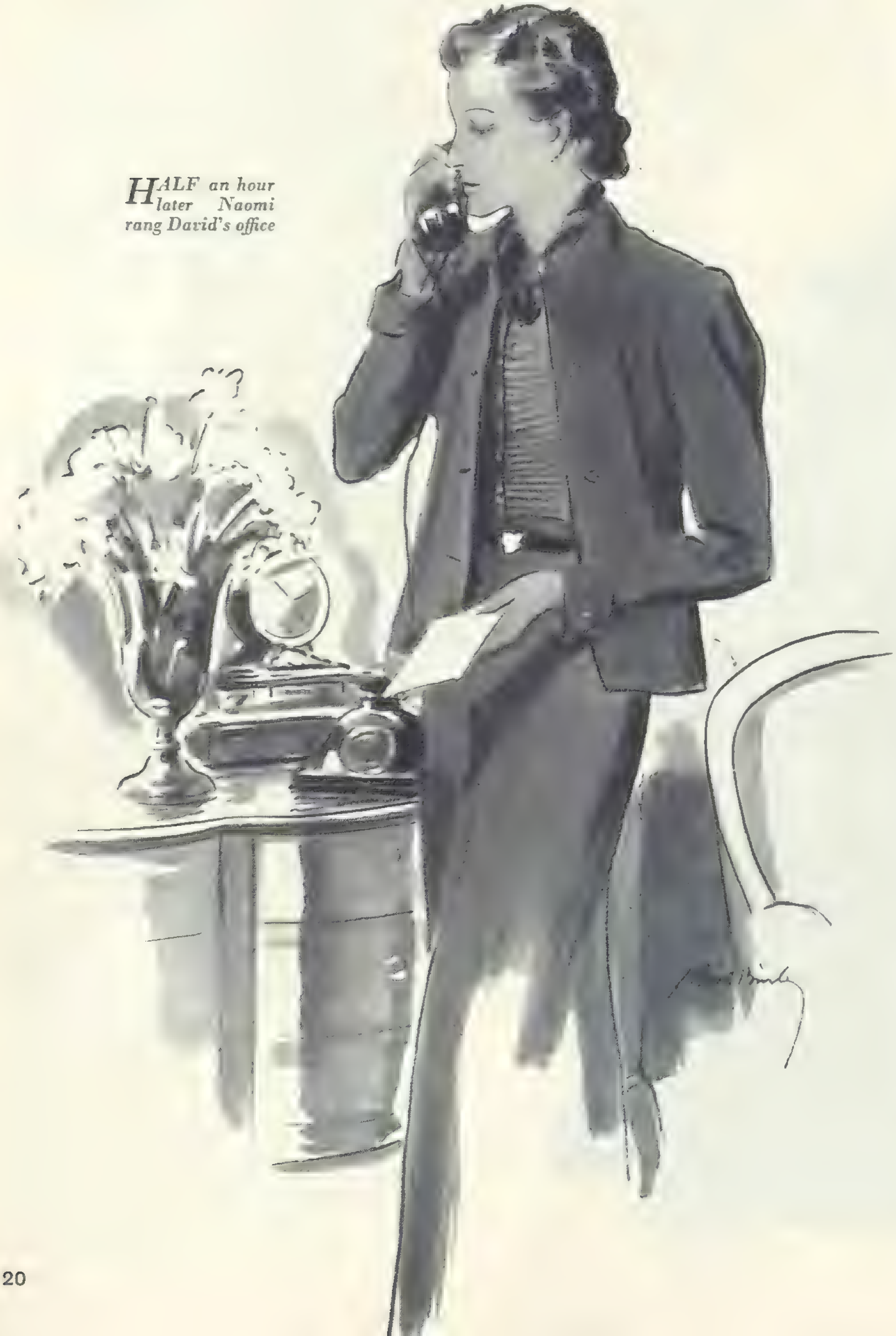
At seven o'clock he telephoned that he would be working late. Would Sandford bring the car with his things to the office ? He'd change there and join her at the party.

Naomi put on the new dress with a strange sense of foreboding.

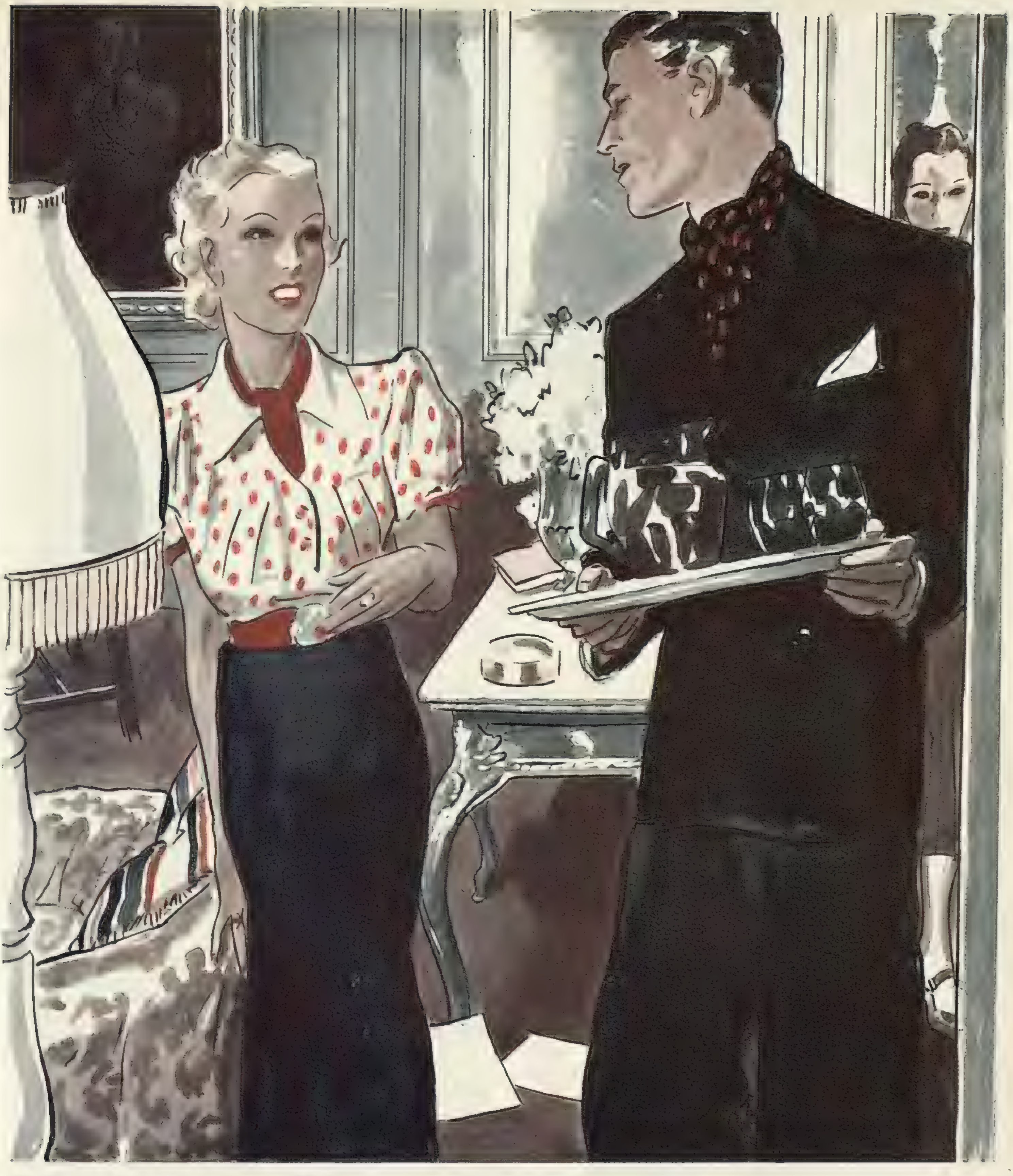
" It's beautiful, madam," said the maid, as she smoothed the gold tissue.

Naomi smiled. " I hope so, Rose. This is a very special party."

Even though Naomi arrived late, she



HALF an hour later Naomi rang David's office



THE door of the morning-room was ajar. David passed through with a couple of glasses and a jug of cider on a tray. He did not see his wife as she paused in the hall to pull off her hat

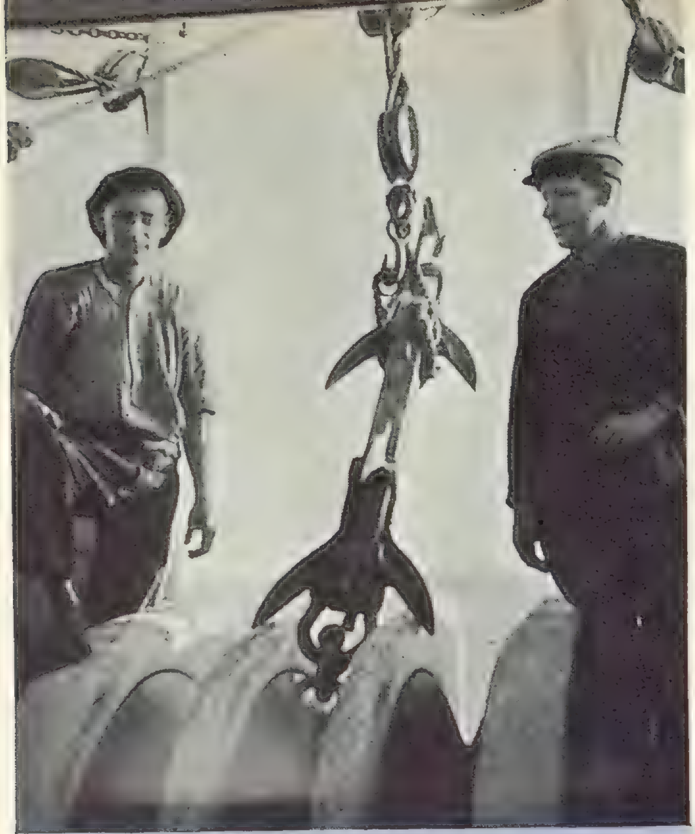
was there before David. So many people she knew. She looked at them all curiously. Which of them was it had whistled David out of her heart? Well, she'd fight her corner. There was Agnes—how lovely she looked! But Naomi looked lovely too, not quite so lovely perhaps, but a good second. There was Claire. Could she compete with plain Claire, who was so witty and had such a glamorous background of success? But Naomi was witty too, and better educated, and had wider interests. She could compete—of course she could compete. She was a better wife than either of them. Agnes could never manage her servants, and Claire could never manage her lovers.

There were others. She watched the women as they moved laughingly round the studio. Perhaps one of them met David secretly, wrote him little notes, debated with him when they should tell "poor Naomi."

Or perhaps not. If it were one of these women, then why wasn't he here? If it wasn't one of these women, then who was it? And how did one find out?

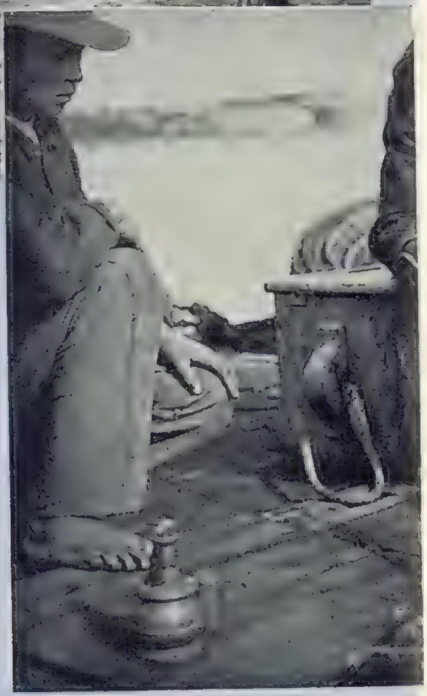
The party was growing tired when David arrived, and they left soon after. "You *were* late," she said, as the car moved down King's Road. "Is the City in a panic or something?"

(*Continued on page* 96)



THE bow sheaves over which the cable is run when it is being paid out or drawn in, showing also the grapnel which grabs the cable up from the sea bed

A DELICATE piece of cable repair work being carried out by men hanging from the bows of the ship



SPLICING a broken cable on the deck of a cable ship

Heroes *of the* Cable Ships

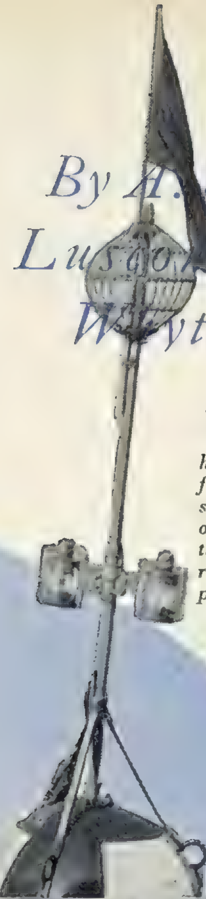
ON a winter's day a few weeks ago a graceful, white-painted ship crept seawards through the fog down Greenwich Reach. Her raking lines and polished brass suggested the millionaire's yacht bound for the Mediterranean. Only the queer curved sheaves at bow and stern, and the gear of wheels and tackle on her deck, indicated the working vessel.

The cable ship *Norseman*—one of the seven most important craft of her size in existence—had started a world tour which may not end until she drops anchor in London River twelve years hence. Until 1949 her crew of 80 officers, men, experts and craftsmen will roam the world, calling at busy ports and lonely wave-torn chips of rock. The world will know nothing of her wanderings, yet every man and woman alive will benefit indirectly from the work she and her sister ships will do.

Without the hundreds of thousands of thin black cables which snake their way through the slime of the ocean beds, our modern civilisation could have no being. Nature, as though resenting our conquest of her borders, does her best to destroy her bonds. She works with swift currents which tear at the fragile cables, with knife-sharp rocks, with sudden, vicious undersea eruptions, with corrosive salt and tiny, myriad, strong-jawed creatures.

Blundering man, too, does his share. With heavy anchors, dragging along the sea bed, with wide-sweeping trawls, he tears unknowingly at the delicate, costly web of wires which leash the world. That is why Britain, chief of the cable-owning countries, maintains a fleet of fast cable ships stationed in all parts of the globe. Commander-in-chief of the fleet sits in a quiet office on London's Embankment. Here are the headquarters of the great combine, Cable and Wireless, Ltd., which a few years ago gathered together private and government-owned cable systems into one vast undertaking. From this big building messages flash day and night over 165,000 miles of cable, wing over an invisible radio path almost as long. Of the world's entire

By H. P. Luscombe Whyte



WHEN the broken end of the cable has been found by the four-pronged grapnel seen in the illustration on the left, it is attached to a buoy until the repairs to the defective portion have been made

system of cable communication, one-half is controlled from this building.

Two hundred cable and radio stations in all parts of the globe, a handful of tiny islands, a staff of 10,000 sharing 50 nationalities and a fleet of seven ocean-going ships pay allegiance to the big bosses who sit above the Embankment.

To the cable bosses of all men time is money. The parting of one trunk cable may dislocate a large part of the world web. So interconnected is the network of wires that a break on an important cross-Channel line may cause delay in several continents. And delay means heavy loss to the companies of money and prestige. That is why the seven fast ships, waiting with steam always up, are so necessary.

During the next 12 years the cable ship *Norseman* will cover a great area of the Atlantic, bounded by the Azores and the Falkland Islands and by Cape Town and South America. In her big holds she carries nearly 170 miles of heavy cable, neatly coiled, which will find its way into a hundred sections of world cable. One of her first calls will be at the lonely island of Ascension, where shore lengths need urgent repair. Many other remote spots, where a few white men while away the long days with no company but the electric chatterings of the whole world, will welcome her long, white hull. . . .

No definite stations claim the constantly roaming cable ships. They patrol seven wide areas: the Far East, Australia and New Zealand, South America, West Africa, the Red Sea (trunk route to half a world), the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. "Cruises" may last many years before home port is reached; crews learn to live together amicably over long, trying periods which would turn most fo'castles into homicide clubs.

Much of the work of the cable ships must be done in the foulest of weather. Storms do not affect the deep-sea cables, sitting in dead calm, icy depths miles below the surface, though even they are not immune from earthquake, as was proved one day in 1929 when a submarine tremor off South Newfoundland put nine transatlantic lines out of commission. It is the shore lengths and the myriad cables which tangle the shallow North Sea and Channel that feel the storms.

When wind and sea rise, the beds of these crowded seas are seared with dragging anchors, and half a dozen vital cables may be torn apart in one short night. The network of cables which radiate from Britain—switching headquarters of the world telephone and telegraph cables—handles a great percentage of the whole communication traffic, and a broken line here must be repaired within a few hours.

Control of these cables lies with the British Post Office. It, too, has its "fleet"—two modern 1,000 ton ships, the *Alert* and the *Monarch*—on which lie the whole responsibility of keeping the vital lines in order. One or other of these ships is usually on a routine cruise, which may last three months and take it completely round (*Continued on page* 100)

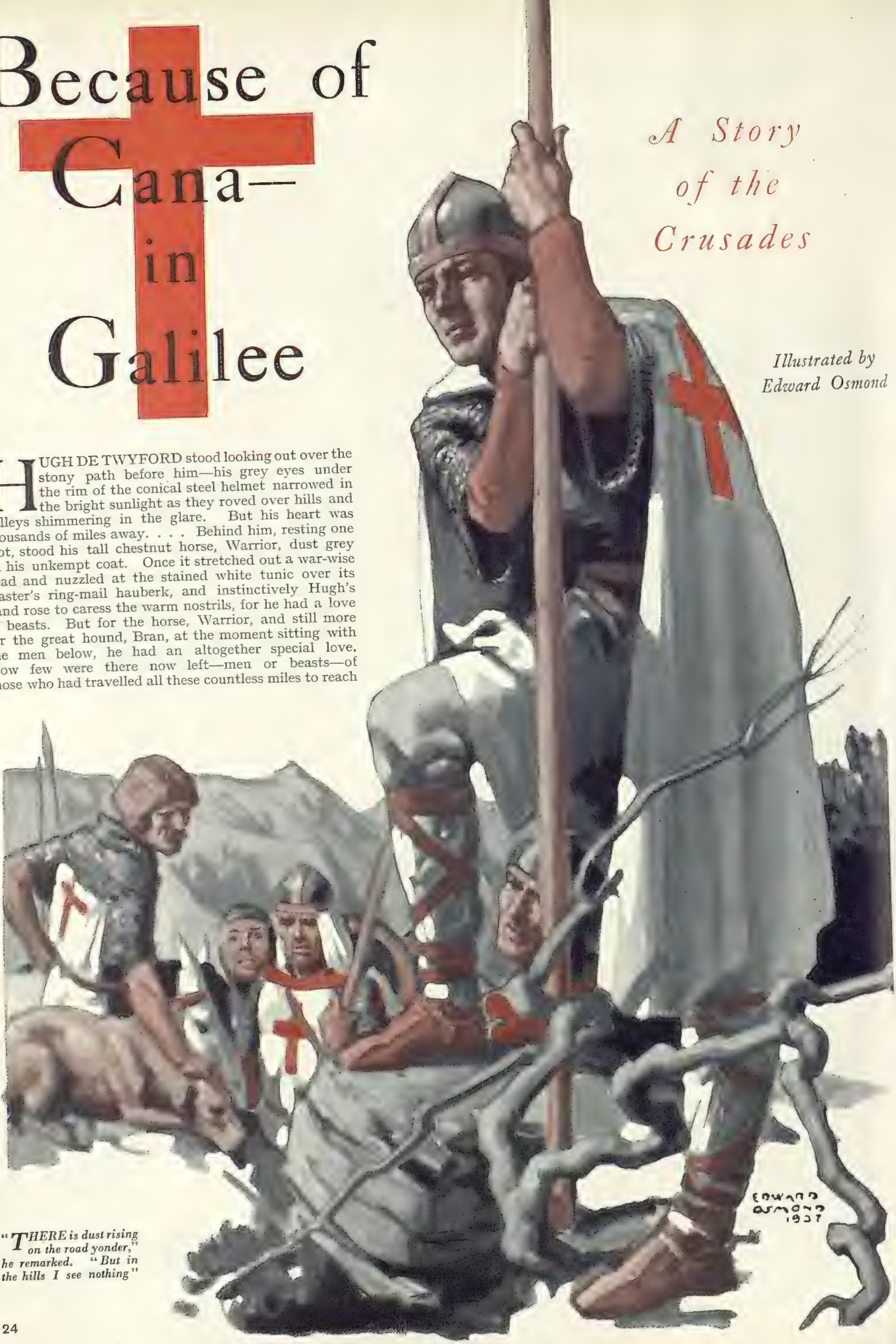
THE cable ship "Norseman," which recently left the London River for a world tour which will probably last twelve years. This cable ship is one of the seven most important craft of her size in existence and is in the service of Cable and Wireless, Ltd.

Because of Cana— in Galilee

A Story of the Crusades

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

HUGH DE TWYFORD stood looking out over the stony path before him—his grey eyes under the rim of the conical steel helmet narrowed in the bright sunlight as they roved over hills and valleys shimmering in the glare. But his heart was thousands of miles away. . . . Behind him, resting one foot, stood his tall chestnut horse, Warrior, dust grey on his unkempt coat. Once it stretched out a war-wise head and nuzzled at the stained white tunic over its master's ring-mail hauberk, and instinctively Hugh's hand rose to caress the warm nostrils, for he had a love of beasts. But for the horse, Warrior, and still more for the great hound, Bran, at the moment sitting with the men below, he had an altogether special love. How few were there now left—men or beasts—of those who had travelled all these countless miles to reach



"THERE is dust rising on the road yonder," he remarked. "But in the hills I see nothing"

Jerusalem, which lay two days' march distant, beyond the blue hills yonder!

Warrior and Bran were links with home, and nostalgia was heavy on Hugh in this alien continent, with its intense contrasts of day and night, of burning heat and bitter cold. His mind conjured up the friendly oaks of the Sussex Weald, the stilly bottoms, the beech woods and the hillsides of bracken golden in autumn or blue-hazed with bells in spring. His ears, long accustomed to harsher notes, longed for song of thrush or call of little familiar birds, tits and robins and the gay chirrup of chestnut-breasted chaffinches. He desired ardently the feel of soft turf underfoot, the scent of English earth, mossy banks gemmed with primrose and violet, the smell of damp, dead leaves and the benison of slow rising mist at evening, calling men home. . . .

Here in *outre-mer* indeed was the City of God on earth where He and His mother had walked and suffered: not far away was Nazareth, where foster-father Joseph had worked with hammer and saw and Christ's queenly mother busied herself with homely tasks. Over those hills was Calvary, where men had crucified the Seigneur Christ, and the most hallowed place on earth because of His Blood which wiped away men's sins. Owing to men's new sins it had fallen under Pagan hold. It was in Christian hands again now, though precariously enough, still needing Christian swords to keep it safe . . . calling to the West for aid. . . .

By Martin Gompertz

Was it that call only which had brought him here, wondered Hugh to-day again as he had often wondered before, more frequently perhaps of late. Had he come only for that vibrant call ringing across Christendom, or had he come to Bethlehem to seek gifts instead of bringing them?

The sun grew even hotter as he stood there, an alien figure in the bright, hard landscape—straight lance and straight cross-hilted sword, faded red cross on shoulder, severe straight lines of mail hauberk and cross gartered legs. The straight lines were surely alien in this setting typical of a continent where nothing was straight but all was curved, curved lines of hill and slope and domed roof, even men's swords, all mirroring the Crescent, antithesis of the straightness of the Cross.

No . . . he knew well he was not single-hearted like the Magi: the long marches and the fights had taught him that. He was perhaps less so now than he had been in Sussex, when he dreamed simple dreams enough. That was before evil came, when life was all sweet, holding promise of sweetness far dearer than the sun-dappled woodlands, the white scuts of rabbits, the fern-clad dells and the liquid note of the blackbird . . . Yvonne! . . . Yvonne!

Evil had taken Yvonne from him. The sun-tanned forehead above the grey eyes knitted even now with wondering pain at the memory of that day. . . . He had come riding up so gaily on Warrior, alone and unmailed to her father, Sir William's manor above Wychbotham, heart unthinking of any evil. True, there was strife abroad, but that there was always, more now and now less. The King's hand could not reach far in those days, and life was always at stake in the twelfth century, but men recked no more of it than they do of the roads to-day, keeping what they held with the good steel and the strength of their own right hands.

It was the drifting smoke which had first disquieted Hugh, too heavy and dark for a charcoal-burner's fire, and moreover there were no charcoal-burners hereby. He had closed heels on Warrior's flanks, cantering forward along the winding track under the mossy stemmed trees. Then, as they thinned, he had seen the manor house under a pall of greasy, red-lit smoke and pulled up abruptly, hand leaping to sword hilt.

The smoke and the red glow were terrible enough. Worse far, however, was the silence where there should have been shouts and cries, the call of striving men bidding others hurry with the leather water buckets and the wooden pails. Apart from the sullen roar of the fire there was a great silence broken only by the baying note of a hound somewhere in the copse near by.

Hugh rode forward, sword in hand, for now he understood. That twisted form on the grass yonder—one knee raised, one arm outflung. . . . He bent down to see better, and even the gaping rent across the face could not disguise Jehan's rough features. Beyond him, face down, still clutching a red-stained axe, lay one of Sir William's Saxon herdsmen, his mop of tow-coloured hair melting into the dark pool on the reddened turf, an arrow standing up from between his humped shoulders. Beyond again were other forms twisted and stiff.

Hugh had halted once more; there was no need to look further here, and into the glowing furnace of the house neither he nor any other could now venture. As he watched, one end of the gable roof caved in with a dull roar, sending up sheafs of sparks and a long leap of flame. Then again he heard the bark of the dog, plaintive this time. He swung down from the saddle, flinging Warrior's reins over the branch of a sapling and pushed his way into the thicket whence the sound came.

A shaggy head lifted snake-like from the body on which it rested, eyes coal-red, wrinkled lips snarling back from red-slavered fangs. Then abruptly the hate died out of the hound's eyes as it raised itself painfully, blood oozing from a long spear-gash across its ribs, one slashed leg hanging limp. Hugh's hand rested a caressing instant on the rough head. God . . .! Bran, Yvonne's yearling hound which Hugh himself had given her as a waddling six weeks whelp, thrust stained muzzle into the friendly hand—brown eyes sick with wondering pain. *He* had come, but where was *she*?

The still form by which the wounded dog had lain stirred uneasily and Hugh went down on his knees to lift the head. The wrinkled eyes opened in the yellow white face from whose blueing lips trickled a thin stream of frothy scarlet. Old Jocelyn, looking up at Hugh, seemed to be summoning strength for speech before speech too should fail.

" Scarfaced Steven . . . Fulke the Black . . . they came about midnight . . . many men . . . we fought . . .

some of our herds came . . . not enough . . . Sir William . . . half armed . . . Steven killed him . . . they took her . . . Black Fulke. . . ." The tired voice died away as a choking spasm shook the speaker and the scarlet trickle changed to a thick flow. Hugh tore his cape from his shoulders, bundled it under Jocelyn's head, ran seeking water.

When he returned from the spring holding his dripping felt cap half-full between careful hands, there was no need of water: Jocelyn had gone to rejoin his master.

And that was all. That afternoon many men gathered at Wychbotham manor, now smouldering embers, and glowing beams among cracked and smoke-blackened walls. They spoke with one another grim-faced. Steven the Scarfaced and his cousin Black Fulke had overset the scales at last. Knights though they were, they should hang . . . the good Weald country must be made safer for decent folk, be they Norman or Saxon, bond or free. But the chase ended fruitless on the coast with a tale of waiting boats and of sails at dawn, and of Yvonne . . . nothing. Steven and Fulke had fled overseas, and even the Norman King's hand could not pluck them from the French King's domain.

In the fashion of a direct age Hugh had sworn vengeance. He would find Steven and Fulke and with his own hands kill. He would never find Yvonne again . . . of that he was sure. . . . She would be dead long before he could reach her. . . . He prayed that she might even now be safely dead and at rest.

He had left his lands in his brother's charge, he who was sub-prior of the great Benedictine house at Senlac which later men called Battle. They would be safe thus, and if anything happened to him they would pass to his sister Eva's boy. With Warrior and Bran, whom he had nursed back to health; with two men at arms, like himself English by two generations, mother and grandmother, for all that they called themselves Normans; with three Saxon villeins anxious to see the world, he had crossed the narrow seas to fulfil his vow.

But in two years' wandering from Western Europe to Western Asia he had found neither Steven nor Fulke. From a wandering knight in Normandy new come from the South he had some little news of them. They were not in their lands in the Midi; Fulke's bastard son had taken his father's and uncle's place, and folk said it was no change. Of Yvonne there was no mention. No woman seen with Steven during his time at home after his return from England quite answered to her description.

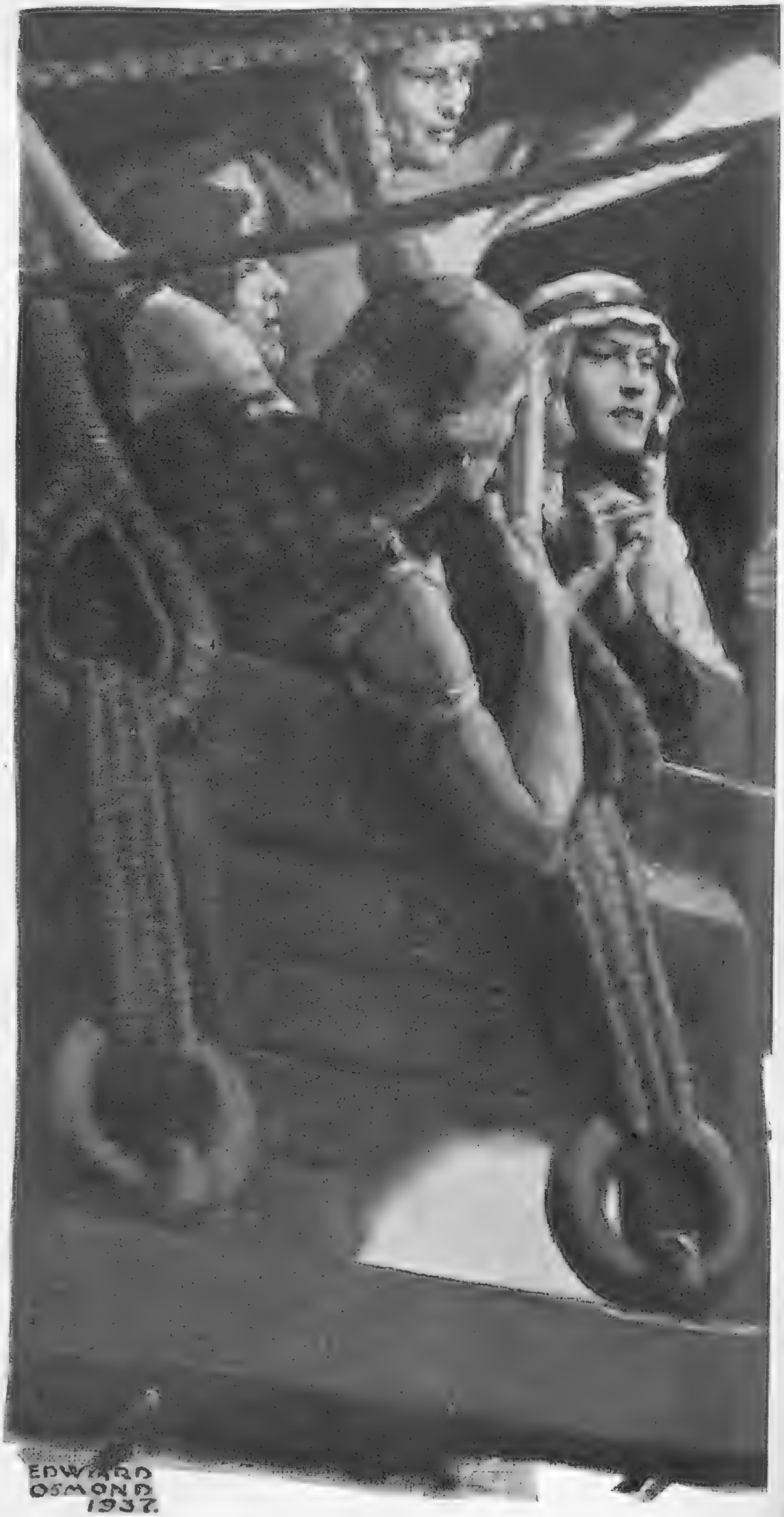
So, life being for the present seemingly empty even of vengeance, Hugh's thoughts had turned, as men's thoughts did in those days of belief, to the visible City of God on the borders of Satan's tangible realm where the pagan hordes massed under Antichrist's plumed banners, riding out with curved blade, round shield and turban-swathed steel cap to desecrate the Holy Places with killing of Christian men and rape of Christian maids.

With Warrior and Bran and his men, he took the road for the Holy Land through distant Hungary and Cilicia to the city of Byzantium, thence passed by sea to Acre, and so came at long last to Christ's City. There he had stayed. . . . How long was it . . . a year? . . . It seemed more like a lifetime. In that time he learnt many new things—how best to combat heat and thirst, how to keep man and horse fit in an alien climate, how to outwit an alien foe whose tactics were quite other than those of the West. He had learned, too, more of himself, seen deeper into his own heart. . . . So that when he had knighthood from Godfrey himself after the big Saracen raid, it seemed to him but a small thing compared with his own shortcomings seen in the light of Christ's Cross.

But to the inner peace which surely should be birthright of those who reached God's City on earth, he had not come. Neither battle for Christ's folk nor prayer before the Sepulchre nor in the churches of Nazareth or Bethlehem had brought him this. He had glimpsed it once for a fleeting instant—that was when he had ridden to Cana where the Seigneur Christ turned the water into wine. An old priest there told Hugh that this first wondrous miracle had been done to mark for ever the greatness of God's best gift to Adam—the life-long companionship of marriage.

Thinking how this gift had been denied to him, Hugh felt the darkness close in over him again. . . . Yvonne? Where? Please God, dead—not living still, rotting in some brothel where Steven would have flung her when he tired of her! No, surely she would have known how to find friendly death, taken Steven's dagger while he slept—satiated. Maybe she had used it on him first before turning the point to her own white breast.

The black gloom had clung about him during the ride back and for many days after—indeed, it had never wholly lifted. But from that visit to Cana had been born an enduring purpose.



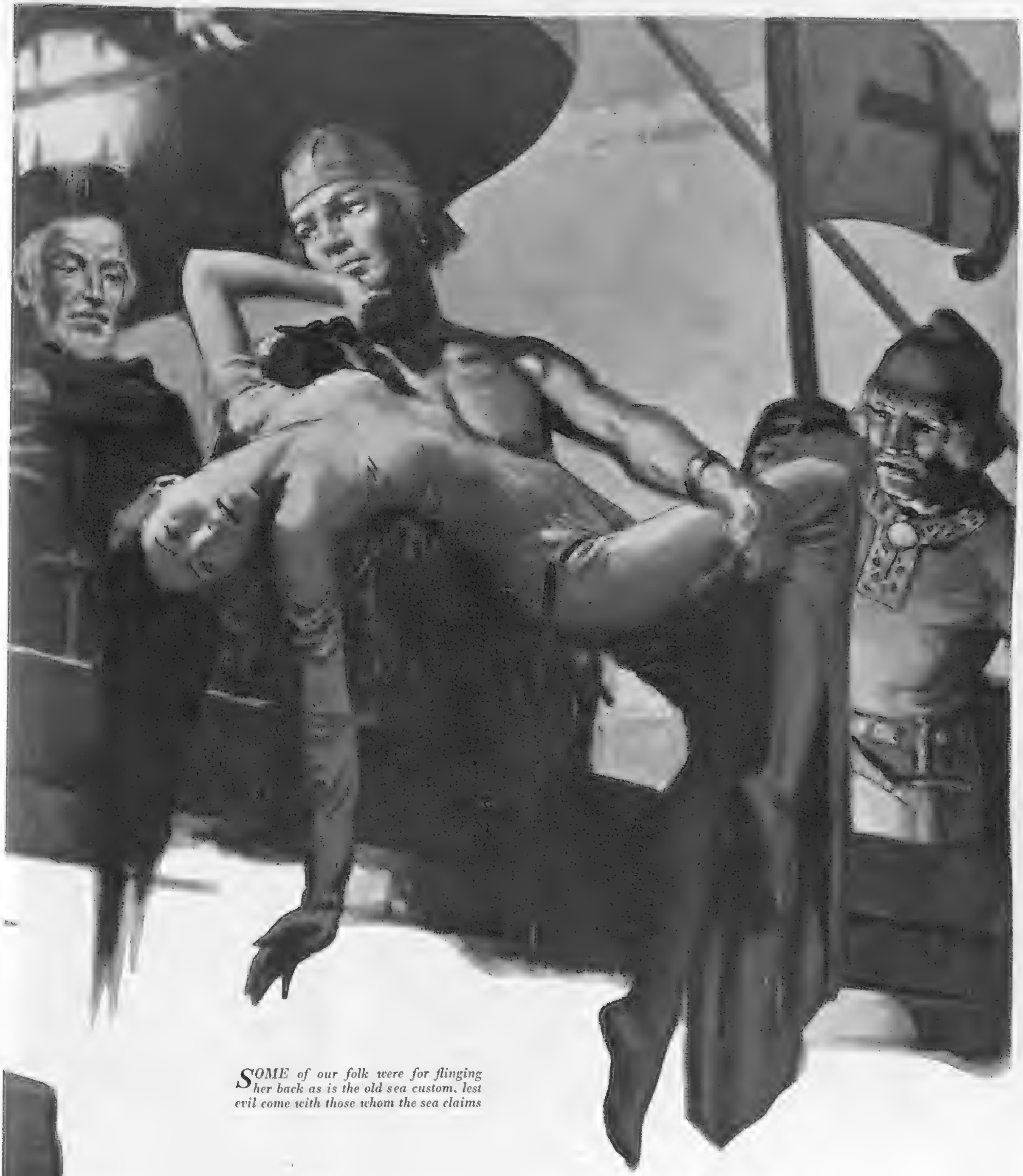
That which had been denied to him, with God's help he would seek to secure to other folk.

From the sea, from Acre and the other ports, out of ships from Europe, since the northern land road had never been reopened after the first Crusade passed it, came the Pilgrims. There were well-armed knights often with their ladies, well-mounted men at arms about them, bow and spear swaying before and behind. Against such as these the Turk ventured little.

The mass of the pilgrims, however, were the poorer folk, unarmed or half-armed, those who had spent their little all in the long journey, ready to lose their lives in the hopes of kissing the stones where Christ and His Blessed Mother once trod. These were easy prey for the heathen; there might be but small return of immediate silver to be gleaned, but there was the joy of killing, of reaving wife from dying husband, of seizing youth and maid to sell into shameful slavery. Hugh would spend himself helping such folk to come safe to the Holy Places—to offer, as it were, his sword as wedding gift to all that Cana stands for.

So, anticipating by three years what the Augustinians conceived in the foundation of the Templars, Hugh betook himself to the sea road. Because men trusted him, others, fighting men of the poorer sort, joined him, some fifty bow and bill men, two score mounted men at arms. The half of them were English or Norman-English; there were some Welshmen—savage little fighters, these—a handful of Scots, and half a dozen men out of Brittany.

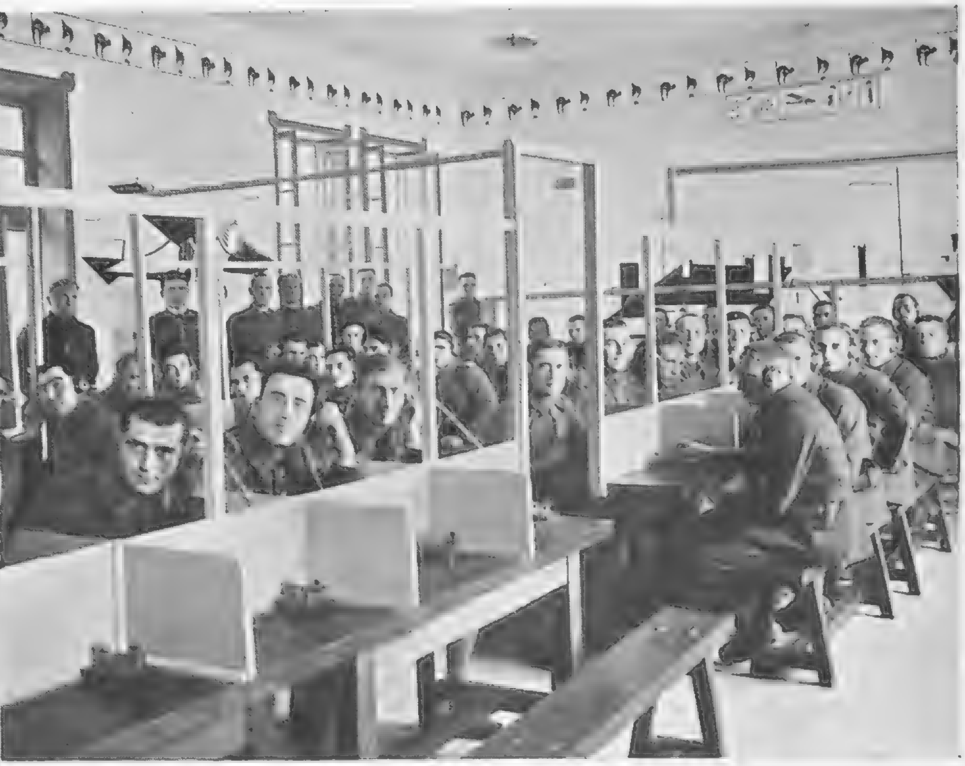
(*Continued on page* 128)



SOME of our folk were for flinging her back as is the old sea custom, lest evil come with those whom the sea claims

The Truth about the Foreign Legion

A LEGIONNAIRE in full-dress uniform



A CLASS-ROOM in the Legion barracks at Sidi-Bel-Abbis

By Charles Graves

WITH the all-important rôle played by the Spanish Foreign Legion in the civil war in Spain, its far more famous sister, the French Foreign Legion, once again comes into the limelight. Not that there is any comparison between the two corps. I have never seen sloppier-looking sentries than those posted outside the Palace at Madrid when I was there a few months ago. Weedy, pigeon-chested, and even knock-kneed, they would not have been acceptable to a Labour Battalion. Similarly at Oviedo, which bristled with troops of the Spanish Foreign Legion, I was gravely disappointed by the appearance of the men who wore the red-tasselled forage cap of the Spanish Foreign Legion.

To enter the French Foreign Legion a man has to be a first-class athlete. The physical test to which he is submitted is more rigorous than that necessary to enter the British Brigade of Guards. His height need not be great, one metre fifty-five centimetres (five feet two inches) being the minimum. The eligible age for enlistment is elastic. All that is required is that the French doctors should presume that he is between the ages of eighteen and forty. In a recent visit to French Morocco I saw several hundreds of these seasoned troops, and they looked as soldierly as the men of a crack regiment in any army in the world.

There are recruiting stations all over France where you can enlist for the Foreign Legion, and every week an average of a hundred men apply at some depot to join the Regiment. At the outside, however, ten or twelve are accepted. Their first physical examination takes place at the recruiting station wherever they apply. In Paris it takes place at 71 Rue St. Dominique, and may be supplemented by special X-ray examinations and other extremely minute tests, at the Val de Grace's Military Hospital at Paris. If they pass this examination they are given a third class railroad fare to Marseilles and are told to report to Fort Saint Jean, the Legion's Depot, whence they are sent to Sidi-Bel-Abbis in Algeria. Here again a very severe examination takes place. Technically it is to satisfy yet another group of doctors that a man is perfectly fit for gruelling foreign service. Actually it is largely to give an excuse for the military authorities to weed out the undesirables on the plea of physical unfitness. For though no papers or any other credentials are necessary for a man who joins the Foreign Legion, the Foreign Legion has ways and means, nevertheless, of tracing the antecedents of these "mystery" men, and it frequently happens that a man who has been accepted in Paris or elsewhere in France will be turned down at Fort Saint Jean. You see, it is a great mistake to imagine that the Foreign Legion is still a refuge from the law. Moreover, the Foreign Legion does not like to appear too frequently in the Press.

There was the case of Lord Edward Montagu, the son of the Duke of Manchester, who, while he was under general

THE N.C.O.s' bar of the 3rd Regiment at Fez

(Below left) *A LEGION kitchen with the day's menu posted up*

THE 3rd Regiment's garden "café" at Fez

observation, gave a romantic interview to a Paris newspaper after he had successfully passed his first examination but before he had reported for his second examination at Fort Saint Jean. The result was that, although he was in good physical health, the authorities at Fort Saint Jean "discovered" that he was unfit for service with the Foreign Legion. And that was that.

If the Legion discovers that a man is wanted by the police before he is passed for service at Fort Saint Jean, he is usually told that his heart or some other vital organ in his body is not just what it should be. At the same time, they do not hand him over to the authorities. The Legion always keeps the secrets which it discovers or which are confided to it. If, later on, it is discovered that a Legionary has a criminal past, he is not handed over to the responsible authorities. He is, however, advised to leave the Service quietly.

When the recruit has successfully cleared the hurdle of Fort Saint Jean he is sent to Sidi-Bel-Abbis. This is the first "Régiment Etranger." Here again he is given a serious examination. Once he has passed this he earns his enlistment money. This is six hundred francs, of which three hundred francs is given to him immediately upon his incorporation, and the remainder four months later, plus four hundred francs payable in twelve monthly instalments.

A Legionary, like any French soldier, receives a pay of seventy-five centimes a day, but in addition to that, after two years of service, he receives a "high-pay" which varies from one franc and twenty centimes to seven francs sixty-five per day, according to his rank and colony where he is serving. N.C.O.s' pay runs from about seven hundred and seventy-five francs to twelve hundred and fifty francs per month, in addition to which there are various indemnities.

It may be pointed out that the term of enlistment is for five years. It is a statistical fact, incidentally, that sixty per cent. of the men who have served their five years with the Colours re-enlist after that period is up.

After fifteen years with the Colours a private receives a pension of four thousand to four thousand eight hundred francs a year, a sum nearly doubled in the case of sergeants. It is always possible, moreover, that a recruit, having in turn become a corporal and a sergeant, may be selected for the N.C.O.s' School at Saint Maixent in France. Every year a number of sergeants receive commissions in the Foreign Legion after two years of most serious studies and training at that fine Military School. Nor do they have to give up their foreign nationality unless they wish to do so.

In the history of the Legion two Legionaries have actually reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel. One was a German a hundred years ago (the Legion was founded on March 9th, 1831). The other retired only recently and is living near Vevey. He is a Swiss of the name of Lieutenant-Colonel de Tscharner. The majority of the (*Continued on page 110*)

Where are they NOW?

A Story about the Film Stars of Yesterday

By Margaret Chute

Mae Murray
Theda Bara
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Colleen Moore
Leatrice Joy
Lila Lee
Mary Miles Minter
Aileen Pringle
Bessie Love
Betty Compson
Dorothy Gish

Mae Murray when she was a star

Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Disputed"

Constance Talmadge, who is married to a wealthy Chicago man

Charles Ray in the days when he was a great star

THERE are a dozen titles that would fit this article. From Millions to Misery . . . . Famous—but Forgotten. . . . From the Heights to Hunger. . . . Fighting Back to Fame. . . . Adored Yesterday, Unknown Today. . . . And all the titles are linked to just one short question: Where are they now? Less than ten years ago a regiment of men and women stood at the top of the mud-heap that is Filmland. Stars, all of them. Worshipped by frantic millions, as though they were human gods and goddesses. Rich beyond the dreams of any war profiteer. Famous, by name and face, right round the whirling hemispheres.

Those of you who remember the latter days of silent films, and the birth struggles of talking pictures, might take a sheet of paper and a pencil, if you have five minutes to spare, and make a list of names that once meant so much in the sphere of entertainment. Having set down those names, see if you know what has happened to the once-celebrated individuals you have named. Where are they now? What are they doing?

My own list is longer, I expect, than yours will be. Mae Murray, Theda Bara, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Mary Miles Minter, Aileen Pringle, Bessie Love, Betty Compson, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Evelyn Brent, Mae Marsh, Jack Mulhall, Monte Blue, Tom Mix, Buster Keaton, Charles King, Raymond Hatton, William S. Hart, Antonio Moreno, Charles Ray.

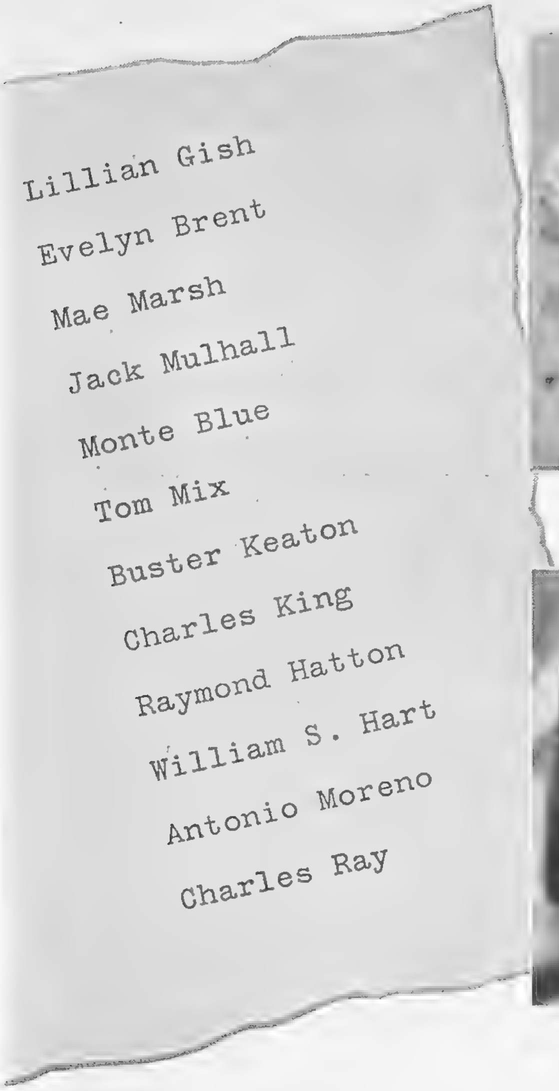
About some of those players I have personal recollections that belong to the days of their glory and the time that is expressed in the word *now*. When I was in Hollywood last year I went to the immense 20th Century-Fox Studios to watch some important new films being made. On one set a crowd of two or three hundred "extras" were yawning, talking, reading, telling fortunes in and round a realistic café. The stars of the film were rehearsing a scene close to the cameras. Where extras are, noise is. Bedlam is an exaggeration; but there was a continuous buzz of sound.

The rehearsal ended; the stars retired to their portable dressing-rooms; the chief cameraman started lining up his lights and testing camera-angles. The babel of the bored extras grew louder. Who cares about silence when it is only the cameraman and his bunch of assassins on the job? Abruptly, from a corner partly screened by palms, came a strong baritone voice singing the theme song from *Broadway Melody*, that early musical film through which so many people climbed to fame.

"Don't bring a frown to Old Broadway,
You've got to clown, on Broadway. . . ."

sang the baritone voice, clearly but not obtrusively.

"Gosh! That sounds like Charlie King!" muttered one of the extras taking part in a bridge game two yards from my chair. I had to know. As I walked behind the palms the voice died away; the man who had been singing turned to me. It *was* Charles King. He looked embarrassed, and backed hurriedly. I said: "Don't you remember me? I met you at M.G.M., after you had made *Broadway Melody*. It's some time ago; you may have forgotten, but I haven't. What a grand song that was—is!" Charles King said: "I remember you quite well. But I didn't think you'd remember me. Things are kind of—



Lillian Gish
Evelyn Brent
Mae Marsh
Jack Mulhall
Monte Blue
Tom Mix
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Raymond Hatton
William S. Hart
Antonio Moreno
Charles Ray

Bessie Love when she was a great star

Buster Keaton, the Dead-Pan comedian, when he was a star

Monte Blue when he was a famous star

Colleen Moore when she was at the height of her fame

Antonio Moreno played opposite Greta Garbo in "The Temptress"

Mae Marsh as she was in "Hollywood Boulevard," filmed in 193

different, now. Yes; it *is* a grand song, isn't it? I always did like it."

I got just the end of his story. An extra, earning seven dollars and fifty cents a day, and glad to earn it. That was Charles King, as I saw him then: one-time star, with a voice, good appearance, everything that seemed like holding a high position. A few good parts. Then some not so good. Then an unfilled blank. Finally, an extra at 28s. a day, singing the song that brought him success, to fill the weary hours of waiting. . . . "You've got to clown, on Broadway."

They made a film at the Paramount Studios last year called *Hollywood Boulevard*. In it, a large number of one-time stars appeared in tiny rôles—Hollywood calls them "bits" —making what was politely referred to as a "come-back," in certain cases. I saw some of this film being made. The face of an actress, whose soft voice was unfamiliar, worried me. Who was she? The director said, "Miss Marsh, please; let's try it once again, and then we'll shoot it."

Mae Marsh! The name that brings back memories of *The Birth of a Nation*, of D. W. Griffith, great star-maker. Mae Marsh, to whom I had to talk when the scene was over, because I wanted to ask if a certain incident had been sponged from her recollection or not. I asked her if she remembered coming to London, before talkies began: a comfortable suite in a Kensington Hotel; a promise to attend a certain fancy dress ball, in aid of some charity or other, and judge the fancy dresses. She remembered, and so did I; for I was the organiser of that fancy dress ball, and it was quite a "scoop" to be able to announce that Miss Mae Marsh would be present. Film stars were rarities in London in those days! And I remember a slender figure in a white dress, with a blue ribbon on soft golden hair, a sweet smile, and a whispered "I'm terrified! Have I chosen the best one, do you think?"

Mae Marsh lives in Pasadena now. Her husband is a writer; her children are growing up fast; and in the orange groves that surround her house she is finding as much to occupy her as she did in the days when her name was in electric lights.

Bessie Love, who made one come-back to the top line of stars in *Broadway Melody*, may make another in the near future. As a wistful child, she was a D. W. Griffith discovery; through her singing and dancing in *Broadway Melody* she had the film world in raving raptures over her re-birth. She married William Hawks, manager and agent for film stars; (*Continued on page* 154)

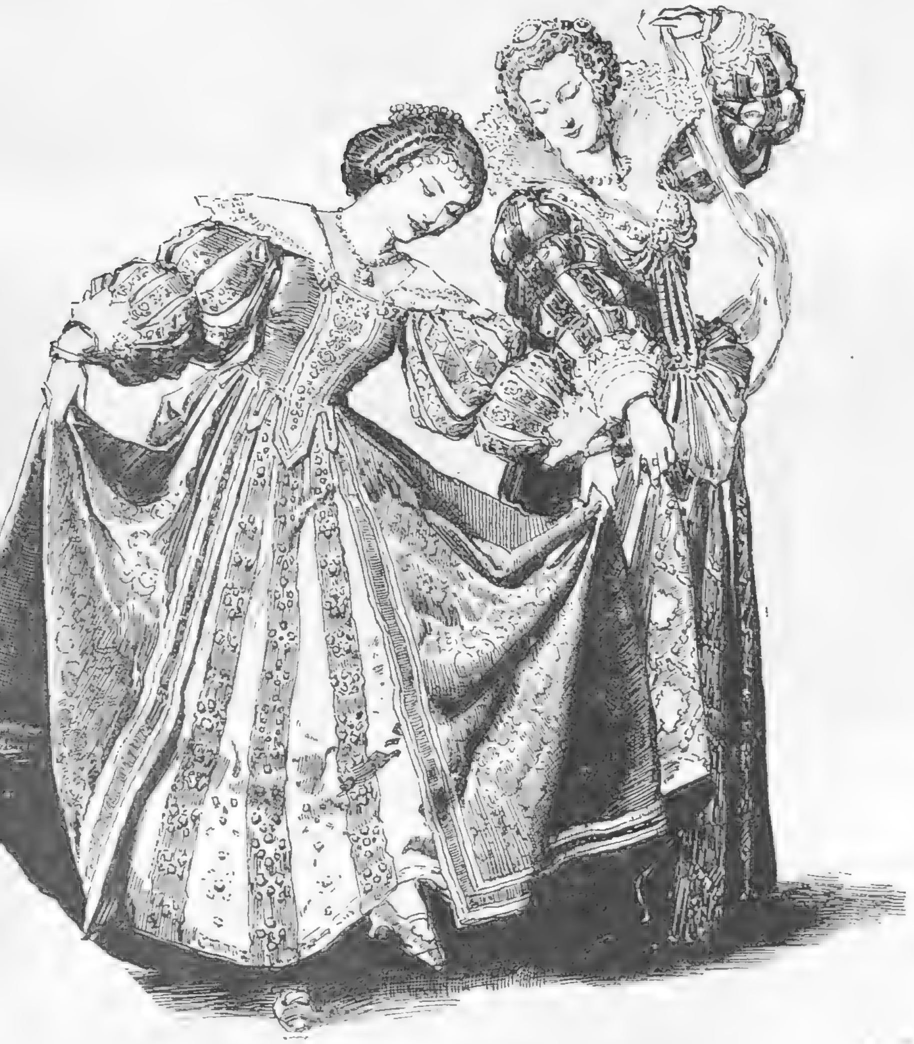
Aileen Pringle, with Robert Montgomery, in a scene from "Piccadilly Jim," in which she returned to the M.G.M. studio where she had been a star

Old Tales Re-told

Carolian Courtship:

The Second Stuart and the Woman who Precipitated his Downfall

Written and Illustrated
By F. Matania, R.I.



The beautiful young Queen of France, Anne of Austria, together with her sister-in-law, Henrietta Maria, were the principal dancers

CHARLES I—to his partisans a man of conscience, of unswerving loyalty to the Church, of consummate dignity, of abounding courage, and, indeed, a very paragon of kingly virtue; to his enemies a weak incompetent who broke his word, sacrificed his servants to save himself, insisted obstinately on an outworn theory of kingship, and perished through his own unwisdom—stands out above controversy in one respect, and one respect alone. He was the great romantic of his day and age, and as such, vanquished in life though he was, lives on for ever in history's annals.

Many men contributed to Charles's tragedy, Rupert, Laud, Hamilton, and Glamorgan, all in their several ways working out the King's destruction; but it was a woman—the woman he loved with all the ardour of his passionate, romantic nature—who really sealed his fate. None other, in fact, than the Queen Consort Henrietta Maria: she whose partiality for the Roman faith governed all she did in British politics, so fanning the flames of incipient war, and bringing to a head the constitutional struggle between Crown and Parliament that ended on that bitter morning of January 30th, 1649, upon the Whitehall scaffold.

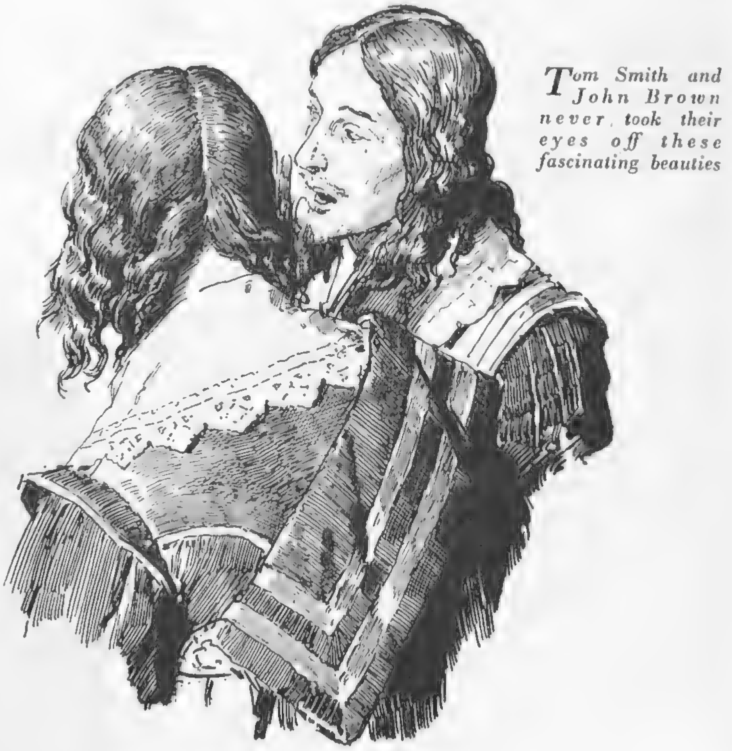
But let us retrace our steps a quarter of a century or more to another winter day in another city—to be exact, Paris on February 16th, 1623; for it is there that the great drama opens. On this day a large crowd was queuing all along the wall of the royal palace, eager to be admitted to court to gaze upon the royal family, a privilege accorded to the public by royal tradition and continued by the tradition-loving Louis XIII. When the doors opened to admit the throng, two young men, one of about thirty and the other just over twenty years of age, joined the crowd and, on passing within the portals, gave their names to the Queen's Chamberlain as Tom Smith and John Brown. The Chamberlain may or may not have been a man of discernment—history often leaves us guessing on such points—but certain it is he gave these two late-comers the best of seats.

In spite of the dim light, the scene in the big hall was one of gaiety and animation. The rehearsal for a ballet was in progress, and the beautiful young Queen of France, Anne of Austria, then only twenty-four years old, together with her sister-in-law Henrietta Maria, at that time barely fifteen, were the principal dancers.

Tom Smith and John Brown—for so must we call them still—never took their eyes off these fascinating beauties pirouetting with such innate grace and elegance, and, in fact, were moved to seek admittance to the continuation of the rehearsal later in the day. But, as we shall soon see, it was more than idle curiosity that drew them there.

The very same evening the younger of the two wrote to his father in England in the following terms:—

"Since the closing of our last we have been at court again (we assure you we have not been known), where we saw the young Queen of France, little Monsieur (Gaston, duke of Orleans) and Madame



Tom Smith and John Brown never took their eyes off these fascinating beauties royale (Henriette Marie) at the practising of a masque, and in it danced the Queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst whom the Queen of France is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister."

The sister alluded to was the Infanta Maria Althea of Spain. The letter was addressed to James I. and came from his son Charles, Prince of Wales (Tom Smith, we presume), who had been accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham (the trusty John Brown).

Charles had often expressed to his father his reluctance to marry someone whom he had never seen. He was a wise young man, keenly intelligent, and eager to make a marriage not based solely on convenience. He wanted to know the woman he was going to marry before taking the plunge, and thus it was he persuaded his father to give him leave to go to Spain.

Accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, he had undertaken the journey incognito, determined to maintain his disguise until he had judged for himself of the looks and the accomplishments of the Princess Maria Althea. In passing through Paris, however, Charles had conceived the idea of taking a peep at one member of the family—namely, the Queen of France, Althea's sister, to give him an idea of what he might expect to see beyond the Pyrenees; but the result of this stop in the French capital was to be fraught with unexpected consequences, for Buckingham fell in love with the Queen of France and Charles with the Princess Henrietta Maria.

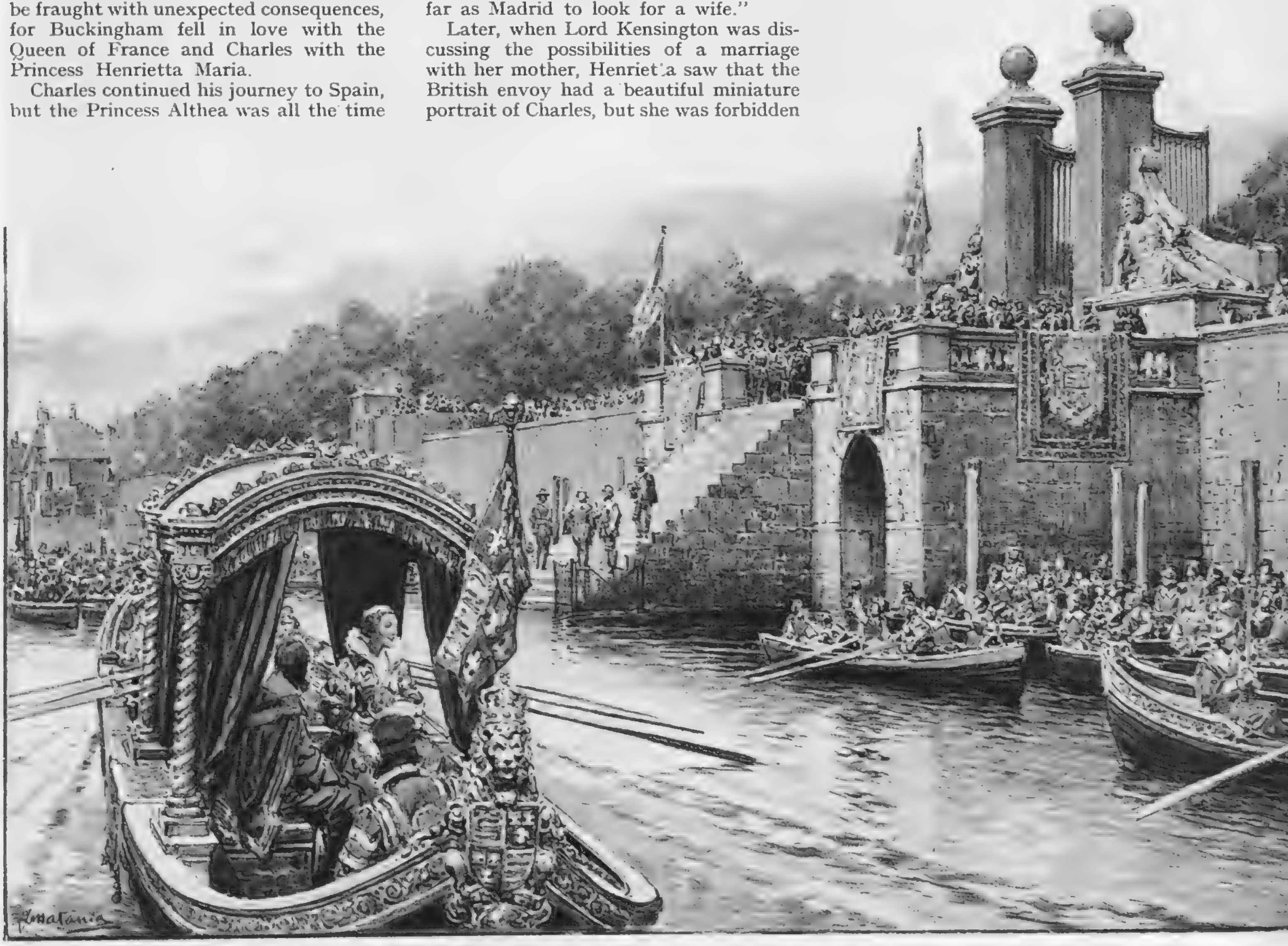
Charles continued his journey to Spain, but the Princess Althea was all the time far from his thoughts, and although he paid an official visit to Court, his attitude on the marriage question was non-committal. Wisely he left the door open for the withdrawal he knew in his heart of hearts he would sooner or later decide to make, and this despite the fact that the people of Spain had already taken it for granted that the marriage between the heir to the English throne and their Princess would take place, and that in honour of the Prince's visit the mighty Lope de Vega had composed verses which, set to music, were pulsating throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula.

King James, when Charles unburdened his heart to him, sent Lord Kensington to Paris to confer with the Spanish Ambassador, and although the latter did not refrain from caustic comment he accepted the inevitable, and so it was that the Spanish marriage came to nought. It was not without a sigh of relief that England heard the news, for on the whole the proposed union was looked upon askance.

When the Prince had entered the French palace in disguise, Princess Henrietta had not seen Charles, but the romantic incident of his attendance at the ballet rehearsal had been related to her and rather fired her imagination. She was intrigued and fascinated by what she considered a bold adventure, and is recorded as having said: "The Prince of Wales need not have gone as far as Madrid to look for a wife."

Later, when Lord Kensington was discussing the possibilities of a marriage with her mother, Henrietta saw that the British envoy had a beautiful miniature portrait of Charles, but she was forbidden to look at it closely, it not being considered proper that she should gaze on the portrait of the man she might marry without that man having yet proposed. Against this stupid prohibition Henrietta complained bitterly, saying that it was very unfair that everyone could look at it to their heart's content, while she, who was the principal subject, was denied the satisfaction of seeing the features of the man who would most likely be her husband. Notwithstanding, this stupid etiquette was rigidly observed, so Henrietta resorted to a ruse. She persuaded the housekeeper of the English Ambassador to gain possession of the portrait and bring it to her. Let us read the actual words with which Lord Kensington relates the incident in one of his letters to Charles. "Henriette retired to her cabinet, and ordered her to be called in, and to remain alone with her, where, she opened the case in such haste as shewed a true indication of her passion, blushing at the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands; and when she returned it, gave many praises of your person."

The Pope was bitterly opposed to this new match, having infinitely preferred the Spanish marriage which might have brought Charles irrevocably into the Catholic fold, but Papal indignation in no wise deterred Maria de Medici, the Queen mother, and accordingly she paid no heed to the injunctions emanating

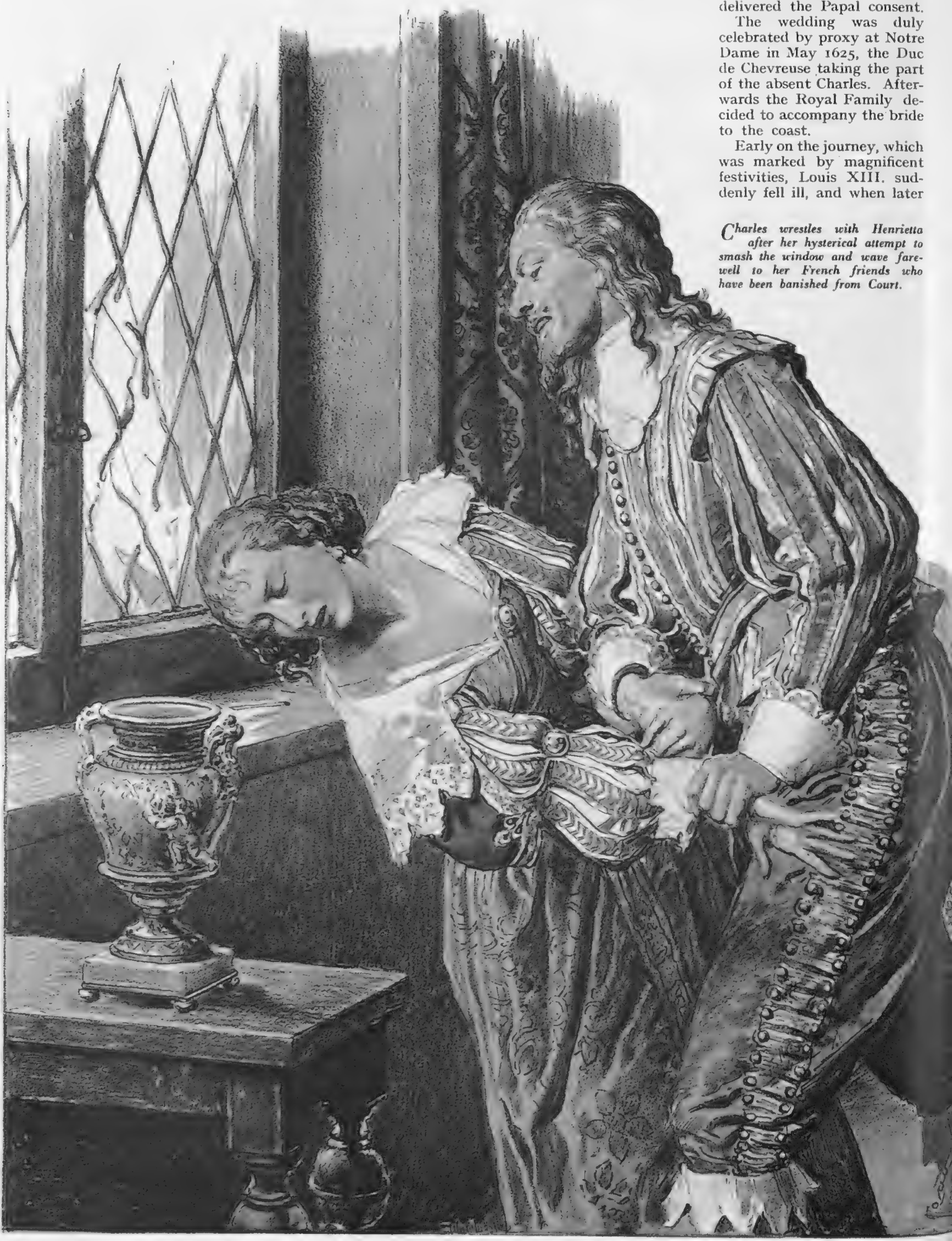


The newly-wedded Charles and Henrietta arrive at Somerset House in the royal barge, after proceeding up the river from Greenwich from Rome and relayed *via* Cardinal Richelieu. Her only interest was that her daughter should become Queen of England. Eventually she won the day, and in December of 1624 the marriage was duly agreed upon, one of the stipulations of the contract calling for a relaxation of all the rigours against the Catholics in England. To many an Englishman this was, of course, the thin end of the wedge. A month after the ratification of this marriage James I. died, and the Prince of Wales was proclaimed King in the name of Charles I.

When Maria de Medici saw that the dispensation from the Pope did not arrive, she decided to hold the marriage without it, and it was only at the last moment, and in order to avoid a scandal, that Cardinal Spada delivered the Papal consent.

The wedding was duly celebrated by proxy at Notre Dame in May 1625, the Duc de Chevreuse taking the part of the absent Charles. Afterwards the Royal Family decided to accompany the bride to the coast.

Early on the journey, which was marked by magnificent festivities, Louis XIII. suddenly fell ill, and when later



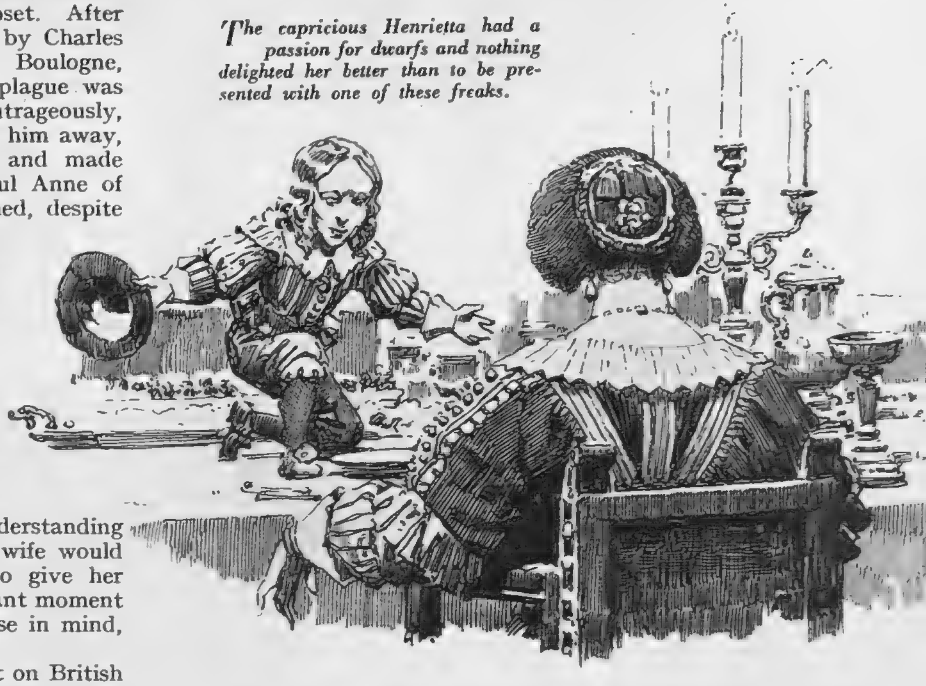
Charles wrestles with Henrietta after her hysterical attempt to smash the window and wave farewell to her French friends who have been banished from Court.

at Amiens, Maria de Medici also became indisposed, all the elaborate plans for Henrietta's send-off were upset. After some delay, the Duke of Buckingham, appointed by Charles as official escort, proceeded with the Queen to Boulogne, avoiding Calais on account of the fact that the plague was raging there. On arrival Buckingham behaved outrageously, and, making the excuse that urgent business called him away, he forthwith left Henrietta to her own devices and made straight for Amiens and the arms of the beautiful Anne of Austria, his passion for whom remained unquenched, despite long absences. Madame de Motteville in her memoirs describes in detail the amazing behaviour of these two lovers, and, needless to say, extends her sympathy to the poor royal bride waiting forlornly " by the Norman shore."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Channel, King Charles was waiting anxiously at Dover, and it was not until a month had elapsed since the day of the marriage when, on a stormy sea and under an oppressive sky, the boat conveying the royal bride at long last sailed into view.

With that extreme sense of chivalry that characterised him all through his life, Charles, understanding that after such an unpleasant journey his young wife would prefer to recover before meeting him, decided to give her ample time, so that she could face the most important moment of their lives when at her best. With that purpose in mind, he betook himself to Canterbury.

At 7 o'clock on Sunday night, the Queen set foot on British soil and went to Dover Castle. The next morning at ten Charles rode over to the castle and surprised her at breakfast. She rose and tried to perform what, in her mind, she had prepared to do. She wanted to say : " Sire, I am come into this, your Majesty's country, to be at your command," and then she had wanted to kneel before him ; but emotion did not allow her to finish the short sentence. She burst into a fit of tears. Nor did she kneel, for the King prevented her. He took her in his arms and covered her with kisses. A few minutes later they were both laughing.



The capricious Henrietta had a passion for dwarfs and nothing delighted her better than to be presented with one of these freaks.

After the so-called personnel marriage had taken place at Canterbury, a solemn entry into London was organised, and as it was Charles's desire that the Queen should be spared the ugly sight of the narrow, squalid streets of that time, he took the highway of the Thames, travelling to the capital by barge from Gravesend. At the starting-point they were given a wonderful reception, a host of craft crowding the tideway to do them honour, while, when they landed at Somerset House, the cheers, mingling with the booming of the guns, could not have been louder, nor made the occasion more auspicious.

THE young royal couple's first official function was the Opening of Parliament, but after this they retired from London for a brief space to enjoy their honeymoon in the seclusion and the beautiful surroundings of Hampton Court, that residence which, in the tragic years ahead, was to cast its spell over the hard heart of the Lord Protector Cromwell, who not only was to spare the place from his vandals, but to make it his home.

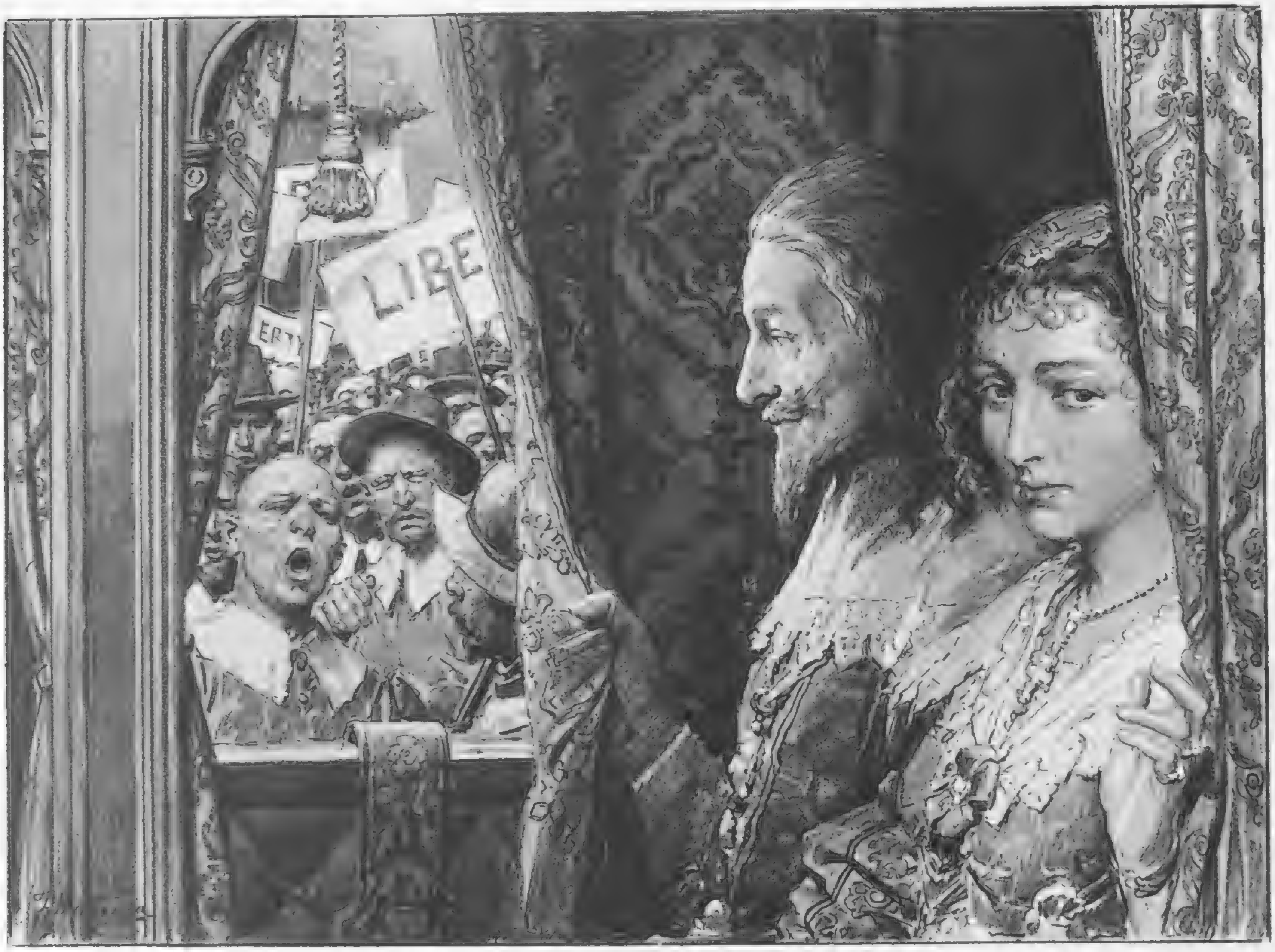
Though the days of the interregnum were still far distant, the first year of Charles's marriage to Henrietta was not by any means wholly serene, and already there was in the air a tensity that boded ill for the future. In the first place, the enormous number of French retainers the Queen had brought with her across the Channel was beginning to create jealousy at Court, while their manners and customs, so wholly alien, were the cause of constant scandals among those of rigid and narrow views. Even the innocent prank of the Duchess of Chevreuse in jumping into the Thames and swimming across caused something of a furore. Another subject of unabating comment was the high-handed attitude of the Queen's Confessor, Father Sanci, who on one occasion pushed his authority to the point of imposing on the Queen the terrible penance of walking barefooted to the gallows at Tyburn to pray for the souls of those who had been executed for a certain plot.

Though the penance was never carried out, Charles was naturally furious when he came to hear of what had been going on, and, as a result, it was not long before the domineering Sanci found himself on a boat sailing for his native land.

This and many other episodes maddened the King, causing him to take a deep-rooted dislike to the members of the French colony, who not only monopolised the Queen's time, but seemingly governed her every thought and action, compelling her to pursue courses unwise in the extreme and wholly prejudicial to the position of the monarchy. Charles himself was attacked repeatedly by his own people for not making a firmer stand in the matter, and it is easy to understand the almost perpetual strain under which he lived at this time, standing as he did as a buffer between the warring factions. Despite all this, his affection for Henrietta altered not a whit, and, indeed, grew stronger as the months went by. Nothing, he determined, should alter that.

In spite of everything, the Queen did not fail to receive the sympathy and admiration of the more broadminded and human section of the British

public; the slow process of her mental acclimatisation being attributed to the persistence of the French influence and not to her real feeling. But this attitude of forbearance could not continue for ever, and, in fact, was soon to be tried to the very limit when it became known that the Queen had rejected the idea of being crowned in Westminster Abbey—stronghold of the Protestant faith—and had obstinately refused to reconsider her decision. The King was distressed beyond measure, but even his appeals, added as they were to those of many influential members of the Court, failed to move Henrietta, though he told her again and again that her absence from the Abbey would be interpreted by the whole nation as a gross and unforgivable insult to British institutions.



King Charles and Queen Henrietta passing through a hostile crowd, when the Queen left London for the last time, reviled by the citizens who regarded her as an alien interloper

Thus religious prejudice had made of Henrietta the first Queen of England who refused to be crowned, and when the day of the King's hallowing arrived there was in consequence an atmosphere of indescribable uneasiness. The crowd that lined the processional route was for once shorn of its wonted gaiety and serenity, and when the King appeared, crushed by the humiliation, his face wore the mask of a silent apology—an apology that his people never accepted.

Whilst the King was being consecrated, his Queen stood behind a latticed window over the portal of the gate-house at Whitehall. Blinded by her bigotry, she did not realise that in that moment she was committing moral suicide.

The chorus of criticism that fell on the woman whom he loved so tenderly attached Charles to her more than ever. She was such a child when they were alone and she was in his arms that he felt it almost a crime not to forgive her her sins. At the same time, his patience had reached the last degree of endurance, and he turned like an enraged lion against those who were endeavouring to rob England of its Queen and him of his wife, ordering that every one of the French retinue should instantly leave the country. This order was the signal for what amounted to a palace revolution. The Queen fell into a fit of rage that nothing and no one could subdue. The condemned Frenchmen used every pretext to disobey. An exasperated letter from Charles to Buckingham gives perhaps the most exact idea of the state of the King's mind. It runs as follows:

"STEENIE,

I have received your letter by Dick Graeme. This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away tomorrow out of the town—if you can, by fair means, but stick not long in disputing — otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear of no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest your faithful, constant, loving friend,

C. R."

When the barges were ready at Somerset House to take the French away, they flatly refused to go, and Charles was compelled to employ a strong body of yeomen. Forcibly they were pushed out of Somerset House and the doors closed behind them.

At the same time Charles had taken the Queen to his chamber, but, when she saw that he had bolted the door and put the key in his pocket, she dashed to the window and, such was her haste and her frenzy, attempted to break the glass with her fists. Nothing but brute force could have prevented her from hurting herself, so Charles held her wrists and did not let her go till the wretched woman, plunged into the depths of misery by the departure of her friends, dissolved, exhausted, in a crisis of tears.

Needless to say, the ejection of the Queen's retinue caused a storm of resentment in France, Charles, ever the object of attack, being described as a tyrannical heretic who, by his brutality, was making of their princess a martyr and a victim of his own innate weakness.

PUBLIC opinion on the other side of the Channel was soon to be further inflamed by a strange story from Limoges which, like all rumours respecting royal personages, spread from mouth to mouth and town to town with incredible rapidity. It seems that a girl had appeared at the door of a certain convent and sought succour, saying that she was none other than the persecuted Henrietta, and that she had fled from England in view of the harshness of the treatment that had been meted out to her there. So convincing were the descriptions she gave of the English court, and so dignified and regal was her manner, that people were inclined to believe her and, before long, were flocking from far and wide to make her acquaintance and offer their condolences. The whole story was, of course, fantastic, but for a while it held credence among certain sections, and even when the wretched woman was brought to trial there were many who still maintained she was no impostor.

MEANWHILE in England the time came when Henrietta was about to bear a child—an heir to the throne. Unfortunately, however, its birth was premature, the infant surviving only a few hours. This was a tragedy for Henrietta, who by maternity might well have achieved the maturity that had hitherto been lacking and the absence of which had made her such a tool in the hands of her so-called French advisers. As it was, the death of the child, which took place in her nineteenth year, left her still a child, her girlish caprices not a whit abated. She had, for instance, a passion for dwarves, and to introduce one of these to her was to secure her perpetual gratitude. On one occasion the Duchess of Buckingham succeeded in getting hold of a freak of no more than eighteen inches high, and it is recorded that she hid it in a pie and presented it at the royal table. When the crust was cut, out stepped the dwarf, beautifully clad, and, much to the Queen's delight, knelt in front of her Majesty's plate.

It was not long before Henrietta was again an expectant mother, but the joy of the coming event was spoiled by an unexpected outburst of public opinion directed against the continuance of the royal line through one who was such a fanatical member of the Roman Catholic faith. Political parties were involved in frenzied combat, and pamphlets came from London's presses with monotonous regularity, all couched in the same vein of bitter criticism of the Queen, reviling her with epithets that would seem to have been the product of pens dipped in vitriol. She was called "A daughter of Heth," an "idolatress," a "Canaanite," and a host of other names of equal vileness, all reflecting the leftward trend of popular feeling.

Charles at this time began to give way to despair, sensing no doubt the struggle that was to come and realising how powerless he was to cope with it.

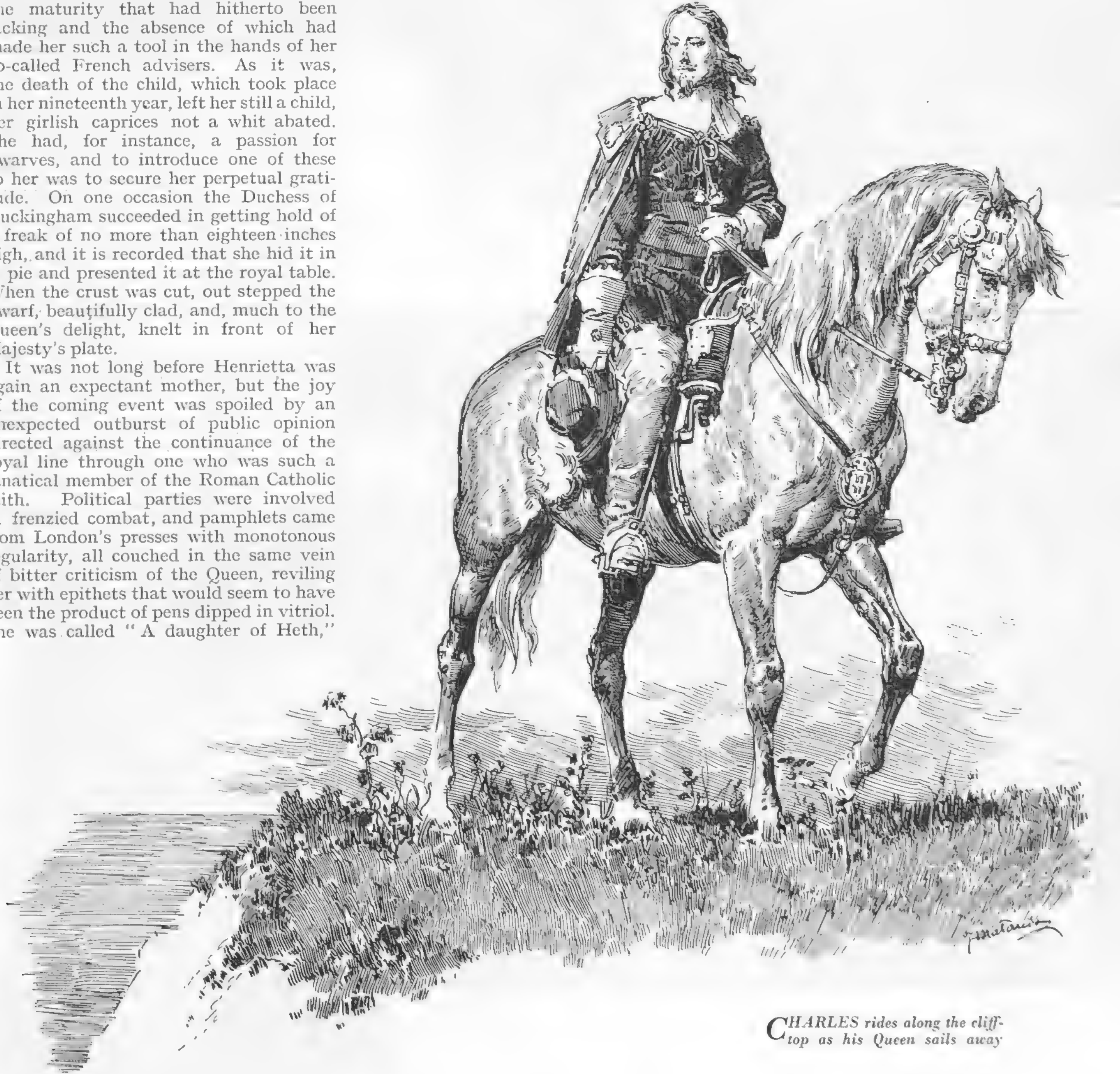
Although the expected heir to the throne was duly born without mishap, the position showed no signs of improving, but at all events it could be said that as a result of the happy event the Queen had achieved a measure of happiness.

In 1641, when Henrietta had four children, Parliament took the extraordinary step of calling upon her to surrender them so that they should not become papists. It was impossible to refuse, and hard, desperately hard, to accept, so the Queen adopted the only other course open to her and prepared to leave the country.

It was through a threatening crowd of many thousands that Henrietta left London for Hampton Court, at some points on the route being almost mobbed by the vast press of people, most of whom carried banners calling in vehement terms for the restoration of liberty. The Queen was appalled by the violence of the outburst, and Charles knew only too well that the hour of conflict was at hand.

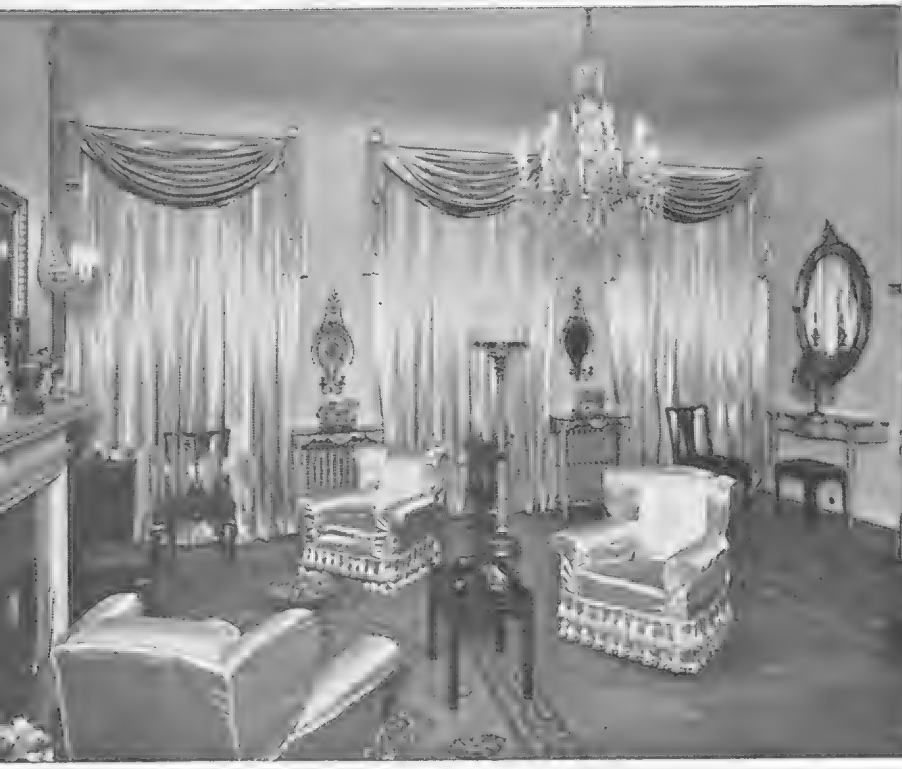
Thus it was, with tragedy in the air, that Henrietta, who had soon afterwards been escorted to Dover by her husband, set sail from the unhappy land of her adoption and parted from the man whose adoration for her had been not the least of the causes of his failure as a monarch.

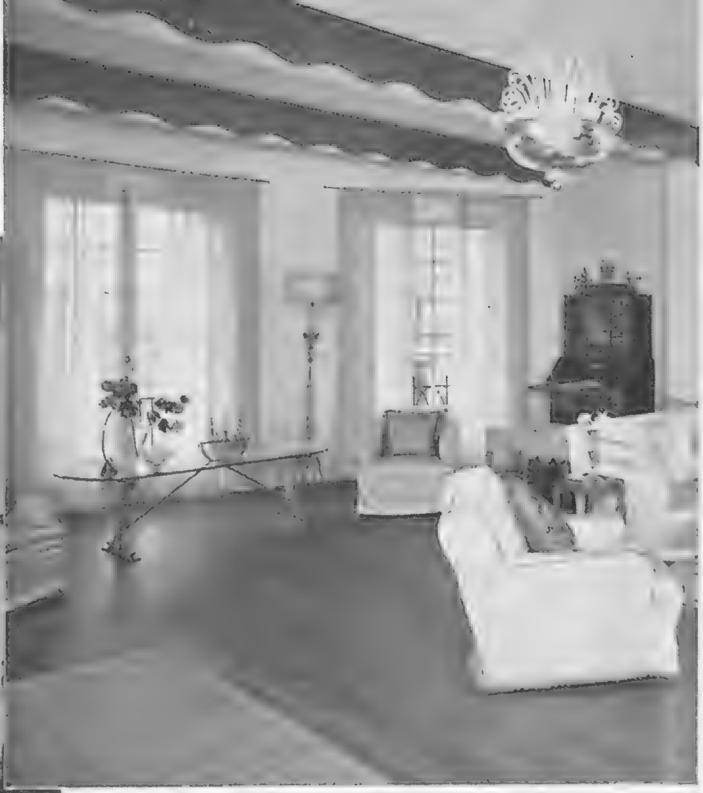
For a time the vessel kept almost parallel with the coast, Charles keeping pace with it by riding along the edge of the cliff, but half an hour or so later it was but a speck upon the horizon. So Charles bade farewell to all that he held most dear and turned to face his destiny.



CHARLES rides along the cliff-top as his Queen sails away

By AUDREY WRANGHAM

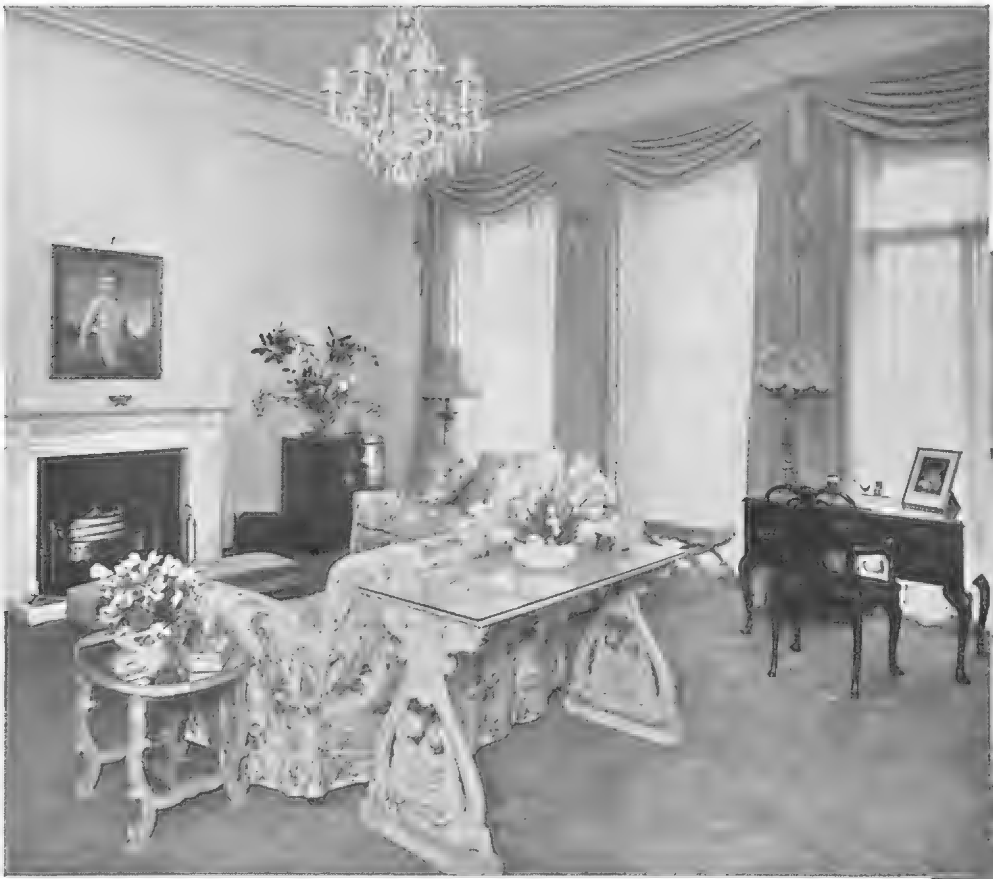


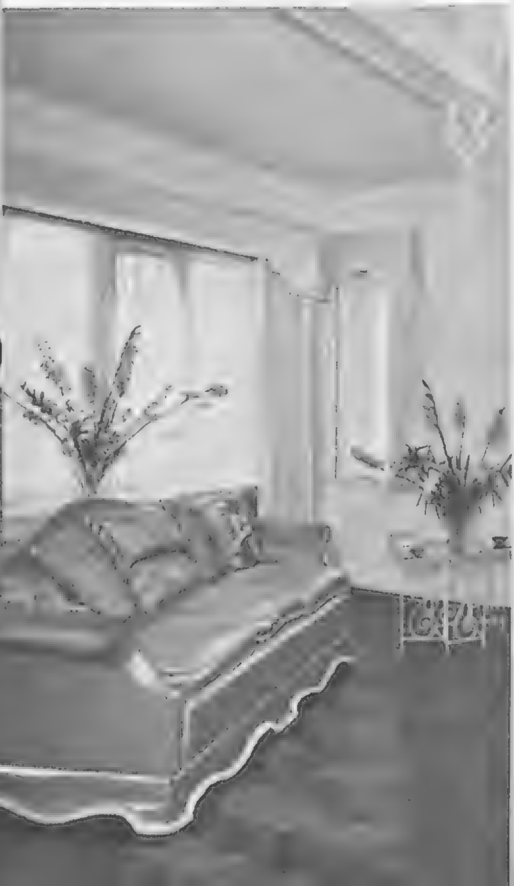


White, silver and glass drawing-room of Mrs. Ralph Philipson, in Tilnet Street, Park Lane. Glass tables, firedogs, sconces, chandelier and scalloped decorations on ceiling to catch sunlight. White satin covers, white and black rugs, white muslin curtains only at windows,

(Left) Pale corn yellow satin curtains and covers in Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon's drawing-room in Chester Square. Walls two shades lighter. Pelmets draped in Regency fashion. Old walnut furniture and Austrian glass

(Below) White painted ironwork tables and firescreen in off-white, pale blue and peach drawing-room of Mrs. David Forbes, in Chelsea. Covers in pale blue satin, cushions in peach, blue and off-white brocade.





Symphony in mushroom, peach and caramel buff for drawing-room in Rutland Gate of Hon. Mrs. John Bethell. Hydrangea chintz on caramel ground, deep mushroom satin curtains, matt surface. Pickled pine furniture and walnut

ELEGANT DRAWING ROOMS AGAIN

Our mothers now have the satisfaction of saying "I told you so." They promised us that the era of the dentist's room cum operating theatre into drawing-room would pass, that men would get tired of assuming Roman poses on divans in rooms where never so much as an ash tray could be out of place or it was out of the Great Scheme Of Things.

Equally they were right about the waning of enthusiasm for Mayfair mews expensively and uncomfortably converted into flats, with cobble stones outside guaranteed to rick the ankles of any wearer of high heels, and a staircase so perpendicular that one longed to be able to swarm Navy-fashion up the rope replacing the stair-rail.

Drawing-rooms were out of the question in these mews flats, first because there was no room for them, second because no one theoretically ever stayed at home to sit in them.

Now the drawing-room has returned to favour again with a new elegance. I think it is because women in Mayfair are learning how to sit about again in a peaceful sort of way.

They like having their children around them in the drawing-room. And as modern drawing-rooms mostly have plenty of floor space and not too many ornaments, the children regard the after-tea visit to the drawing-room as a treat, and don't move around gingerly in fear of knocking over fragile knick-knacks as we used to.

Lady Veronica Hornby's white-walled and white-carpeted drawing-room in Eaton Square, with its shiny white and lime-green satin covered chairs and deep green velvet sofa, is a world away from the Edwardian drawing-room with its silver tables, its jardinières, ferns and palms, cake stands and forests of little chairs.

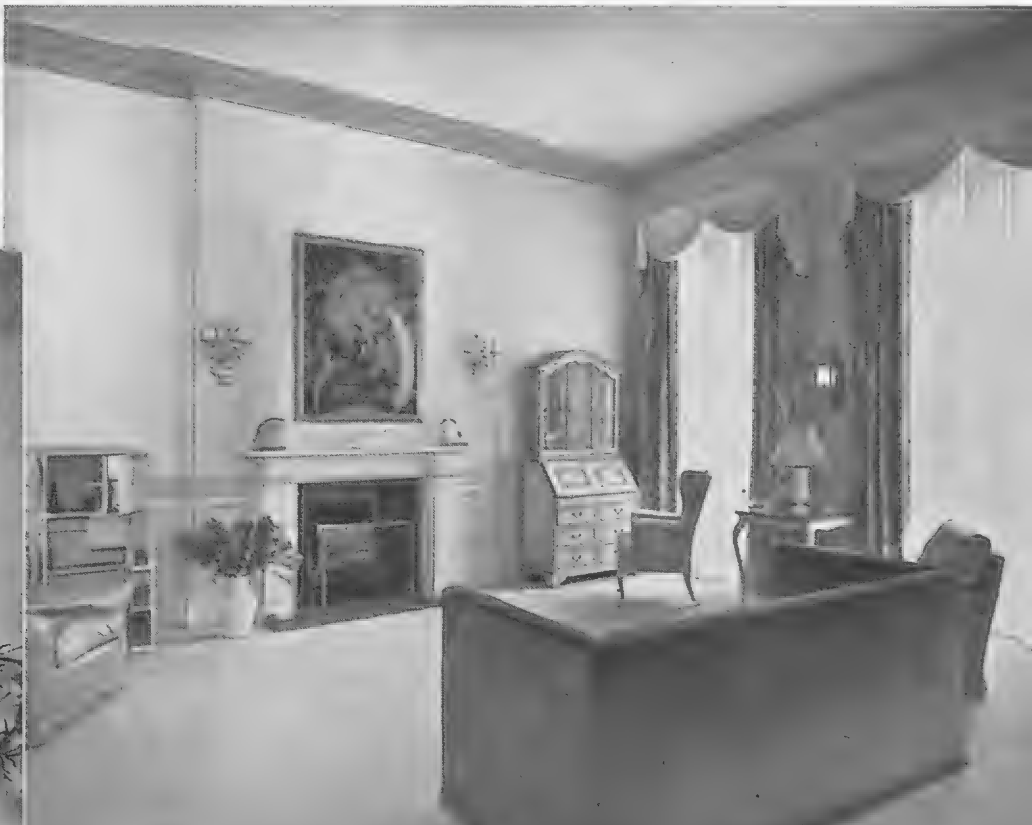
Anyhow, drawing-rooms are not only designed for women to-day. Men like them too. Another exploded idea is that men are ill at ease in an elegant room. The successful modern drawing-room has an adequate supply of ash trays, cigarette boxes, match boxes, and generally comfortable chairs.

Such a colour scheme as the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell's in Rutland Gate—caramel peach, mushroom and buff—is a certain winner for a husband, because no one could call it striking or strange, two adjectives that men like to apply to the drawing-rooms of others, but not to their own.

Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon's corn gold satin curtains, and walls two shades paler, are an excellent foil to her walnut furniture and old Austrian glass, in Chester Square, which her husband, cousin of the Queen, is always the first to comment on to guests.

Lord and Lady Birkenhead have collected together the few but choice *objets d'art* in their dignified, restrained little drawing-room in Chester Street, the white jade ladies who stand out against the dark green tones of the tapestry, the lacquer cabinet.

(*Continued on page* 110)



Lady Veronica Hornby's drawing-room in Eaton Square is green, white and gold. White walls, carpet and angelskin pelmets. Curtains green and white hand-painted silk. Sofa spinach green velvet, other chairs lime green or white satin. Furniture white with green and gold decorations

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Looking at the average small flat with its square rooms and square windows, one is apt to say, smugly, " Well, it will be easy enough to furnish, and it'll be cheap."

But in actual fact it is *not* easy to furnish the small flat well, and it is only cheap when you are skilful.

The very character of the place makes furnishing a ticklish business. Simplicity is essential in a place so small, but simplicity must never be confused with bleakness.

At the same time, the lack of architectural distinction calls for some correction in the decorative treatment. But you've got to get your interest without even suggesting the ornate. How can it be done ?

The first essential is to plan the flat as a whole. There must be cohesion if the place is to be comfortable and restful. Each room should bear some relation to the next—subtly, perhaps, to avoid monotony, but definitely related. Sudden contrasts are fatal to a sense of restfulness and space in a small area.

We thought the best way to tackle the problem of furnishing the really small flat might be to fix up a floor plan. And it works.

Get the whole thing in front of you and then draw up your scheme. There's no doubt a bird's-eye view of the problem shows up a lot of things that would otherwise escape your eye.

Our plan is of a fairly typical modern flat. A tiny entrance hall, a lounge (we've given it a dining-recess because this excellent device is worth encouraging), two bedrooms, kitchenette and bathroom.

We chose colour schemes that seemed not only likely to brighten the imaginary home, but also to stamp each room with character. The colours selected are practical and sometimes gay, but never eccentric.

Throughout the flat backgrounds are designed to give light and to merge softly into each other, so that emphatic contrasts from room to room are avoided.

The entrance hall is given warm cream walls and woodwork to match. This for light and spaciousness. To provide a solid basis for this pale effect the floor is fitted with an interesting plaid carpet. This is in squares of light fawn with a black overcheck and a discreet line of red running through.

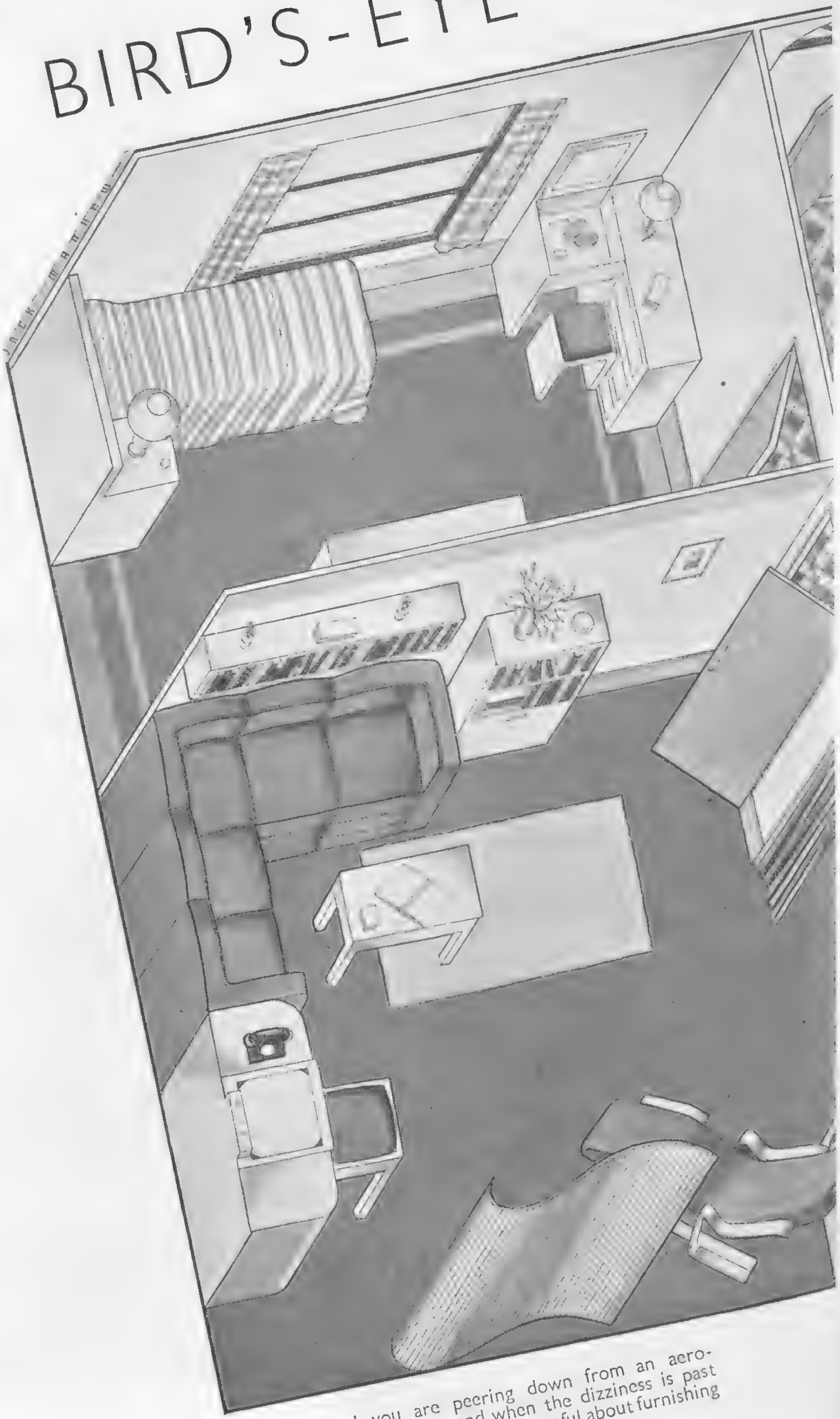
The carpet is attractive and original and clean wearing into the bargain.

Furniture would have overcrowded the small hall, so we fitted a semicircular glass shelf supported by a shaped bracket on one wall. It is simple but decorative, and holds a cream pottery lamp with a parchment shade trimmed with red.

The transition from the cream hall to the soft Chinese yellow walls of the lounge is pleasing. The fitted carpet in this room is a serviceable but interesting brown, and the curtains are lacquer red.

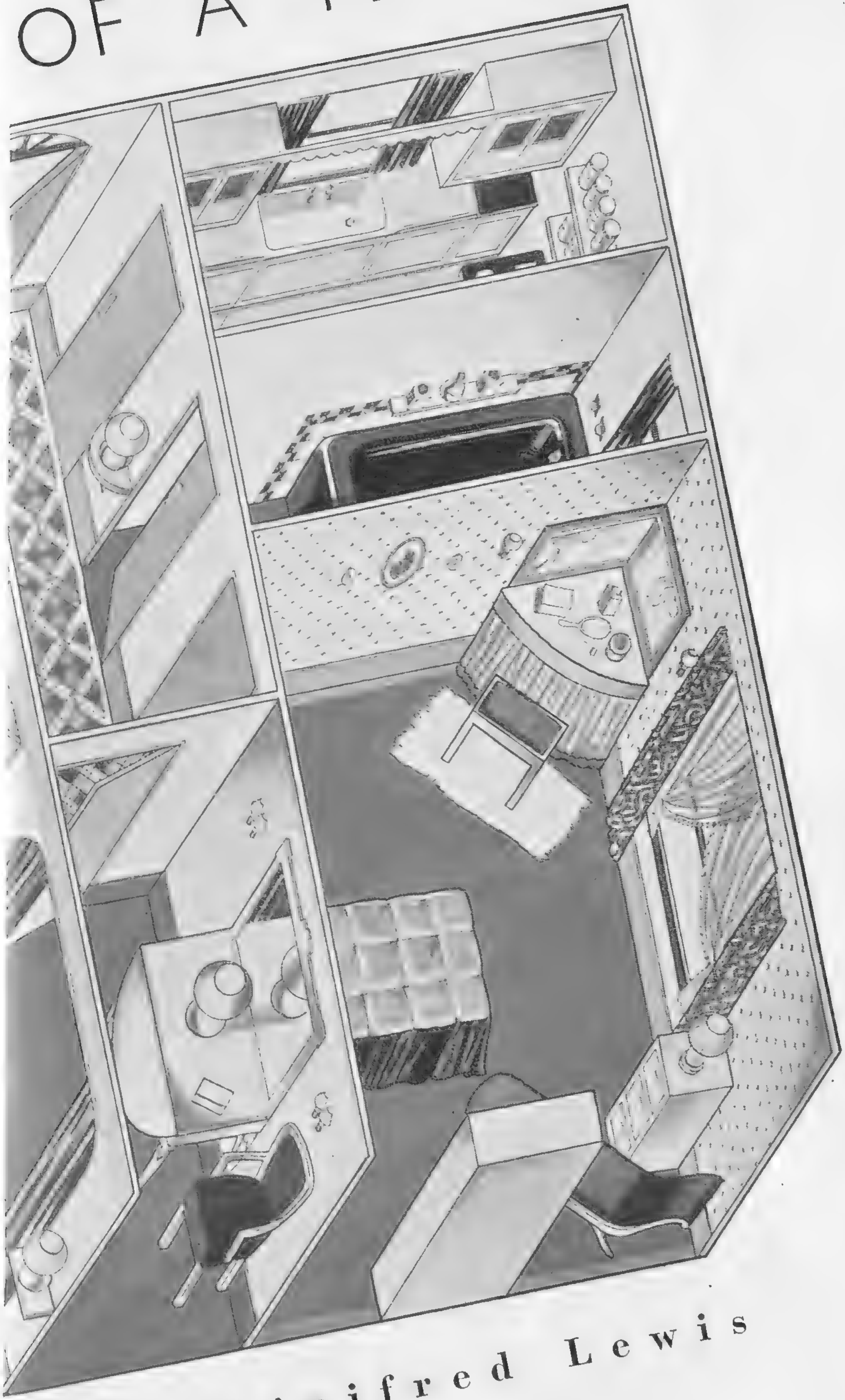
An important problem of space is solved for the sitting-room by the choice of an adaptable unit settee. This, which is upholstered in oatmeal tweed, piped with lacquer red, fits happily into a corner of the lounge in its capacity as a lounge seat, but visitors simply help themselves to a unit, and there are easy-chairs all round.

This arrangement leaves the floor space comfortably clear on other occasions, because the attractive and superbly comfortable hammock chair occupies the minimum of space. The covering of this chair is oatmeal tweed with a red overcheck.



Pretend you are peering down from an aeroplane at this flat, and when the dizziness is past you'll find it says something useful about furnishing

OF A FLAT



By Winifred Lewis

A bookcase with useful cupboard accommodation stands at one end of the unit settee, and a low painted table in lacquer red is near by. There is a desk at the near end of the settee.

Natural linen curtains patterned with Chinese yellow hang in the arched entrance to the dining-recess. These can be drawn across to shut off the recess when required.

In the recess itself a Queen Anne type flap table painted lacquer red is decorative when the flaps are lowered, and large enough for practical purposes when fully or even half opened. A large mirror behind the table gives additional depth to the room and reflects the lamplight. The small dining-chairs are painted lacquer red.

The scheme for the principal bedroom is feminine, and, we thought, ideal for a room that might have a grim outlook.

The wallpaper has a background of palest pink lightly dotted with white spots. The same delicate shade of pink is used for the woodwork and a lighter tint for the ceiling.

There is no space to waste in this bedroom, so a draped dressing-table is a good choice. It fits into a corner, is inexpensive and quite decorative.

The framework of the dressing-table is of simple whitewood. The top is fitted with plate glass. Cream furnishing ninon hung in sheer folds over a sky-blue lining makes the "petticoat," and a lighting unit is set at each side of the mirror, which has a margin of blue glass.

The same cream furnishing ninon as that used for the dressing-table drapes the window, and curtains of glazed chintz with a peach ground and a blue design hang at each side.

A sky-blue quilted artificial satin bed-cover is carefully matched to tone with the blue design of the chintz curtains, and the same blue artificial satin is used to cover the graceful chaise-longue. The fitted carpet is dark blue.

The second bedroom is so simple that a bright colour scheme seemed essential to give more interest. The walls and woodwork are cream (the same shade as the hall), and the floor is fitted with an all-over covering of string coloured fibre matting. Inexpensive, effective and serviceable.

Natural linen with a bright red design curtains the window, and the natural linen bedspread is also striped with two shades of red.

The divan bed has a headboard with a cupboard fitment attached, and the corner dressing-table has ample drawer space and a lift-up top at one end which reveals a shaving mirror and a receptacle for the toilet necessities which are so apt to clutter the room which is short of storage space.

In equipping the flat we have cut actual furniture to a minimum to allow freedom of movement, yet comfort is quite adequately served. It will be noticed that there are few extraneous oddments. The eye moves comfortably from one piece to the next. No higgledy-piggledy arrangements and just enough design on fabrics to give point to plain surfaces without disturbing the restfulness of the whole.

If any detail of this plan interests you and you would like further information, we shall be happy to advise you about furniture, decoration and lay-out. Simply address your enquiry to the Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.; and enclose a stamped envelope for a reply.

Miss de Quintin—*Half-*

"It's not where you were brought up: it's how you were bred . . ."

I FIRST met de Quintin on board the *Cap Varella*, a transport bound for French Indo China. He, and a little Annamite named Nygugen, became my companions at the aperitif hour; both were bound for Laos: de Quintin to command a detachment of the Garde Indigène, Nygugen to a post as District Administrator.

The Annamite was a gay little fellow; he was returning with empty pockets after spending his leave in Paris. Roger de Quintin was an interesting man; he had spent his whole life in the back blocks of French Indo China. When I got to know him better I gathered that he had been mixed up in some kind of a scandal as a young man in Paris, left hurriedly for Indo China, and lived there ever since.

Roger de Quintin had his daughter travelling with him; the girl had been born in Indo China, but he had taken her back to Europe for her education.

She was now returning with her father as far as Haiphong, where she was to trans-ship and go on to Shanghai to stay with friends in the French Concession.

Anise de Quintin was a remarkable-looking girl with eyes that were literally the colour of sloes, black with a bluish sheen, very slightly slanting. Her skin had an olive tinge, and I should have classified her as a half-caste had not the girl herself told me that her mother was a Frenchwoman, a native of Aix la Chapelle, in Provence. This would account for her colouring, for in the South of France, as in the South of Spain, swarthiness is common.

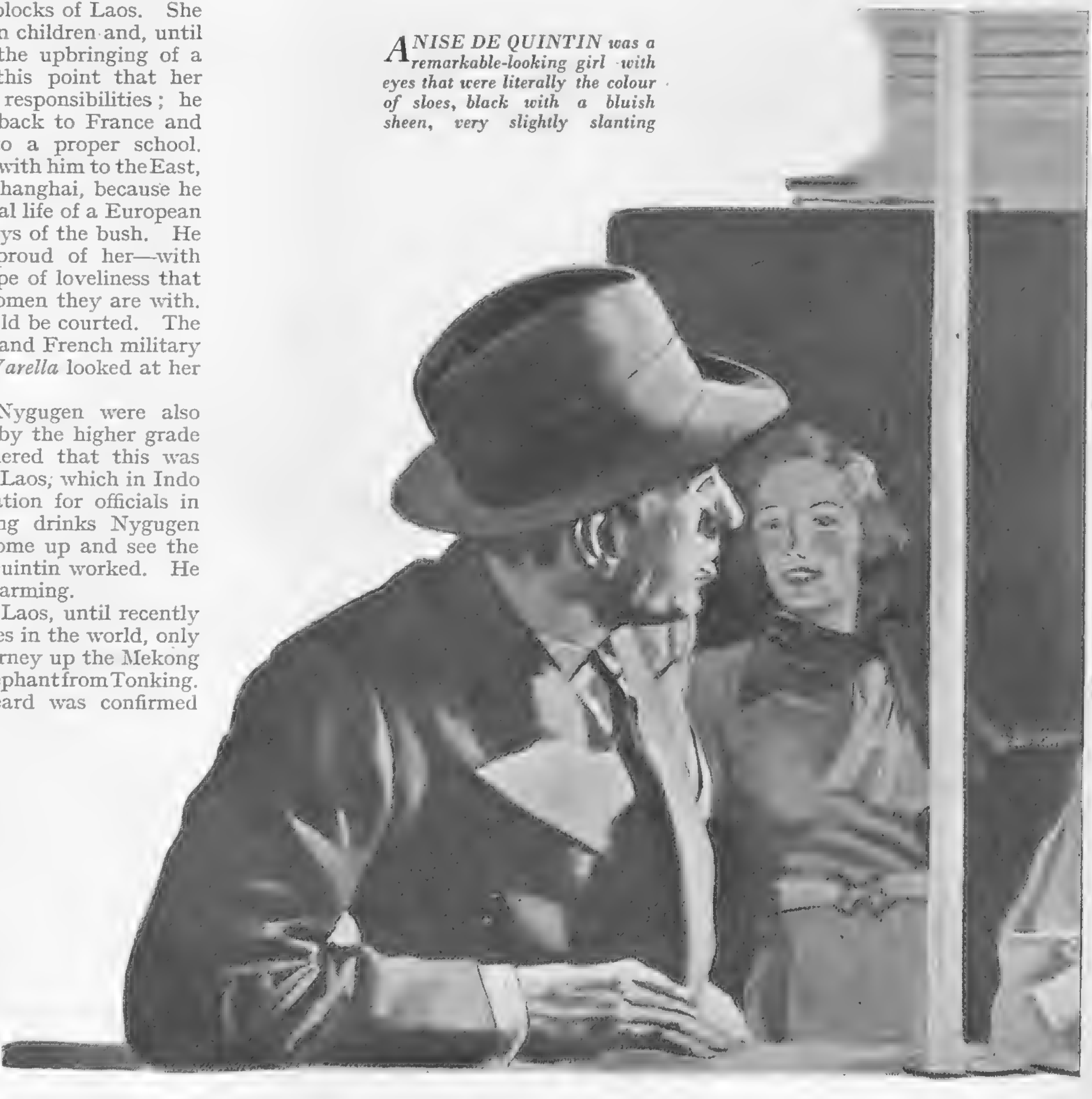
Roger de Quintin never mentioned the girl's mother. Anise herself had no recollection of her; she said that her mother had died when she was a baby. She herself had been brought up by her father and had passed her childhood in the back blocks of Laos. She had played with the Laotien children and, until she was twelve, had had the upbringing of a little savage. It was at this point that her father had remembered his responsibilities; he had shipped his daughter back to France and arranged for her to go to a proper school. Now he was taking her back with him to the East, but sending her on up to Shanghai, because he wanted her to have the social life of a European and not relapse into the ways of the bush. He was evidently extremely proud of her—with reason—for she had the type of loveliness that forces men to forget the women they are with. Wherever she went she would be courted. The wives of the fonctionnaires and French military officials on board the *Cap Varella* looked at her askance.

Both de Quintin and Nygugen were also looked at slightly askance by the higher grade officials on board. I gathered that this was because they were going to Laos, which in Indo China is regarded as a station for officials in disgrace. Over our evening drinks Nygugen frequently begged me to come up and see the country where he and de Quintin worked. He assured me that Laos was charming.

I knew very little about Laos, until recently one of the remotest countries in the world, only to be reached by a long journey up the Mekong River, or on the back of an elephant from Tonking. Such as I had already heard was confirmed by my two companions. "It is like fairyland," de Quintin told me. "The people have no need to work; they have quantities of fish in their rivers; wild game abounds; there is wood for fuel. You arrive in your canoe at one of their villages; the whole population come down to welcome you; they invite you to sit round the common bowl of wine; in the evening they entertain you with music, song and dance. They have no money to pay their taxes, and they don't care; after you have stayed in the village a little while you don't care either; nothing matters in Laos."

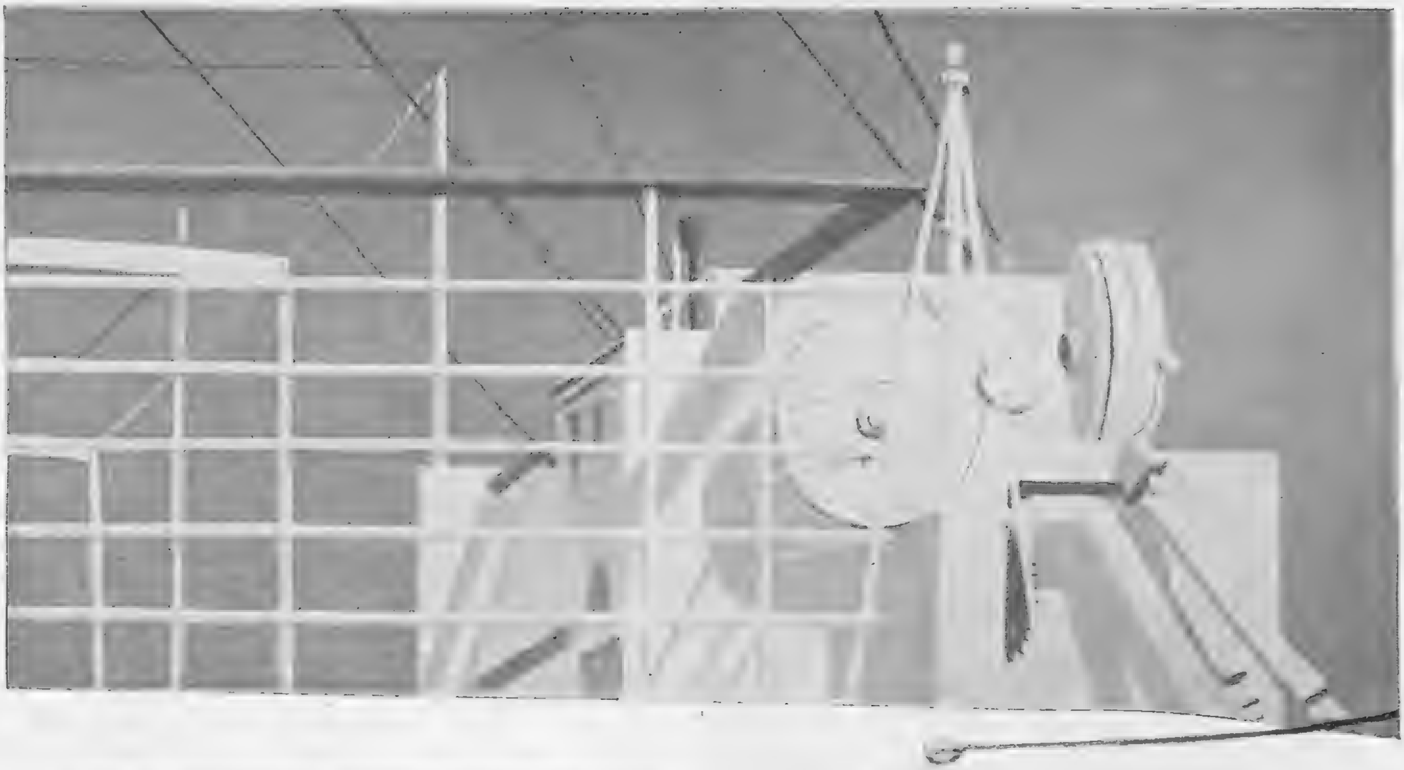
All this de Quintin told me over our evening Pernod, and I began to understand why only those fonctionnaires who were already hopelessly in disgrace were sent to Laos, where amid Utopian surroundings they quickly lost the last vestige of sense of responsibility, took to themselves Laotien damsels as mates and, like the Laotiens, lived happily and uselessly ever afterwards. Those were the conditions in the days when my friend de Quintin was a pioneer.

AFTER forty days' voyage we came to Haiphong, the port for Hanoi, where Nygugen had promised he would make all arrangements for a motor-car to take the three of us by the new road that had just been opened into Laos. Meanwhile de Quintin busied himself arranging for his daughter to continue her journey to Shanghai. de Quintin was itching to get back to Laos, but Nygugen was not. Nygugen had tasted the delights



ANISE DE QUINTIN was a remarkable-looking girl with eyes that were literally the colour of sloes, black with a bluish sheen, very slightly slanting

Caste Girl By Arthur Mills



JACK M.
FAULKS

Illustrated by
Jack M. Faulks

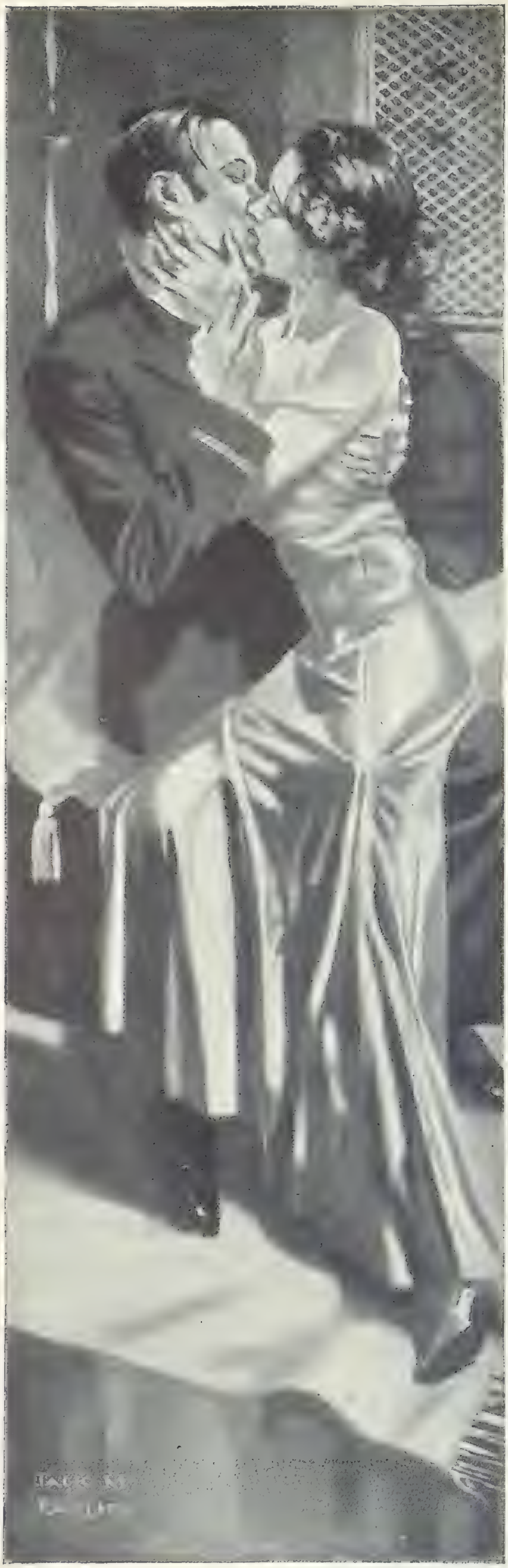
of civilisation in Europe; rice meant nothing in his life; his talk on the boat had been of the wonders of Paris and Biarritz. At Hanoi he put up at the best hotel and continued to enjoy the amenities of civilisation.

In the meanwhile Anise caught her mail steamer to Shanghai and de Quintin and I waited on in the Tonkingese capital.

Day succeeded day; each, Nygugen assured us, should be the very last that we would spend in Hanoi. At length de Quintin grew impatient and declared that he, at any rate, must start for his own post. Nygugen had been invited to a final party and declared he intended to remain for one more night; he evidently loathed the idea of returning to a native village.

de Quintin said that Nygugen's "one more night" might mean one more month and that he, for one, meant to start next day. I said I would go with him. Nygugen thereupon said that if we would take the train to Vinh, the starting-point for Laos, he would order a car to be in readiness and promised faithfully to come down himself the following day.

Next morning de Quintin and I took the train which follows the old Mandarin's Road, the highway leading down from the North into Annam, along which many mighty leaders in their time have passed. There was a restaurant service on the train, which provided European food, but de Quintin gave special orders of his own.



THE girl was kissing Enseigne de Vaisseau Belgarde frenziedly

I watched to see what the attendant brought him—a large bowl of rice, smaller bowls of fish and meat, chopsticks, and a saucer of a brown gravy-like liquid. He took the chopsticks, picked up a piece of meat, dipped it in the gravy and shovelled it in his mouth; then, holding the bowl of rice close to his mouth, pushed in some of that as well. He ate just like a native. I could almost picture him squatting on his haunches.

"This is what we call Nuoc Mam," de Quintin said, taking up the gravy and pouring some of it over the rice.

I drew back quickly, for I happened to know that Nuoc Mam is made from the juice of fish left to grow rotten and ferment in big jars; the flavour of this horrible concoction is greatly esteemed by the natives.

So this was how the Frenchman liked to eat; his increasing contentment was plain with every mile we drew nearer to the wilds. Twenty years ago he had come to Laos; one could see it all now; the villagers coming down to his canoe, the festivities, song and dance round the common bowl of wine, a Laotien girl, her dark hair falling over her shoulders, pouring the evil-smelling sauce over his fish and rice. Undoubtedly de Quintin was happy in Laos. He sat opposite to me using chopsticks, though a knife and fork were by his side, eating with relish that indescribably filthy sauce! If ever I met a man gone native he was one; it was rather dreadful to see. And his pretty dark-eyed daughter, whom he had brought out with him from France—what did she think of it all?

Then he said something.

"My daughter was pleased when I took her back with me to Europe; some men would have left her behind in the bush; but I wanted her to have a proper education."

Left her behind in the bush! I stared at de Quintin; his words could have only one meaning. Lovely, dark-eyed Anise had never had a mother born in Provence; she was the daughter of a Laotien woman—a half-caste. As such she had the right to nothing from her father except, as he said, to be left behind in the bush when he went to Europe.

But de Quintin had chosen to behave differently from the other white officials who went to Laos. He had cared for his child, used his salary to give her a European education, brought her up as meticulously as if she had been a pure-bred white girl. He was one in a hundred, one in a thousand perhaps.

He pushed his bowl away and cleaned his fingers by licking them. "Anise does not know, of course," he said. "She thinks her mother was French and that she is a white girl; I don't want her ever to know the truth." He stared at me so hard as he said this that his words were almost a threat.

I wondered why he took this line. Why should I tell Anise? So far as I knew I was never even likely to see her again. I should be going to Shanghai later, but only for a few days, which I should spend among my fellow countrymen in the International Concession. It was unlikely I should even meet anyone in the French Concession, where Anise was staying.

Suddenly I got an idea that made me ask a question. "You are not afraid of her finding out the truth while she is in Shanghai?"

"Why should she? The people she is staying with don't know. Nobody does. My colleagues in Laos may have their own opinion; they will have heard native gossip, but in the bush we don't pry into one another's business. We take things as we find them."

de Quintin was a big man; his face, usually genial, could be forbidding; it was like that now. I had a feeling he would open the door of the restaurant car and get the natives to throw me on the line if I said anything about his daughter that angered him. In any case the matter did not concern me.

"I hope your daughter has a good time in Shanghai," I said, opening my case and offering him a cigarette.

He took the cigarette and lit it, ignoring the lighter I held out. "You are going on to Shanghai later, aren't you?" he said.

"I'm picking up a boat there for Japan and Honolulu."

"When does your boat sail?"

"There is one every fortnight; I haven't booked a passage."

"You will be in Shanghai in the first week of March?"

"I think I shall."

de Quintin puffed at his cigarette, then his eyes narrowed and met mine.

"Anise is getting married on March 4th."

I said I was glad to hear this.

"She is marrying a British naval officer. They met when his ship was at Toulon in the spring. Now he has been transferred to the China station."

So Anise's fiancé was a naval officer. I wondered what his rank was? Whether Midshipman or Admiral it would be all the same. If he married a half-caste his career was ended. Did de Quintin know this? I felt I must say something. "There may be trouble about it," I said.

" Trouble ? "

" Well, your daughter had a Laotien mother."

" What difference does that make ? "

" Mixed marriages aren't allowed in the British Navy or Army. Her husband will be asked to send in his papers when the truth comes out."

Roger de Quintin brought his fist down on the table. " It will never come out."

"The authorities may ask to see her birth certificate ; they are empowered to."

Roger de Quintin threw back his head and laughed. " Anise never had a birth certificate ; two days after she was born her mother was working in my garden. In Laos everything is simple."

" She may get away with it, but it is a risk . . . besides . . ."

" Besides what ? "

" Does your future son-in-law know the truth ? "

Roger de Quintin lowered his eyes ; I could sense the struggle in his mind.

" You think I should tell him ? "

" Yes, I do."

" And ruin my daughter's happiness ? "

" Why did you tell me about her ? "

He put his head on his hand. " I had to. You are English ; so is my daughter's fiancé. We Frenchmen have our own code ; we are not so particular over some things as you are. I wanted to hear an Englishman's point of view. I talked to you to-day on purpose. I could have said nothing."

" I wish you had not told me."

" Why ? " de Quintin looked at me.

I looked out of the window. The train was coming to Vinh, where de Quintin was to take the motor road to Laos. I suddenly decided to continue by rail to Hué, where I could spend a couple of days before returning to Haiphong to continue my journey north.

Up till the last hour I had enjoyed de Quintin's society. Now I never felt more thankful in my life to see the last of a man.

IF only he had not told me. And if only I was not going to be in Shanghai during the very week fixed for the marriage.

At Hong Kong I found the announcement of the wedding date in the *South China Express.*

> " Somes—de Quintin. The marriage arranged between Lt.-Commander Harold Somes, R.N., younger son of Admiral and Mrs. Somes of Trafalgar Court, Walthamstow, and Anise, only daughter of Roger de Quintin, of the French Colonial Service, Laos, will take place at the Church of St. Mark, Shanghai, at 3 p.m. on March 4th."

Will it, I wondered ? So far as de Quintin was concerned, there was only one adjective for his conduct. Of course he could not see things in that light. He considered he had been a good father to his daughter. I remembered the pride with which he had said : " Some men would have left her in the bush."

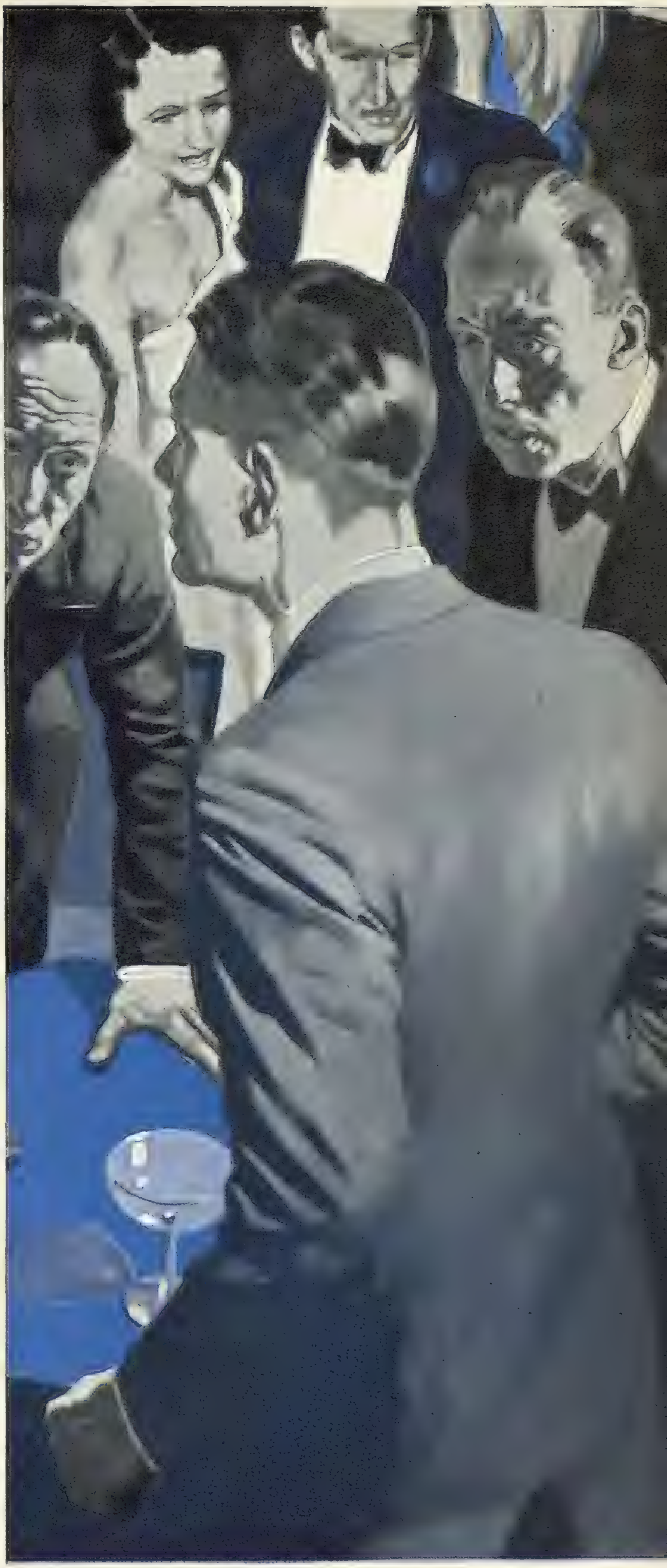
At the club I heard about the fiancée of Lt.-Commander Somes. Miss de Quintin had made a great impression when she passed through Hong Kong on the way to join her future husband. She had been taken care of by the wife of a brother officer of her fiancé. The service folk had been greatly struck by her prettiness and amusing French ways. They had accepted unquestioningly that she was the daughter of a Government official in Indo China and a Frenchwoman from Provence who had died when she was a baby. There was no breath of rumour about her mixed blood.

I left things like that. It would help nobody to start making trouble in Hong Kong. I was in no doubt about my duty when I got to Shanghai. Lt.-Commander Somes must be told the truth. It was a horrible job but, as I saw it, one that no man could refuse.

Between Hong Kong and Shanghai I spent hours thinking how I could best perform my task.

On the last day of the voyage things broke for me. Going into the smoking-room I was introduced to a ruddy cheeked, thickly built man wearing a blue serge suit, who turned out to be a shipmate of Somes, and who was not only going up to Shanghai for the wedding, but was to act as best man to his brother officer. I ordered a couple of pink gins, swallowed mine at a gulp and went straight to the story.

(*Continued on page* 93)



THE sailor's lips tightened : he breathed in sharply through his nose and gently pushed back his chair

By Louisa Kay

BRIDE'S

A table setting for brides to dream of: Venetian glass, silver and lace

A long time ago they decided to make June the month of brides. That was when June used to be flaming and a girl could rig herself out in tulle and orange-blossom unhampered by woolly underwear.

The idea was good, because it encouraged weddings at a season when people are more expansive about present-giving. In November you can't blame anybody for ringing up and ordering a biscuit-barrel because it is too foggy to go out and choose, but in June people are quite likely to get a touch of the sun, and there is a chance of the biscuit-barrel becoming a lemonade set, of which the happy couple will have only five duplicates.

As for the bride herself, it is a ticklish business choosing which glass will go best with the silver table appointments that have been pouring in by each post; which type of bed-linen will look grand and fulfil the practical requirements.

Appointments for the dining-table will occupy much of her thoughts. This, after all, is the ultimate test of her accomplishment as a hostess and home maker.

For homely meals the table must be smart but practical; for more formal occasions it must be original and yet discreet. With so many lovely things to choose from it is no easy task to decide which type of glass, for instance, will best adapt itself to differing table treatments whilst retaining its individual charm; which decorative units of silver or glass will enable the bride to ring the changes constantly without risk of monotony.

Any bride's head is bound to spin at the thought of the shopping to be done, so a brief guide to what is in the news, in the way of glamorous detail for the home, might be helpful and timely.

Let us deal first with linen. In this department, without a doubt, the trend is towards feminine effects. The departure of bleak modern interiors and the re-appearance of soft and gracious effects has its reflection in the treatment of the table and the bed.

Lace comes back with a bound. Lace-trimmed table-cloths make a new-old background for china and glass, which has, itself, returned to flowery traditional patterns. Table-mats are of diaphanous organdie, sometimes hand painted. Linen has, in fact, burst into bloom.

Coloured eighteenth-century hunting prints are coveted as table-mats. Mounted under glass and narrowly framed with gold, they lend themselves perfectly to the new decoration which projects period effects upon a modern backcloth.

Beds are frilled and draped . . . glamorous as in the photograph at the centre of the page. Quilted head-boards give the lead to coloured sheets, tinted blankets and sheer coverings.

For luxury you can make your choice between ninon, shirred and mounted over satin, or the dramatic quilted satin cover of which a corner is shown in the picture on the right.

Towels are almost beautiful enough for dressing up in, and bath-mats are gayer than gay. Worth a special note is the bath-mat shown to me at Hampton's. This was made of chenille, backed with sponge rubber. Its lovely colouring and soft resilience make it one of the loveliest

Julie Jacobs bedroom scheme for a bride. Colour scheme, off white and lemon yellow

things going for the home. They put these mats in the *Queen Mary*, so you may draw your own conclusions about the quality.

The girl with a taste for the fine æsthetic beauty of English glass will choose something like the gracefully wrought and slender cut glass specimens in our photograph. If colour makes the greatest appeal, Swedish glass is what she will want to see.

Even more lovely than the shapeliness and colouring of the Swedish type is the delicate patterning which makes Venetian glass so dramatic in its effect upon the table.

Drinking vessels, vases, candlesticks, fruit bowls, and even light fittings can be had in this exquisite glass, of which some rare examples are shown on the table photographed.

Silver is next. Here again bleakly modern forms have given way to more gracious effects and modern reproductions of the finest period patterns are getting most of the attention.

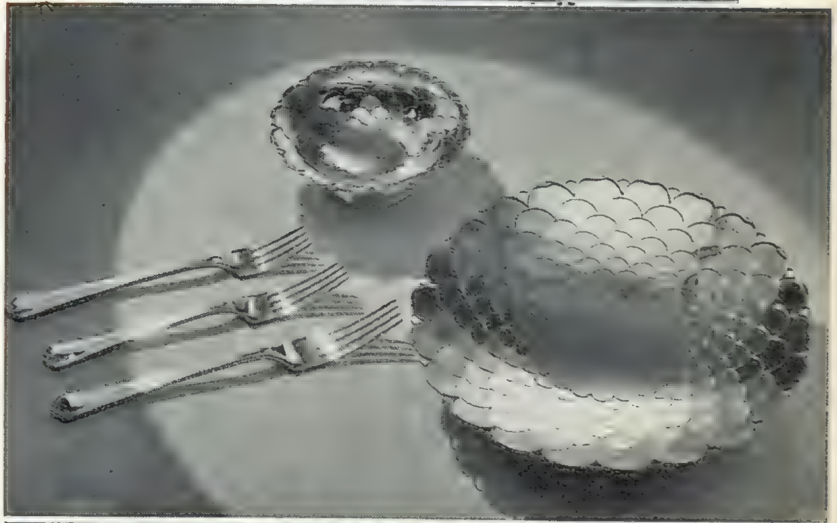
Cutlery is more interesting than it used to be. The pieces photographed are typically 1937, with their short-bladed knives and long, shapely handles. These are of Prince's Plate and will certainly last for ever and look beautiful all the time.

China: A reproduction Queen Anne coffee set, white, brown, and gold. 35/- a set for six people. Glass: English cut table glass, gracefully stemmed (China and glass from Hampton's). Cutlery: Silver-plated fruit and sweet dishes with modern cutlery in Prince's Plate, mark the interesting shape (Mappin and Webb). Linen: A selection for the linen cupboard. A chenille pile bath-mat with sponge rubber back, 35/-. Irish linen and art silk tablecloth, hand-painted in colour, 26/9. Luncheon sets in linen with Madeira embroidery, and in the corner, a quilted bedspread in artificial satin, £6/19/6. Hampton's.

CHINA

GLASS

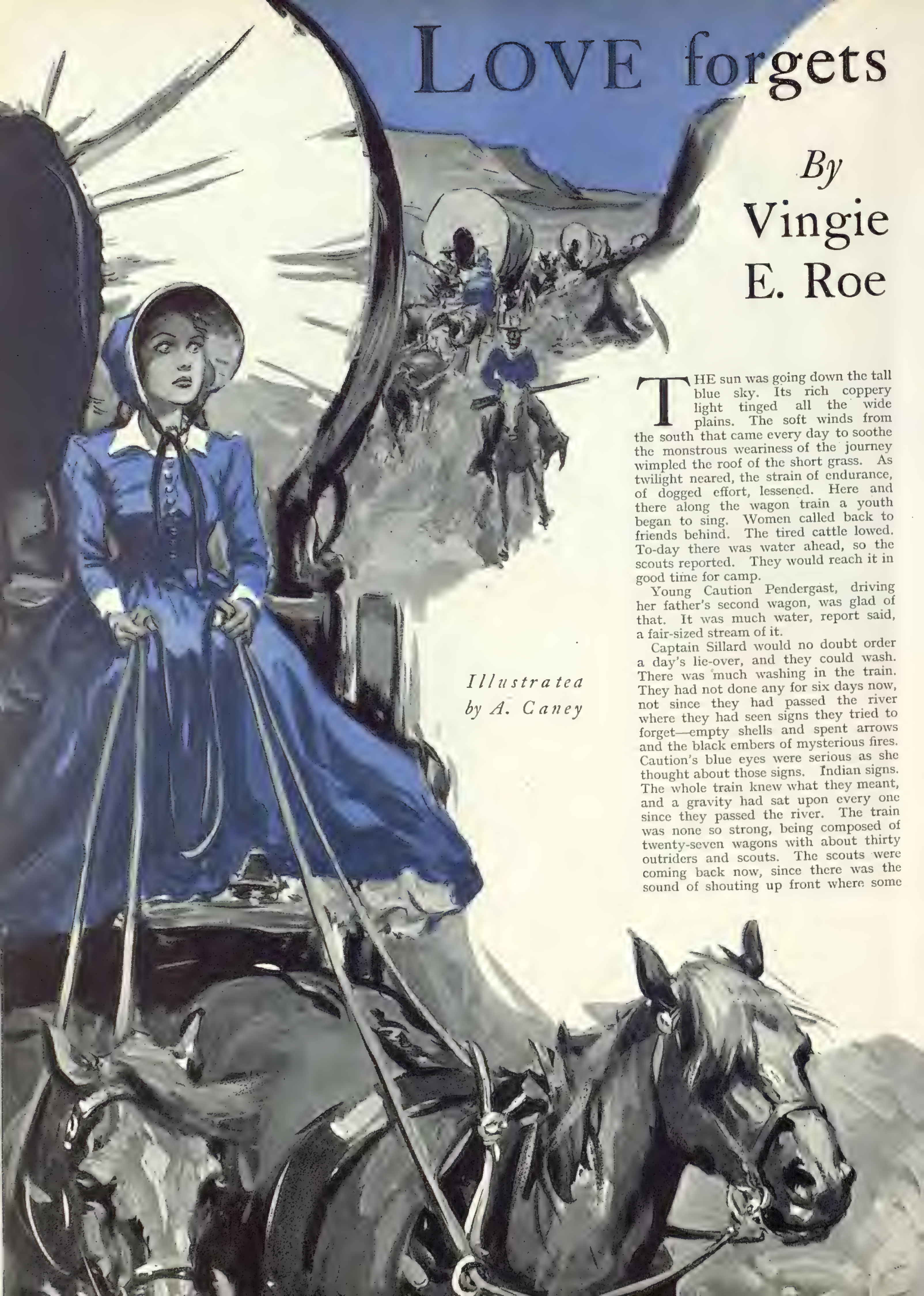
CUTLERY



LINEN

LOVE forgets

By Vingie E. Roe



Illustratea by A. Caney

THE sun was going down the tall blue sky. Its rich coppery light tinged all the wide plains. The soft winds from the south that came every day to soothe the monstrous weariness of the journey wimpled the roof of the short grass. As twilight neared, the strain of endurance, of dogged effort, lessened. Here and there along the wagon train a youth began to sing. Women called back to friends behind. The tired cattle lowed. To-day there was water ahead, so the scouts reported. They would reach it in good time for camp.

Young Caution Pendergast, driving her father's second wagon, was glad of that. It was much water, report said, a fair-sized stream of it.

Captain Sillard would no doubt order a day's lie-over, and they could wash. There was much washing in the train. They had not done any for six days now, not since they had passed the river where they had seen signs they tried to forget—empty shells and spent arrows and the black embers of mysterious fires. Caution's blue eyes were serious as she thought about those signs. Indian signs. The whole train knew what they meant, and a gravity had sat upon every one since they passed the river. The train was none so strong, being composed of twenty-seven wagons with about thirty outriders and scouts. The scouts were coming back now, since there was the sound of shouting up front where some

the Captain

of the young men rode. Always these young men gave news of such things to those behind, riding back along the line if it was anything unusual.

Caution leaned out from her seat and looked ahead. Yes, it was the scouts, four of them. They came loping easily on their lean horses that were hard as iron, and, as always, that black-headed braggart, Will Dallas, was in front. He was lean, too, all the six feet of him, for all he ate so much, and he rode a mighty tall horse. It took a big horse to carry him. Now he waved his long arm and yelled, a wild " Yah-hoo ! " and came toward them on the run. Something flopped behind him on the big horse—the limp head of an antelope. At least he'd brought his supper. That wasn't fair, the girl thought soberly to herself. He brought many suppers to every one in the train, for he was a famous shot. But he was such a swaggerer. He thought he could do anything in the world—even lead the train better than Captain Sillard. It was rumoured he'd even said as much. A wild tongue and ungoverned spirit. Caution shut her mouth primly, thinking about him. She pulled up the sun-bonnet which had fallen back on her shoulders and put it neatly on her head. Her long braid of red-gold hair hung below her slim waist and played on the low back of the wagon seat behind. Sure enough, Will Dallas was coming down the train. He stopped abreast of her creaking schooner and grinned at her.

" Evenin', Caution," he said with a flourish of his floppy old hat in his strong, dark hand. He was the only man in the train who never forgot to take off his hat when he spoke to a woman.

" Good evening, Will," she said coolly.

" How'd you like a piece of this here fresh meat ? Young buck. Fry in six minutes, I'd bet a cookie. In fact, I was thinkin' how good yore maw could cook it when I brung it down at ninety yards."

Bragging again ! Ninety yards wasn't such a great shot—at so big a target as an antelope.

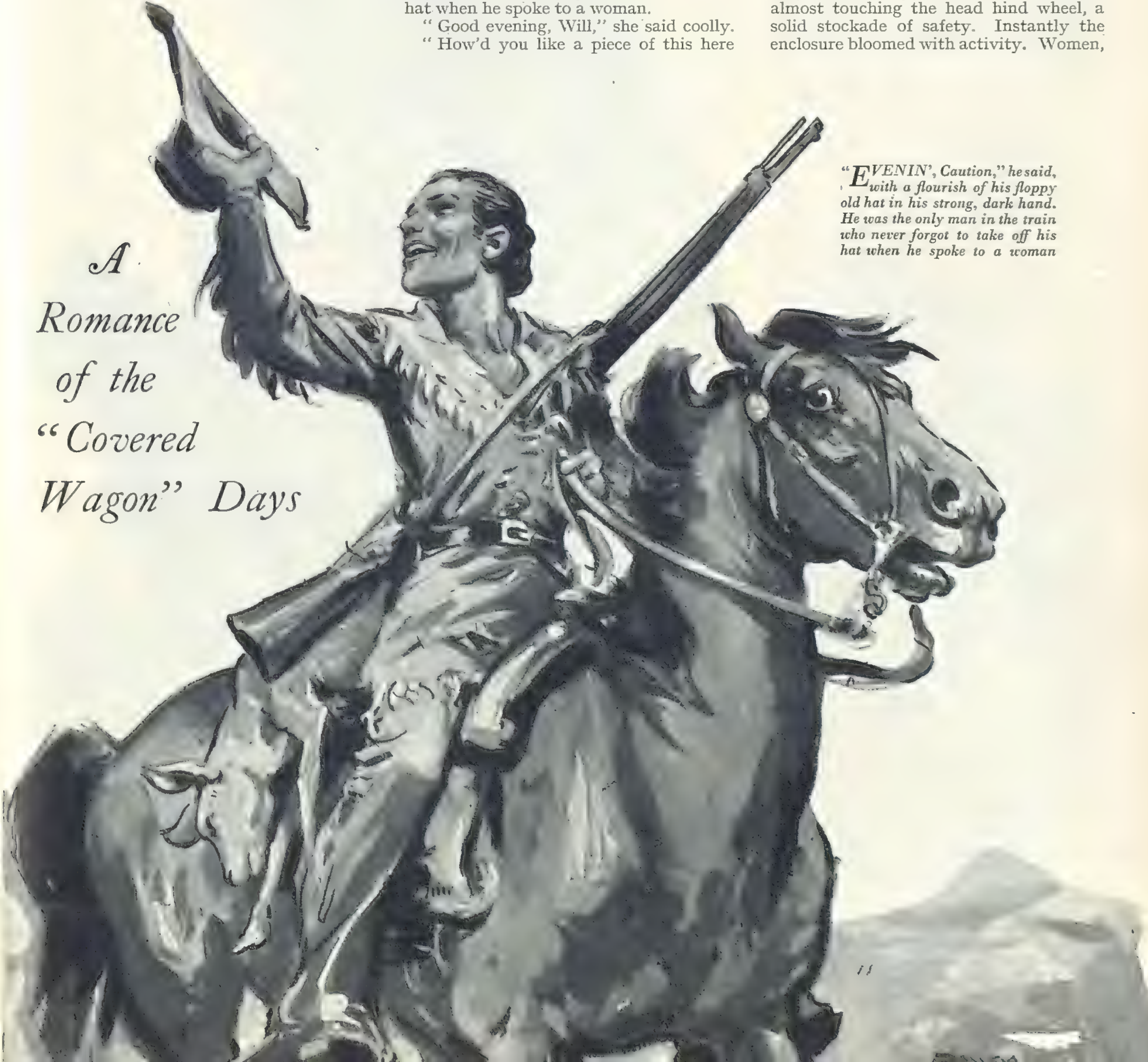
" Then why don't you take it to her ? " the girl asked crisply. " She's the cook."

" That's right," Will flashed. " I'd plumb forgot they do say you can't do much along that line." And he whirled away laughing to go talk to her mother in the wagon ahead.

Caution flushed red in the depths of her bonnet and gathered her long lines angrily as she heard the call of Captain Sillard far to the fore, almost like a bugle in its musical clarity, " F–a–l–l—— O–u–t ! "

Wagon by wagon the train began to fan out to right and left, alternately. The head wagons drew apart in a wide wedge, then drew in together again, each wagon overlapping the one beyond. Those at the centre stayed out, their followers tapering back to the trail. When at last the whole worn, dusty cavalcade had come to a creaking stop they formed a perfect oval, front wheel almost touching the head hind wheel, a solid stockade of safety. Instantly the enclosure bloomed with activity. Women,

A Romance of the "Covered Wagon" Days



"EVENIN', Caution," he said, with a flourish of his floppy old hat in his strong, dark hand. He was the only man in the train who never forgot to take off his hat when he spoke to a woman

children, dogs, calling to each other, barking, stretching cramped muscles or resting weary ones. The wagon-train was camped for night. Tiny fires of buffalo chips began to send up their smoke straight in the still air; the cattle lowed continuously, for the smell of water was in their nostrils. Its shine was in the grass ahead between the cottonwood trees. Captain Sillard was a careful man, and he camped in the open, away from shelter.

Caution Pendergast thought about that as she unhitched her tall team, so gaunt with travel, and hung her lines neatly on the hames.

There was a man, thought Caution, a quiet man, who did things without bragging. She saw him now, a figure of medium height, well built, quick of action, bearded, his wide hat on the back of his head, riding around the train on all sides, his eagle eyes seeing that all was as it should be.

Abreast of her outfit he halted, smiled. His lips were very red in the middle of the dark beard, his teeth flashed.

" Good evening, Caution," he said. " It's been a long day. I hope you're not too tired ? "

" No, sir," said Caution politely. " I'm never tired."

" Spoken like a plains woman," returned the Captain gallantly, " a pioneer. You'll go far in the Oregon country, my girl." And he bowed and rode on.

Once again Caution flushed hotly. *My girl :* Captain Sillard had called her that, right where Mrs. Payne and her husband could hear. Not that it meant anything. Of course not. But still, it was a compliment, coming from one in the Captain's high place.

It meant he approved of her, admired her work with the team.

The smell of frying steaks was sharp on the air where her mother, practised and capable, was already at the supper fire.

The girl turned her horses loose to join the stock streaming to the water under guard of the mounted men, who would later take turns all night at riding herd while it grazed in the thick grass. This was a fortunate camp, watered and lush with forage.

" Do you think the Captain will lay us over for a day ? " she asked as she came up to the fire, flung her slatted bonnet at the wagon.

" There's talk of it," her father said, " It's three days to good water again. Only waterholes between."

As the Pendergasts, parents, daughter and ten-year-old son Johnny, sat down around the small table that rode at the wagon's tail, her father waved a hairy arm in its rolled-up flannel sleeve.

" Hi, Will ! " he bellowed, " You're eatin' with us to-night. Come on."

Will Dallas swung over between the fires and they made room for his vast bulk among them. He sat on an upturned bucket and grinned at Caution.

" This sure is fine pan bread, Mrs. Pendergast," he said genially, " an' yore coffee smells better'n airy other woman's in this here train."

" A loose tongue," said Caution primly, " is quick to flattery."

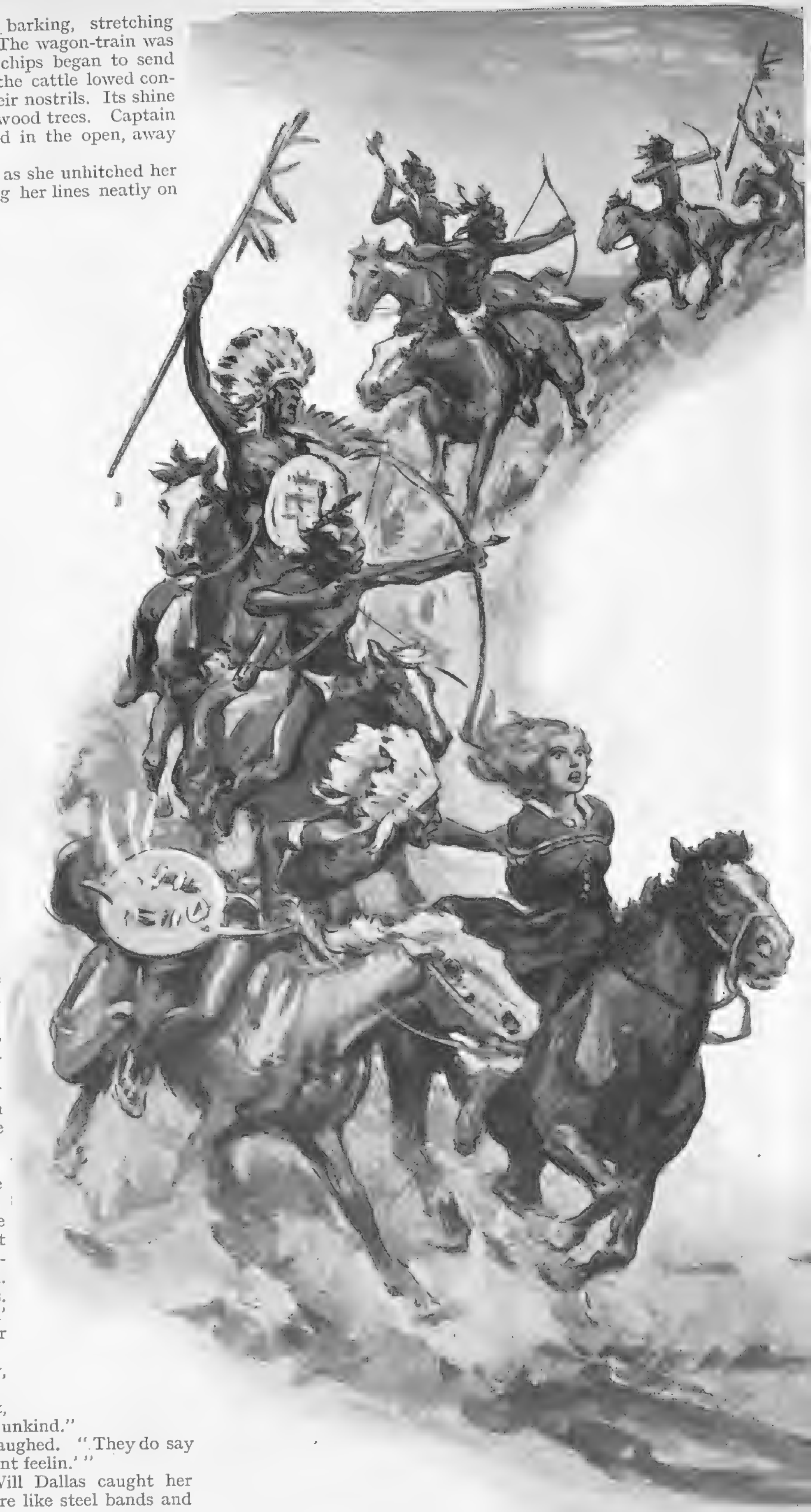
" Daughter," said John Pendergast, " that works two ways. It can also be unkind."

" Let her be, John," the young man laughed. " They do say a gal often scorns a man to hide a different feelin.' "

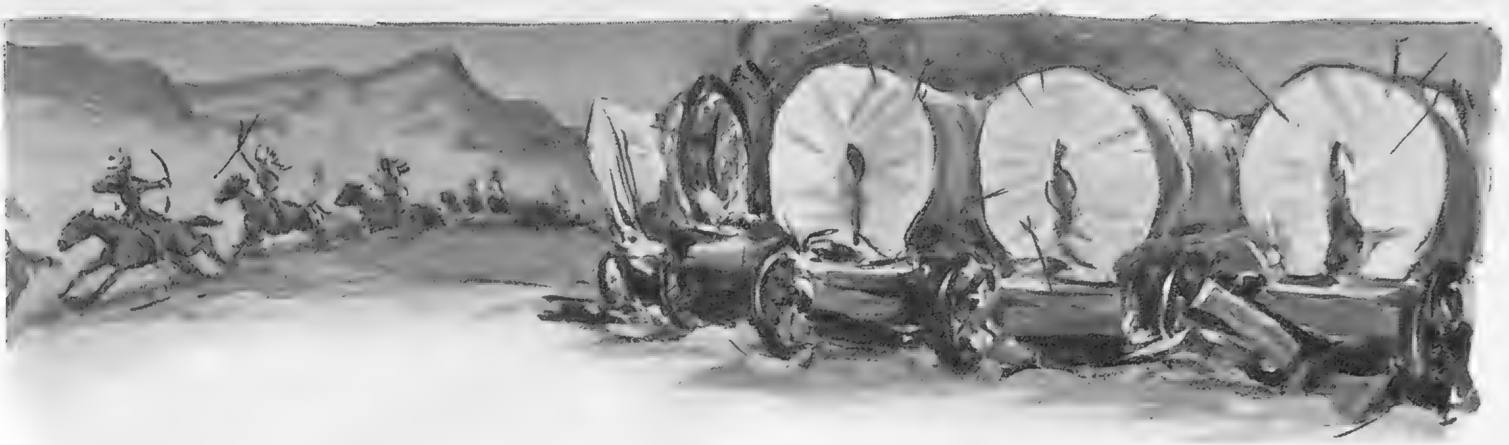
Caution jumped to her feet, but Will Dallas caught her arm in the great fingers of him that were like steel bands and drew her down again.

" Eat yore supper, lass," he said. " You're woman grown. Stop actin' like a baby."

The girl sat down perforce, but tears of anger and humiliation thickened her vision, even trembled on her lashes. They did not go unnoticed of Will Dallas, though he was soon deep in hearty enjoyment of the plain and wholesome fare, talking



UPRIGHT on the Captain's stallion, her arms bound behind her, her long hair streaming on the wind, her wide skirts billowing, Caution Pendergast circled with their foes



between whiles with John Pendergast.

"See anythin' looked s'picious to-day?" the latter wanted to know. "Any signs of folks close ahead of us?" In the back of his mind, as in everyone's, was the memory of those things on the river they had passed.

Will carefully finished and laid down a succulent bone. Then he looked guardedly at John once.

"No," he said offhandedly, "nothin' to speak of. Th' last train to go this way was two-three weeks ago. Signs of it ten mile ahead."

John Pendergast looked long at him, studied his face, but Will was again busy with his food, and the talk languished.

Later the two men walked away together and Caution, helping her mother clear away, broke out with the fire that was in her.

"That Will Dallas!" she said violently. "He makes me so mad I can't see! Some day I'm a-going to tell him just exactly what I think of him!"

"It seems to me, indeed, you've pretty well done that already, child," her mother said, smiling, "but pay him no mind. There's other things for you to think about. Your father wants I should tell you. He feels right proud, honey, and so do I. Come a little closter. I don't want Sara Sprague to hear."

Caution, tall and slim in the firelight, her bright hair shining, came nearer and Mrs. Pendergast leaned over the table, her smiling lips at her daughter's ear.

"This afternoon, at rest-time, Captain Sillard took your paw aside for a private talk. And what you think they talked about?"

"What?" said Caution breathlessly.

"You."

"Me? What—what did they say?"

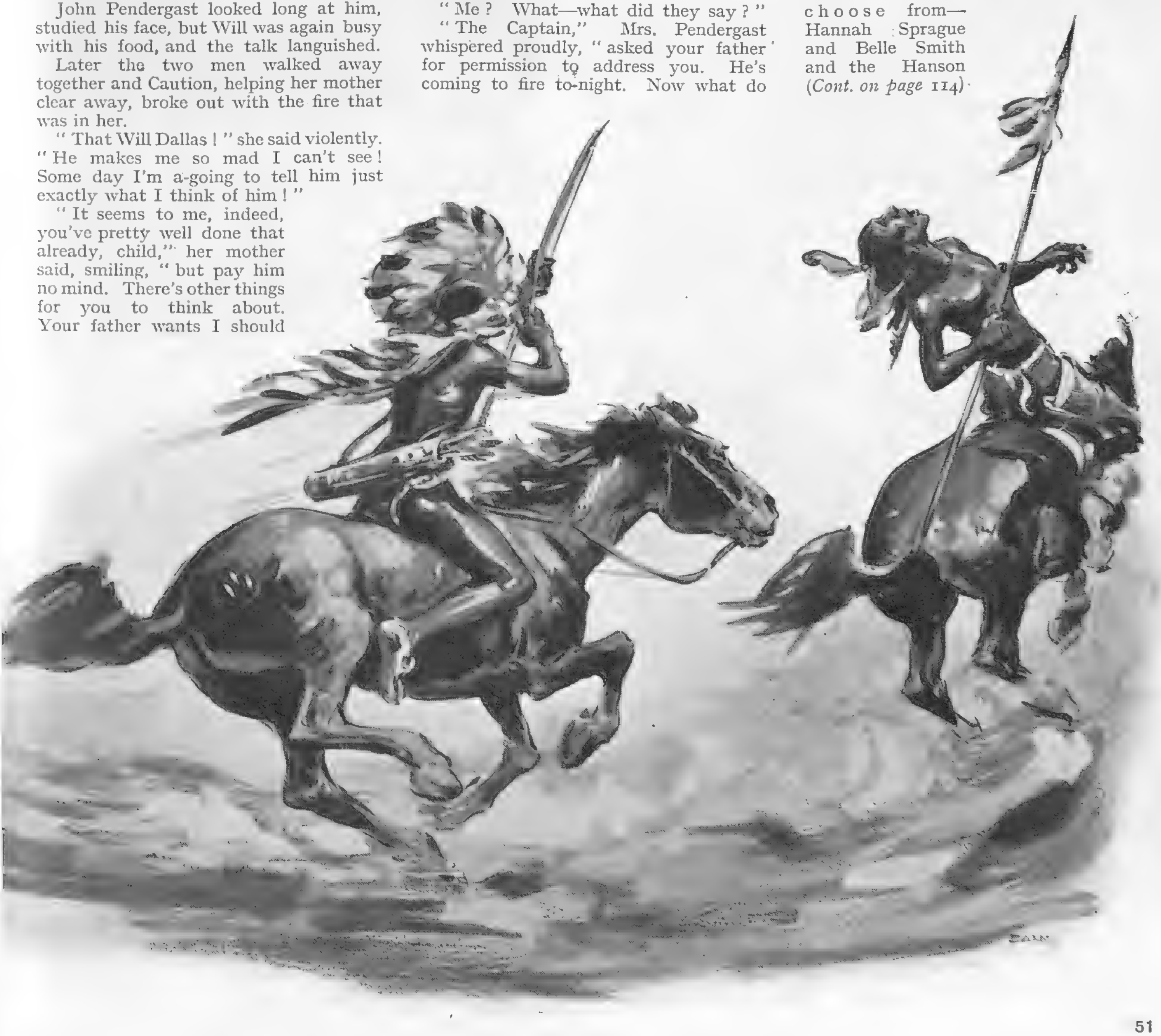
"The Captain," Mrs. Pendergast whispered proudly, "asked your father for permission to address you. He's coming to fire to-night. Now what do you think of that? A fine man, Captain, if ever there was one, and any girl'd be fortunate to become his wife. You better put on your red dress. You look right good in that."

Caution went hot and cold all over her, as if a wind had blown aside the heat of the fire. She looked down and her hands shook.

"All right," she said, "I will."

Captain! Captain had asked her father! The most important man in the small moving world of the emigrant train! And there were many girls to choose from—Hannah Sprague and Belle Smith and the Hanson

(*Cont. on page 114*)



Concentrated juice of pressed water-lily buds is one of the latest and most potent skin-youthifiers. The great waxen blooms of these semi-tropical lilies last in full perfection for three months, impervious to sun-scorch, rain-spots, or other weather blemishes. Alone among flowers the semi-tropical water-lily has such lasting power. As is usual with herbal extracts, the vital quality from the plant is quickly assimilated by the human body, and this juice confers a close-knit, white, most delicate-looking, yet strong and time-resisting texture to the skin.

DANGER AGE

Thirty-five and round about is the danger age, because ten or fifteen years ago beauty culture was in its infancy. Preventives against coming wrinkles and muscle-sagging were not practised daily, as they are now, by the wise woman of twenty-five.

The remedies for such forgetfulness, if used in moderation, are also the finest preventives against future tell-tale age-lines.

Is your throat white, firm, supple ?

A lovely throat is one of youth's most precious possessions. Happily a balsam has recently been discovered which combines the juice of water-lily buds with special glandular essences, and these so completely nourish the skin and just under the skin that their application will remove :

Salt-cellars, throat-lines, ridged muscle-cords which appear at certain neck turnings, goose-flesh, tightness or crepiness, a sallow skin.

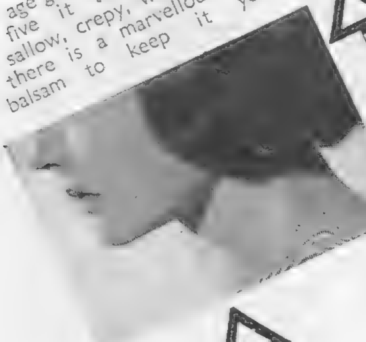
It is also excellent for young very thin or under-nourished throats.

I would like to say that at the first sunrise after a night application of the balsam, you would be astonished at the difference. But there are always extreme and obstinate cases, and they might exclaim : "Nonsense ! it was not until the fifth sunrise after the fifth application that we noticed an improvement."

So, to be absolutely safe, shall we say that by the end of a fortnight you and your friends will be noticing your new throat ?

Especially if you follow my tip and before you finger-sweep on the balsam, with long down-throat movements, you seize your neck between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and pinch the flesh from under the middle of the chin out under the jaw-lines to the ears. Follow the same movement lower down from the middle of the neck to the ears. Then friction well up to the ears, until the surface has become quite red.

This means the blood is up and moving, and any balsam or skin-food you now apply will be carried down swiftly by the capillaries into the tissues. Consequently good results will appear twice as fast as if the balsam were left on to soak in the ordinary unworked way.



Your throat is a definite age give-away. After thirty-five it tends to become sallow, crepy, wrinkled. But there is a marvellous throat balsam to keep it young

Youth fades quickly from the eyelids because there are fewer oil-cells there. You can, however, keep them smooth and young with careful tending

If there is a tendency to double-chin, flabbiness of the neck or jaw-line, or just a general slipping away of clean contour, smack in a complementary astringent after the balsam, to brace the tissues that are being nourished.

The astringent will be unnecessary in the case of a thin or unpouched neck. So many necks unfortunately suffer from pouches and salt-cellars and require both feeding and bracing.

Anyway, this balsam and astringent make the shortest cut to a firm, supple, smooth throat, which is all-important to the pleasing set of any head.

Here are also a couple of exercises, from the same beauty specialist, to help the good work on.

1. *Stand erect. Tense the neck muscles. Bend the head as far forward as possible, arching the neck. Then slowly tip the head backward, until the chin is high in the air, the throat stretched. Still holding this position and keeping muscles tense, turn head slowly to the right, then slowly to the left and to front again. Relax. Repeat five or six times.*

2. *Stand erect. Shoulders back. Push chin as far forward as possible. Hold that position, move the jaws as if chewing, but drop the lower jaw as far as possible with each movement. With the neck still thrust forward, turn head to the right and repeat chewing movements ; then to the left. Relax for five counts with head thrown as far back as possible.*

Are your eye-sockets baggy, puckered ? Your eyelids crepy ?

Rarely has hairdressing thrown such a high-light on the eyes as in this summer's all-revealing, back and up from the face, ear-disclosing styles. Youth, youth, the line demands, and youth it must be given. Let us all make haste to acquire a waxen temple, a smooth, sickle-curved eyelid, and an untroubled eye-socket.

Youth fades first from the eyes for the reason that Nature has given us fewer oil-cells about the lids so that they may gather up easily. Hence a host of expression lines, sun-squint lines, laughter or work lines, and Heaven knows what other lines, is photographed round the eyes.

(*Continued on page* 86)

If you require further details or want
write to me, with stamped envelope, at

Lovely, The Sun ... But What Does It Do to Your Skin?

By CHRYSIS

To tan or not to tan is summer's ever-burning problem.

Let us face it, because you can have it all ways now. You can either tan a little and stop, not tan at all, or go the whole hog. In every case without burning.

There is a cream, flesh-coloured, non-greasy, invisible, which cuts out the short burning rays of the sun and lets through the long health-giving ones.

A liberal application of this will keep you snow-white. A medium application allows you to tan moderately and, if you do not then wish to tan more, a liberal application forthwith will keep you just at that moderate tan, however cooking the days or lengthy your sun-bathes.

A very small application allows you to bronze Arab or Blackamoor, in perfect comfort. No burns, peelings, blisterings.

If you do wish to go the whole hog, add a little sun-tan oil, rub it on after the cream, and your skin will keep silk-supple. Then you will achieve the perfect burnish.

But sun-tan oil alone, even when lavishly applied, will not keep you from blistering. Only the cream will do that. The oil is to add oil to the skin, for tanning is such a drying process. Whereas the cream, I repeat, cuts out the burning rays of the sun.

For the auburn-haired who freckle badly, there is a waterproof cream in every shade, from pale flesh to deepest tan, which will prevent any freckle. They can sport on golden sands, river and tennis courts, in or out of the water at ease.

For those who have neglected to cream-proof their shoulders, or any part of the body, there is a sticky salve which instantly removes pain, and heals the burn in eight hours. This salve is one of the things you must carry on any excursion, however short or long the day or week-end.

You will sun-proof cream your bare arms and legs, naturally. But if you are wearing shorts, then there is a lovely film to be streaked over legs, which veils any knots or ungainliness and makes the legs appear as though they were wearing the finest silk stockings.

This film is to be had in a range of shades, to be chosen according to make-up. You cannot have a deep tan shade if your face is going to be pale flesh, for instance. Face, neck, arms and legs should be uni-tone.

As we have dealt with tan and anti-burn, let us turn to the question of a sun make-up.

Here I will have to take hold of myself, for the new copper make-up is so warm and rich, so becoming to either blonde or brunette, so life-radiant, arresting, eye-filling and yet restful, that I cannot be matter-of-fact about it.

Details . . . copper waterproof foundation. (Incidentally, this should go on over the sun-proof cream, because none of these make-ups will guard you from burning.) A deep mellow brick rouge, lipstick and nail-varnish. Two eye-shadows, to give greater depth to the eyes. The first one a brune, the second *green.* Brown eyebrow pencil. Green mascara.

Two powders . . . the first, slightly thicker than the second, an amber shade; the second, very fine, a copper pink. When the face has been dusted with the latter, your make-up is set for twelve hours. It needs no touching-up, no renovations.

Necklets of the most flamboyant flowers can be worn with this make-up. It can be sleepy; it can be smart; sophisticated, savage. Any colour can be worn, as face blemishes will be disguised or greatly modified (this always happens when the skin-tone darkens). This make-up photographs beautifully.

Mid-season or mid-holidays, there comes a time when folk grow too vivacious. They are trying to beat the band. It then behoves women to look reposeful, sleek, quiet.

For these times, whether they come around mid-Ascot, Henley, Le Touquet, cruise or Cowes, there is a Celestial evening make-up which bequeaths a serene but interesting palor to the face.

Rouge is scarcely used; the high-lights are on eyes and lips, and the resulting expression is dignified, different —without appearing to mean to do so, focuses attention.

(*Continued on page* 86)

help for your individual beauty problems,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

BOOKS:

By Arnold Palmer

The Game Goes On

A ROULETTE table in the Salle Privée at Monte Carlo

THE Avenue de Monte Carlo, showing on the right the famous Sporting Club

GAMBLING laws, or at least gambling restrictions, are more elaborate and stringent in Great Britain than anywhere else in the world; and, of all races, the British is probably the one most addicted to betting. Nowhere have the Continental casinos received so much abuse from Press and pulpit as in England; and year after year Anglo-Saxons are the mainstay of Monte Carlo, Nice, San Remo, and other homes of the green table. Yet there are English men and women who are genuinely puzzled by the foreigners' belief that we are a nation of hypocrites. Foreigners find, in our signs of indignation, no cause to change their opinion of us; and that, of course, makes us angrier still. . . .

General Pierre Polovtsoff, whose *Monte Carlo Casino* (Stanley Paul, 18s.) describes the famous establishment from the inside, is a Russian gentleman who now occupies the position of President of the International Sporting Club. There is nothing about gambling and gamblers which he does not know; and as his father was fond of Monte Carlo, the General has been familiar with the place, and all its more celebrated habitués, since his childhood. He has a good memory, and he writes easily and lightly. Only one weakness mars his most entertaining volume—he is not gifted with the kind of imagination which would enable him to see how the business looks to the uninitiated, and his descriptions of some of the games of chance will confuse readers who do not know what a casino is like. He does not, I think, anticipate the kind of questions they will ask, or understand what they will find easy and what difficult. But with this single reservation his gossipy volume may be recommended to all who have felt, at first hand or at a distance, the lure of Monte Carlo. As a comment on my opening remarks, it may be noted that the General has written his book in English. How well he knows us! His position gives him exceptional facilities for studying the weaknesses of men and women, and of the English above all. Of the 5,346 visitors to the Sporting Club during the last completed season, 2,423 showed British passports. The proportion was in no way abnormal.

THREE years ago I recommended to readers a casual, happy-hearted diary called *Moving Along*, by G. Orioli. The author has now supported that book with a fuller, but not less gay, volume of reminiscences—*Adventures of a Bookseller* (14 Lungarno delle Grazie, Florence, £1 1s.). Signor Orioli was born in Alfonsine, and did not come to England, or learn our language, until he was twenty-three or twenty-four; to-day

Four New Novels

"Monday's a Long Day": *by Marjorie Booth*

(Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

THE founder of the business having died, the office was closed, as a mark of respect, on the day of the funeral. The story, covering the period between the Friday and the Tuesday, tells us how the various members of the staff prepared for, spent, and looked back upon the break. Under a pleasant, light, unostentatious style Miss Booth possesses considerable powers of observation and penetration. Her novel makes no pretensions to be more than a pastime, but within its limits it is unusually successful.

"David of Judah": *by Richard Blaker*

(Nisbet, 8s. 6d.)

MR. BLAKER will be remembered as the author of two novels bearing titles borrowed from Mr. De la Mare—*Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady* and *But Beauty Vanishes*. His new story, presented in very handsome shape, is concerned with David, Saul and Samuel; and from the unavoidable comparison with Sir James Barrie's play, it emerges not without honour. It is less tender, and sometimes less subtle; but, as a mirror of men and events, more convincing.

"We Are Not Alone": *by James Hilton*

(Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS is a strange book for the author of *Lost Horizon* to have written, for whereas his other novels have been full, hard trained, and robust, this is empty, weak and sentimental. Even so, many readers will find it "charming"; it has a spurious charm, which is precisely the quality Mr. Hilton's other admirers will regret most of all.

"A Bridge to Divide Them": *by Goronwy Rees*

(Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

A BARE description of this story of a bridge and its effect upon two families divided in the social scale cannot be made to do justice to Mr. Rees. Here is a well-written and uncommon novel.

MISS MARJORIE BOOTH

he possesses an easy, idiomatic style which few English writers can better. This question of language is a queer one. It seems to me that a man who, having reached something like maturity, can tackle a foreign tongue and become utterly at home in it gives proof of exceptional intelligence. But what sort of intelligence? One of the most intelligent people I have ever met is a French friend of mine who has lived in England for forty years and still makes a hash of our accent, a poor shot at our vocabulary, and has got anywhere near to success in the realm of syntax only. When I began to learn French I was warned that, however fluent I might become, I could not claim success until I could think in French. On arrival in France I always find myself instinctively thinking, even counting, in French, but as a talker and writer of French I have never been better than tenth rate. In spite of his trained ear, a musician will not necessarily have a good accent; and that other queer sense, which enables a man to grasp the shape of a foreign language, seems also to be haphazard and unallied to any particular quality or power. There may be books in which all these difficulties have been made plain. But if so, I have not met them.

Tales of Violence

"Carriers of Death": *by John Creasey*

(Melrose, 7s. 6d.)

MR. CREASEY'S new novel is a swift, exciting affair, dealing with armaments and the stirring up of international strife and the doings of an airman who shows Scotland Yard what's what. It moves fast, and the thrills are never far apart. "Dickers Leestrong" may do well enough as the name of a firm of armament manufacturers, but was there really any point in placing the Prime Minister in "Dowling-street"? And why does the P.M., on rising to make an important statement in the House, begin his remarks with "Gentlemen"? Why did not the Speaker (or, as Mr. Creasey might say, the Squeaker) call him to order?

"In Those Dark Woods": *by Dorothea Ince*

(Bell, 7s. 6d.)

ANOTHER story of an amateur, or semi-amateur, detective, related with a sense of humour which is not always spontaneous enough to compensate for the delays it imposes on the action.

BENJAMIN APPEL

"Brain Guy": *by Benjamin Appel*

(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

MR. APPEL is one of the best short-story writers in America—and that is high praise. In this novel, a tale of New York gangsters and their molls, signs may be found that the author is not entirely at home in the extended scale. But though he has not yet mastered the novel-form, Mr. Appel is a real writer; he has a grip from which the reader, however discouraged or shaken, has no wish to escape. He holds the attention, not merely by the grim horror of events, but by the intensity which he learned in, and has brought from, the short-story school where he matriculated. Far more than the ruthlessness of the passions he describes, his free use of slang and thieves' patter will trouble the English reader. The language is, indeed, a serious barrier at times.

SIGNOR ORIOLI has for some years run a famous bookshop in Florence; and there, and elsewhere, he has met many eminent men of letters. We all meet eminent men of letters. Wherever one goes, they litter the place. But to meet them is one thing, to present them in half a page is another. His book is full of memorable portraits, in oil or pencil—Charles Scott Moncrieff, Ronald Firbank, D. H. and Frieda Lawrence, Voynich, D'Annunzio, and, of course, Norman Douglas, the author's neighbour in Florence. Best of all is Signor Orioli's self-portrait, the full length of the book. He is a man who revels in giving himself freely, in giving himself away, and all his words are self-revealing. He has written a most entertaining and companionable autobiography, in a style modelled upon that of the most accessible, as well as the best, of contemporary masters.

IT is said that there has been of late a falling off in the numbers of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. If so, Sir Edward Blunt's *The I.C.S.* (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.) should do something to check the tendency. This handy volume of 250 pages or so contains a short history of the Service and descriptions of the various branches as they are to-day. In short, it offers to young men and their parents a very readable account of the qualities needed in, and the opportunities which await, the aspirant to this famous profession. If all careers were so analysed and explained, the youth of Britain would not be forced, generation after generation, to play Blind Man's Buff with their lives.

THERE are books which a reviewer has to notice, even though he knows it is a waste of time to do so, since they will clearly recommend themselves, either by their theme or by the fame of their authors. There are other publications, more encouraging to the reviewer, which seem to be in danger of unjustified neglect. Mr. Lewis Spence's *Legendary London* (Hale, 12s. 6d.) is perhaps one of these. It is a quiet book, with a quiet appearance. Amid the throng of overdressed volumes in the bookshop it will hardly catch the eye. It will make no stir when it enters the drawing-room. But, like many unostentatious people, it wears well. This history of London, from the days when it consisted of two hillocks (St. Paul's and Leadenhall Market) in a swamp down to the close of the seventh century (when it was freely bought and sold, and owned a succession of masters), is packed with interest. The book ends just before the advent of Alfred, and just after the Danes had anchored their ships to the ancestor of London Bridge and towed it from its foundations. Illustrated and indexed, it is a book to refer to, as well as to enjoy. It requires attention, and you will not get the best out of it if you read it while listening to the News Bulletin or B. Walton O'Donnell and the B.B.C. Military Band.

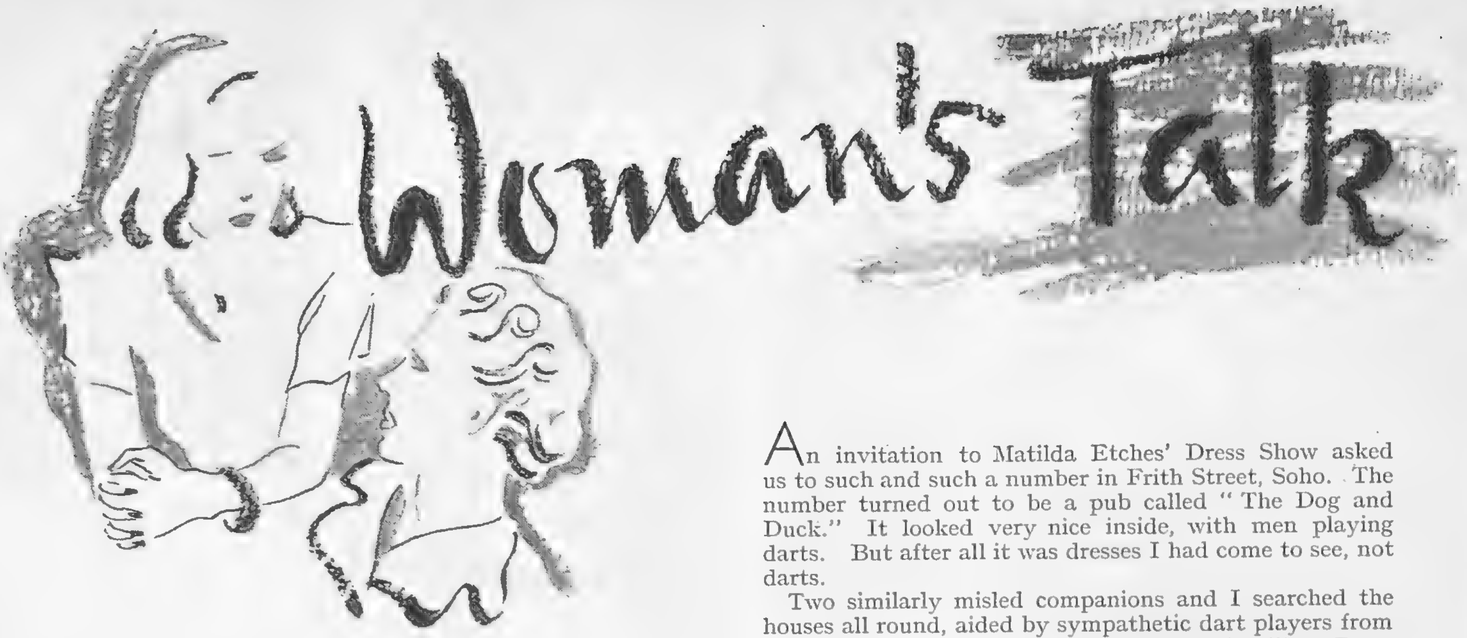
I HAVE not heard that the travel agencies are yet organising tours to Mecca, but the news cannot be long delayed. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples are not, as Prospero feared, dissolving. On the contrary, they daily become handier, brighter, and more up to date. Mrs. Rosita Forbes's *Forbidden Road* (Cassell, 15s.) is the second or third book to take us, recently or fairly recently, to the fabled city of Samarkand. Mrs. Forbes set out from Kabul; and travelling via Mazar-i-Sherif (the "Mecca of Central Asia"), Northern Afghanistan, Tadjikistan and Usbegistan, came at length to Bokara and Samarkand. Her adventures were exceptional, even for this experienced wanderer, and they are described with her customary liveliness. But I am in a tremendous mood to-day. My soul, a crying bird, has nowhere to perch save on the undefeated summit of Mount Everest? How long will that retreat be left to it?

(Continued on page 108)

LOLA KINEL, author of "Under Five Eagles." This autobiography "reads" well throughout, and its qualities are real and not merely apparent

LEWIS SPENCE, whose "Legendary London" is a book to refer to, as well as to enjoy

Woman's Talk



Why, in a season of triumphant trumpeting, shouldn't we blow our own trumpet ?

My Ogpu reports that a lady went into Liberty's, gave them a pleasant little order for about £150, and told the sales assistant that she had been moved to go there because she had seen their advertisement in Britannia and Eve.

In case the assistant didn't pass the word on, I report it here, because it occurred to me that Liberty's might like to do a little bit of trumpet-blowing too.

Agnés, famous French milliner, came over here a little while ago with a collection of stunning hats which she had designed specially for Harrod's. She stayed in the Hat Shop there for two weeks, advising and adapting her hats to customers' individual requirements, designing new ones for those who weren't suited by her originals.

Her hats are mostly inconsequent pieces of nonsense, gay and alluring. Put them on, and they look as if they had grown on the head. The big news about them is that she has thought of something to take the place of that ugly back elastic or ribbon which spoils every head line. This is a spring, fitting into the hat and extending an inch or so at the back, which grips the head securely and comfortably. It really is an idea.

Madame Agnés is a chic (of course) sloe-eyed Frenchwoman who looks as if restless fires smoulder beneath her serene amiability. When I met her she was dressed head to toe in one stroke of the particular blue she has made famous, which is a blue crossed with violet. I said head to toe. Her hair is the same delectable shade.

What do you want of a perfume ? The same as I do, I expect. That it should make you smell nice. That it should be definitely there, yet never too much there. That it should last. That it should seem to be part of your personality.

All these requirements are met by the pretty bottle standing now on my dressing-table. It contains Millot's Crêpe de Chine.

On the word of a Burnup, it is a gorgeous perfume.

Elizabeth Arden has thought of a few clever things in her life. One of the cleverest is her baby combination umbrella and waterproof. You carry this, in the neatest little zipped case, on those days when you have to wear dress-up clothes, yet fear it may rain. Ascot, for instance.

It mostly does rain. But you are ready for it. Inside the case, rolled round the umbrella, is a semi-transparent waterproof silk poncho that slips over your head, hat and all, and keeps you dry.

An invitation to Matilda Etches' Dress Show asked us to such and such a number in Frith Street, Soho. The number turned out to be a pub called " The Dog and Duck." It looked very nice inside, with men playing darts. But after all it was dresses I had come to see, not darts.

Two similarly misled companions and I searched the houses all round, aided by sympathetic dart players from the " Dog and Duck," but could find nothing like a Dress Show. Finally, I called Matilda Etches from the nearest telephone, which was in a café where men were playing some dark game of cards—in the morning—and it all looked very gangster, though was possibly most innocent.

It was a piquant prelude to a piquant show. Matilda Etches is making some really exciting evening dresses in organdie, organza, striped cottons (like awnings). She makes simple bodices, tight waists and skirts of incredible fullness, standing out sharply over tarlatan underskirts. There is a very special one in navy organdie with white stitching and one of these terrific skirts. She'll make it for seven and a half guineas, underskirt extra. It's good value.

There were a lot of interesting, well-written replies to the little poser I set you . . . Should a girl with a career job stick to her work after she marries a rich man ?

You may remember I suggested that the first thought would be . . . No, she is doing someone else out of a job. But that afterthoughts would show she had a good case too.

The guinea goes to Miss Winifred F. Allen, 25, Burford Road, Brentford, Middlesex, for the following concise, reasoned entry :

" She owes it to the abilities that carved her career not to let her powers rust.

" To renounce that career will mean constant chafing against the waste of her talents formerly constructively absorbed by her job. Frustrated ability will breed discontent and so promote domestic discord.

" To sacrifice the supreme satisfaction of congenial work, well and ably done, is to deprive existence of half its savour.

Suppose there happens to be any money to spare around the house, put it into an electric polisher. These pieces of magic run blithely over floors, cars, upholstery, panelling, turning back-breaking work into rather a nice game. You can get one at L. G. Hawkins for £6 19s. 6d.

From the same place comes another electric toy which I commend. It is a hair dryer equipped with a scenting device. Soak a pad with perfume, and the rushing air actually dries the fragrance into your hair. This would cost you £1 13s.

Antoine, London's star hairdressers, tell me that the new hair colour this year is Elizabethan Saffron, which is their high falutin name for copper with rusty tints. Hairdressers ought to think of a good name as successor to blonde. Blondes were such a rage because the very word denoted not so much a hair shade as a personality. Can you see a young man calling his hostess over and asking, " Who is that little Elizabethan Saffron over there, the one with the mole beneath her eye ? " . . .

Jean Burnup

TAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES

The secret fascination of seeing ourselves as others see us is something we all share. This is probably one of the reasons why photography has always had such a strong appeal. Added to the fun of seeing ourselves with the eyes of other people is the thrill of capturing for always the record of some happy moment, some fleeting mood.

Looking back upon our younger selves, upon the incidents of days gone past was thrilling while the camera gave us only a static record of things past, but how much more exciting it is now that the movie camera gives us a moving, spirited picture—in fact, restores the very moment to us again.

The amateur movie camera—that is, the ciné camera—has advanced quietly, almost unnoticed, in the last year or so, to absolute perfection.

It is now so simple to operate and so inexpensive to run that anyone who can turn a handle can turn out moving-picture records of incidents in the present that will have a value beyond rubies when time has given them the status of treasured memories.

Using a ciné camera is as simple as taking ordinary snapshots. Really there is no more to it than keeping your subject in the view-finder and pressing the little lever which starts the motor and sets the right things happening inside.

This is all to the good, because it means that your films are practically certain to be a success, which is soothing to the cameraman, who will need to be soothed by the time you have given your thousandth impersonation of Joan Crawford.

There is practically nothing to worry about at all in operating a Ciné Kodak. Even the shutter-speed adjustment is automatic. As for focussing, it is simplicity itself.

In ordinary bright sunlight, with panchromatic film, you can set the top at f.11 and the focus at twenty-five feet. After this, you can use the camera as though it had a fixed focus—everything from eight feet to infinity will be O.K., and if you know anything simpler than that . . .

Models with a fixed focus need no adjustments at all.

All the same, it is a good plan to measure out distances when you are focussing. They make a perfect fetish of this in the film studios, so there is nothing amateurish in that, particularly if you are working with a wide aperture lens such as the Ciné Kodak Eight has.

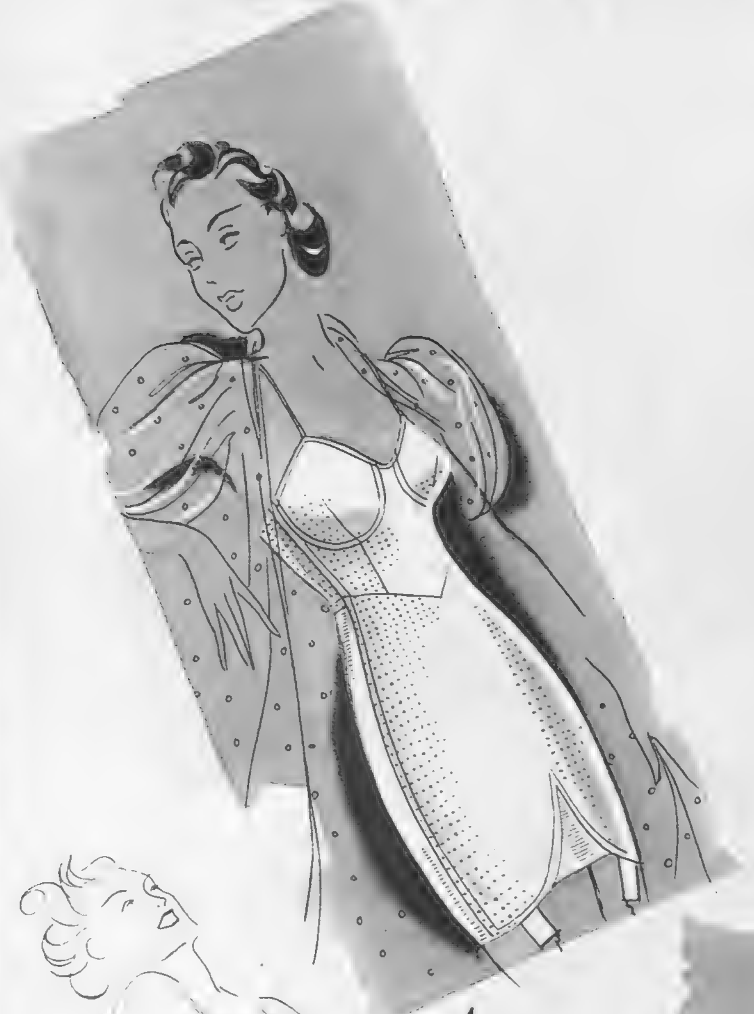
The cheapness with which you can run a Ciné Kodak Eight is mainly due to its ingenious design. It uses 16-mm. film in 25-foot spools, and by taking a series of pictures 8 mm. wide down one side and then up the other, it gives you as much screening time as you would get from a hundred-foot spool.

During the processing, the film is split in half down the centre and joined together end to end, to become fifty feet instead of twenty-five. But each little picture or "frame" is half the size of the "frame" on ordinary 16-mm. film, so that you get the double amount of screening time.

If you really mean to go into this up to the neck, you can make colour-films with the same camera and the new Kodachrome film. It costs a few shillings more a spool and there are no gadgets or attachments required.

It is a grand thought that you can not only capture a record of so many of your happy moments, but that in later years their reality will be magnificently enhanced by their colouring. L. K.

COOL FOUNDATIONS



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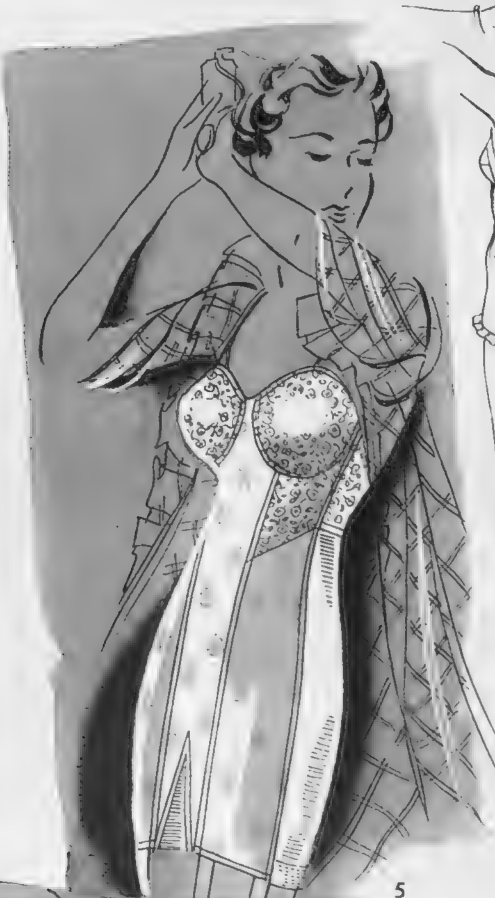

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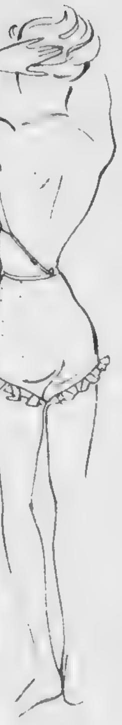

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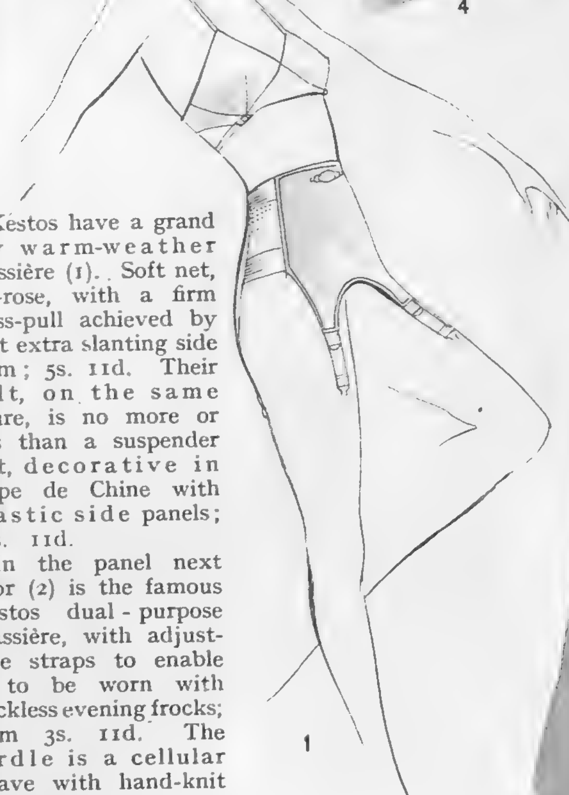
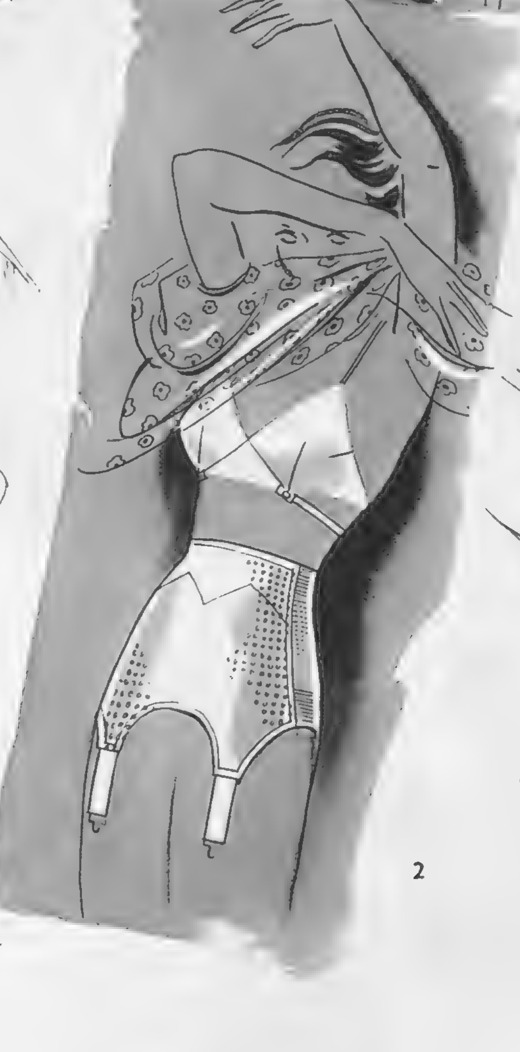


1

Kestos have a grand ew warm-weather rassière (1). Soft net, a-rose, with a firm ross-pull achieved by at extra slanting side am; 5s. 11d. Their elt, on the same gure, is no more or ss than a suspender elt, decorative in êpe de Chine with lastic side panels; 5s. 11d.

In the panel next oor (2) is the famous estos dual-purpose rassière, with adjustble straps to enable to be worn with ackless evening frocks; om 3s. 11d. The irdle is a cellular eave with hand-knit astic side panels, longer t the back; 6s. 11d.

Up in the right-hand orner (3) you see a ack view of Kestos' ew halter neck brasère, with adjustable traps for day or ening wear; from . 11d.



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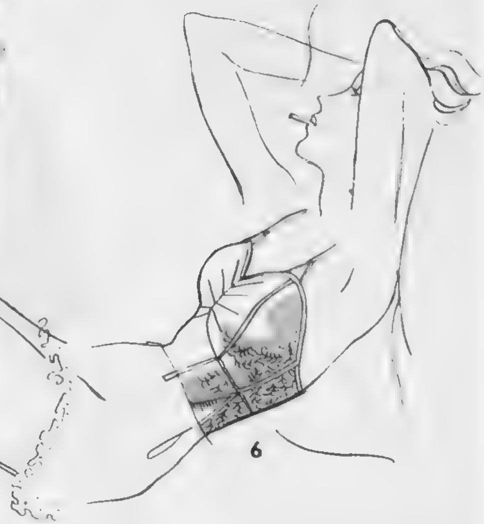


6

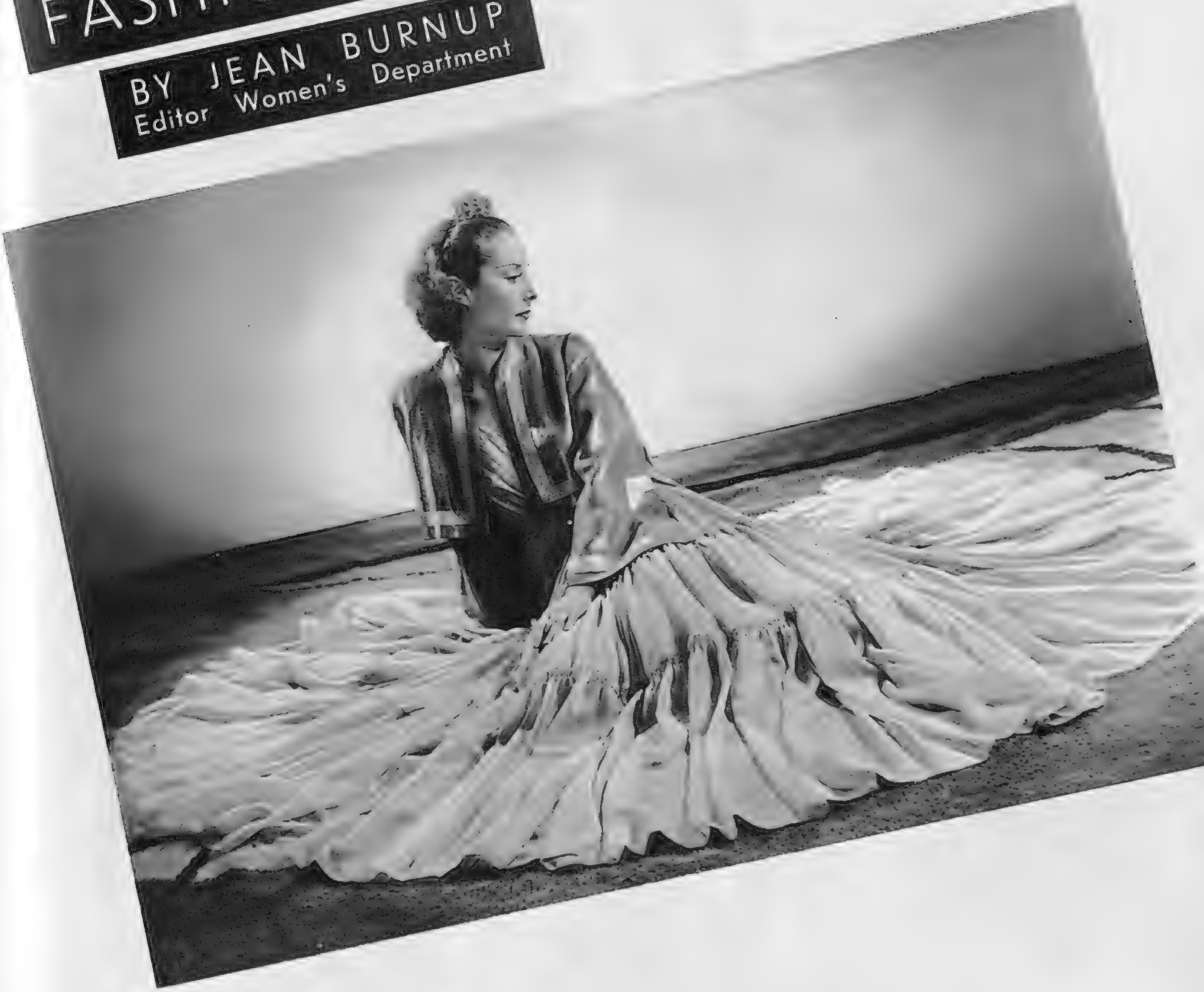
Berlei's summer foundations are in net and voile. Their big and good news is tubular straps on controllettes and brassières to prevent shoulder-cutting. In the left-hand panel (4) is a Pekin net controllette, porous, cool. Small bones and hand-knit elastic side panels give the right give and support; £2 . 5 . 0.

The right-hand panel above (5) shows one of their summer tea-rose voiles, patterned, with elastic side panels, and a new rounded lace bust line. At the low-cut back is an elastic gusset; £3 . 3 . 0.

Directly above (6) is Berlei's lace brassière lined with double net, with a hidden sling for a heavy bust; £1 . 2 . 6.

FASHIONS

BY JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department



This shows how full evening dresses can be this season. The ruched skirt of Strassner's lavender silk organza measures twelve yards around. The little mandarin jacket is orange and gold shot lamé.

Alternatively, evening gowns can be slender, low-cut sheaths, made sumptuous and splendid by their fabrics. Again, and quite different from the romantic and billowing fullness of organza, net, lace, tulle, chiffon, organdie, there are the voluminous, spreading frocks which sometimes stick out stiffly over hoops.

In a word, crinolines. Slipper-satin for these (chez Molyneux) or delicate white lace over, say, a green foundation, the lace looped up at the hem (Victor Stiebel). On a dance floor they look exquisite. How you are going to get from place to place in them is your escort's worry.

They are still doing exquisite hand-embroidery on to satin, lace, lamé.

Hartnell breaks new ground by putting long sleeves to slender, magnificently embroidered evening gowns that are worn with tiaras.

He does superb tucking on low-cut white chiffon evening dresses that hug the figure from the natural waist, and then move out a little from the knees. He has one breath-taking, long-sleeved gown of black tucked chiffon with long tight sleeves and a high neck (but make no mistake, this is no simple little dinner dress, it 's for the grandest affairs). Over it goes a cloudy cape of black net, touched with tiny green and red spangles.

Motley, who, from doing successful stage styling, have burst with a flourish into everyday fashion designing, show a long white lace evening coat—or was it a dress, I couldn't tell—with a flavour of Parnell and the Lady of the Camellias. It goes over a flesh slip, and has frills on all edges, a loose box-pleat at the back, a single rose at the throat. It is utterly lovely.

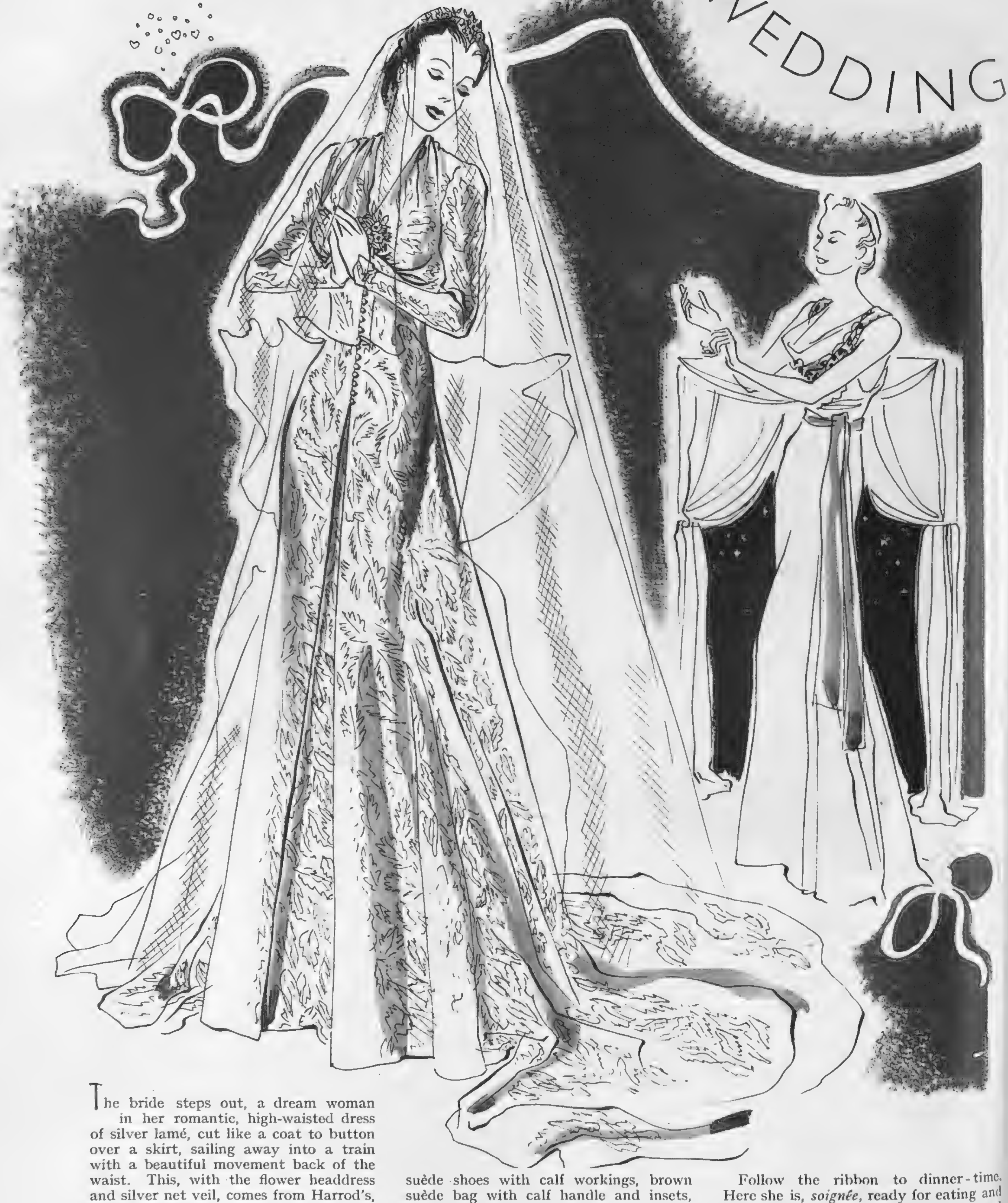
A few women who can do these things are being seen around in the above-the-ankle, ballet-dancer evening dresses.

When, with them, they wear little evening boots made of that new leather that stretches like elastic, or shoes that come well up above the ankle, and, possibly, Schiaparelli's net gloves with flowers on the wrist, they certainly get the limelight.

But it is not a fashion for all of us, when there is so much about that can still be an eye-full, yet flatter at the same time.

Quite the most becoming fashion for years is the transparent evening cape or coat. There is hardly a woman who doesn't look all the better for putting some net or lace or tulle over an evening dress. It gives a frail, feminine, I-want-to-be-looked-after air.

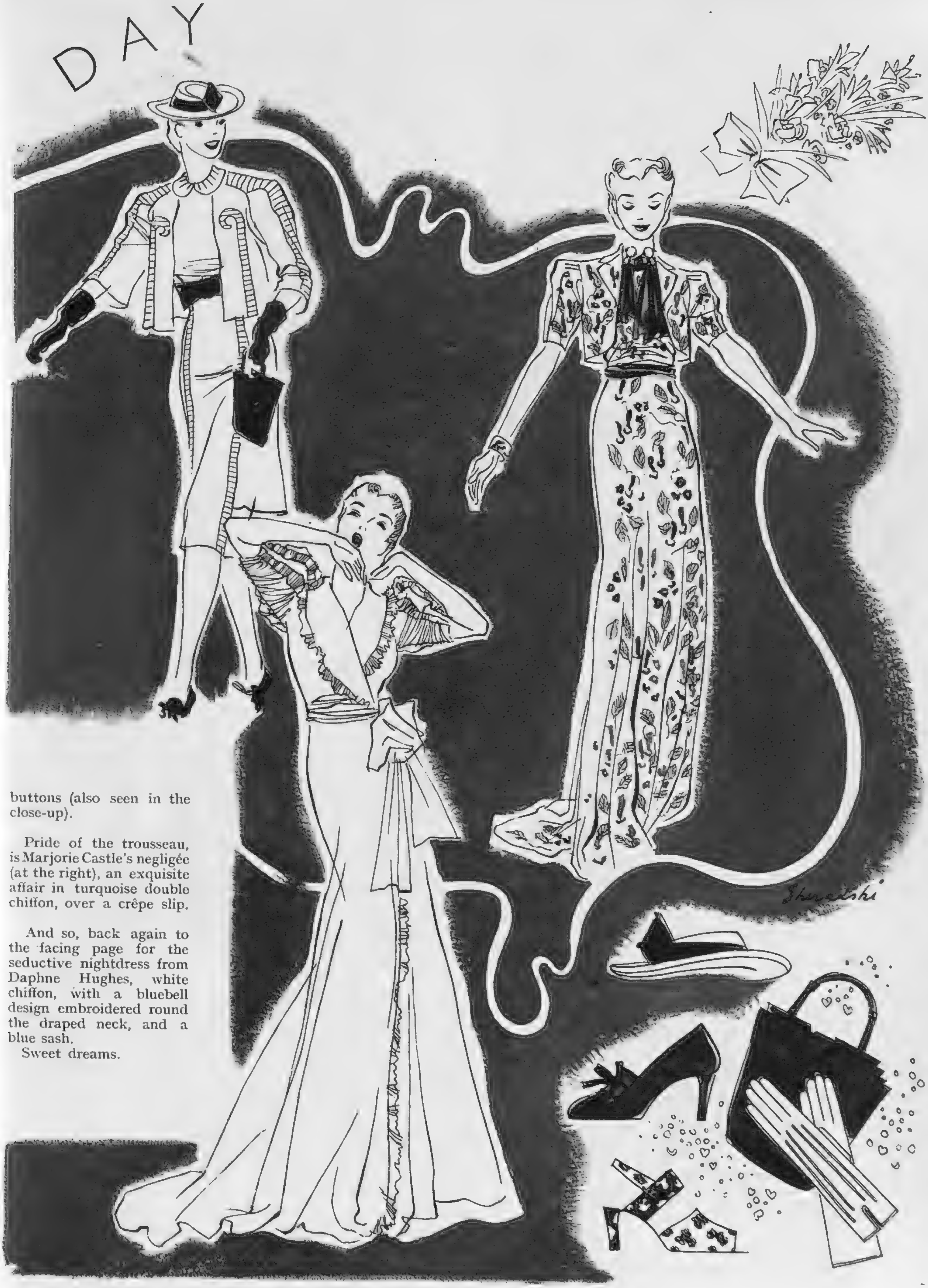
WEDDING



The bride steps out, a dream woman in her romantic, high-waisted dress of silver lamé, cut like a coat to button over a skirt, sailing away into a train with a beautiful movement back of the waist. This, with the flower headdress and silver net veil, comes from Harrod's, Model Gowns.

She's married now, and on her way (opposite page, top left) in Zenia's pale mustard crêpe dress and jacket trimmed with bands of pin-tucking. The belt is brown suède, to go with the brown suède shoes with calf workings, brown suède bag with calf handle and insets, hand-made gloves with four long back tucks, which all come from Fortnum and Mason's. The hat (from Scott's) is mustard panama, with a double brim and a brown ribbon band and rucking. (You can see all these clearer in the close-up in the corner on the right.)

Follow the ribbon to dinner-time. Here she is, *soignée*, ready for eating and dancing in Worth's angelskin dress and short jacket, white, printed with flowers in purple, green, blue, and silver. The backless dress has green chiffon straps tying in front at the high neck. Delman's open-toe evening shoes are silver and Chinese red, and fasten with tiny jewelled

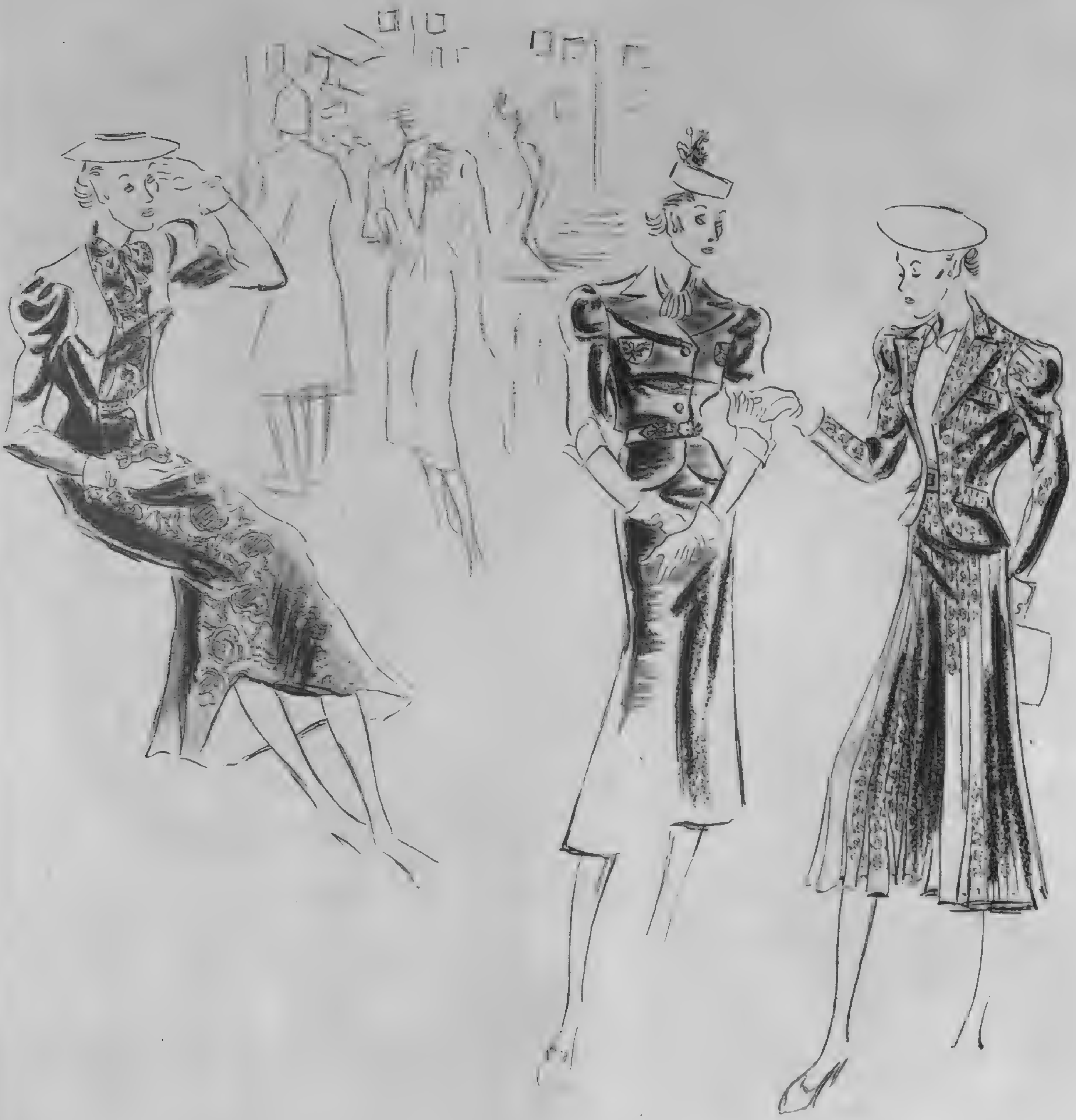


buttons (also seen in the close-up).

Pride of the trousseau, is Marjorie Castle's negligée (at the right), an exquisite affair in turquoise double chiffon, over a crêpe slip.

And so, back again to the facing page for the seductive nightdress from Daphne Hughes, white chiffon, with a bluebell design embroidered round the draped neck, and a blue sash.
Sweet dreams.

TOWN TOPICS

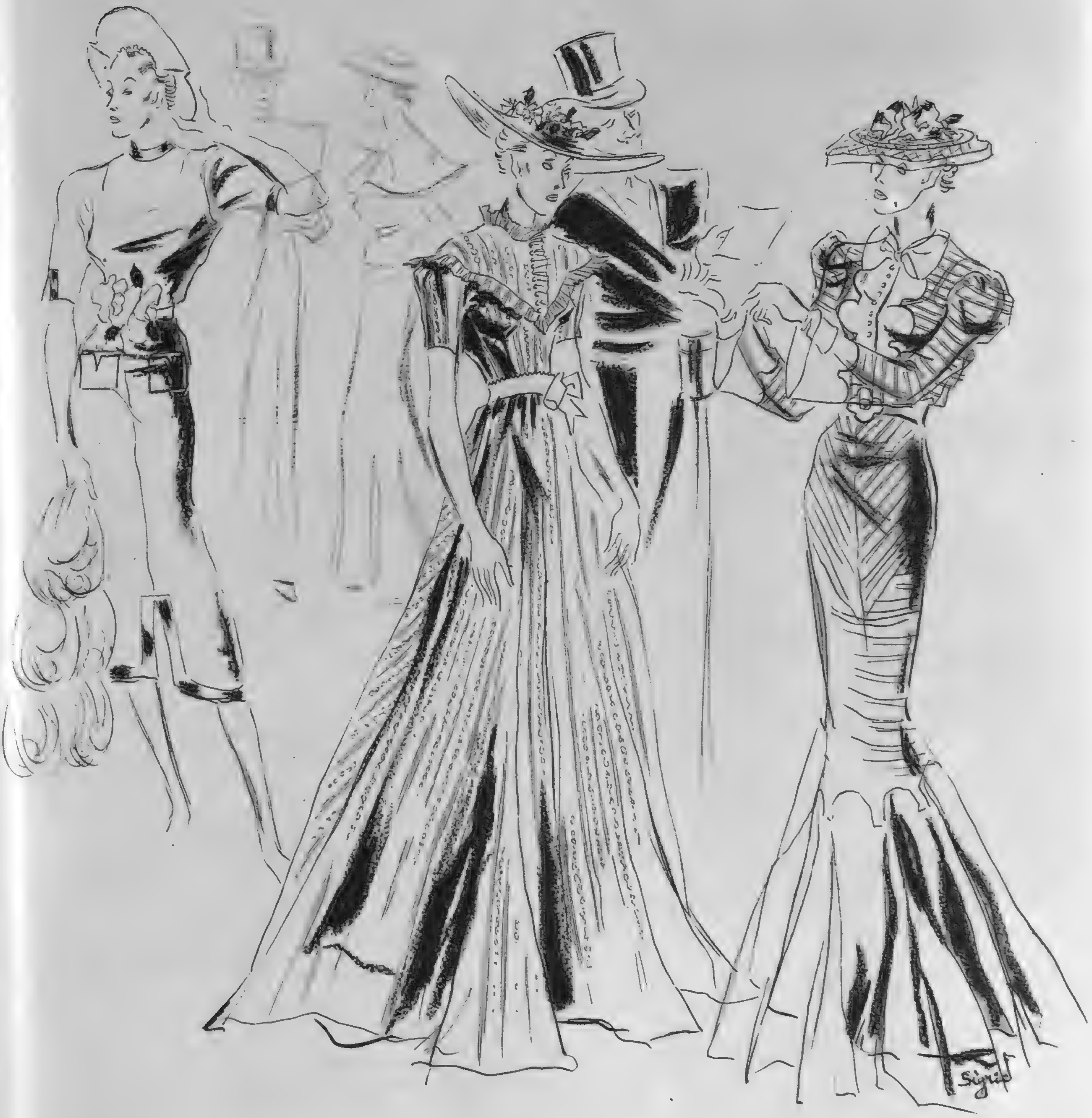


The short-sleeved crêpe dress is a colourful, Paisley print, white, green, yellow, black, on a rust ground. Honey-combing trims the bloused bodice. Black silk fitting jacket with no collar, revers, or fastenings. *Liberty.*

Black alpaca skirt and short three-quarter-sleeved jacket, worn with a crêpe blouse patterned with rows of poppies, cornflowers, white daisies. The same flowers are embroidered on to the jacket pockets and belt. *Barbara Blenn.*

Crêpe-de-Chine suit printed in red, yellow, dark green and mauve, vertically aligned on a bright green ground. The skirt is all round pleated, with a belt slotting through a waistband. Briskly tailored coat. *Jaeger.*

ASCOT ASSISTANCE



Street-length dress for Ascot in pale grey ciré bark romaine used on the wrong, dull side, the shiny side coming in to accent throat, slit sleeve-ends, slit hem. At the waist, pink roses. Coat of pale grey ostrich feathers. *Peter Russell.*

But there will always be long frocks and picture frocks for Ascot. Here is a lovely one in needle-run muslin, over a stiff taffeta slip. The placing of the shoulder frills is pre-war. Yellow felt belt. *Motley.*

Pale grey tucked lisse (something like organza, only softer) over rose satin. A pale-pink suède belt with jewelled buckle, pale pink gloves. Pale grey straw hat, not large, not small, with a grey veil, and on it pink and grey doves. *Hartnell*

CARDIGAN WITH SLANT POCKETS

MEASUREMENTS :

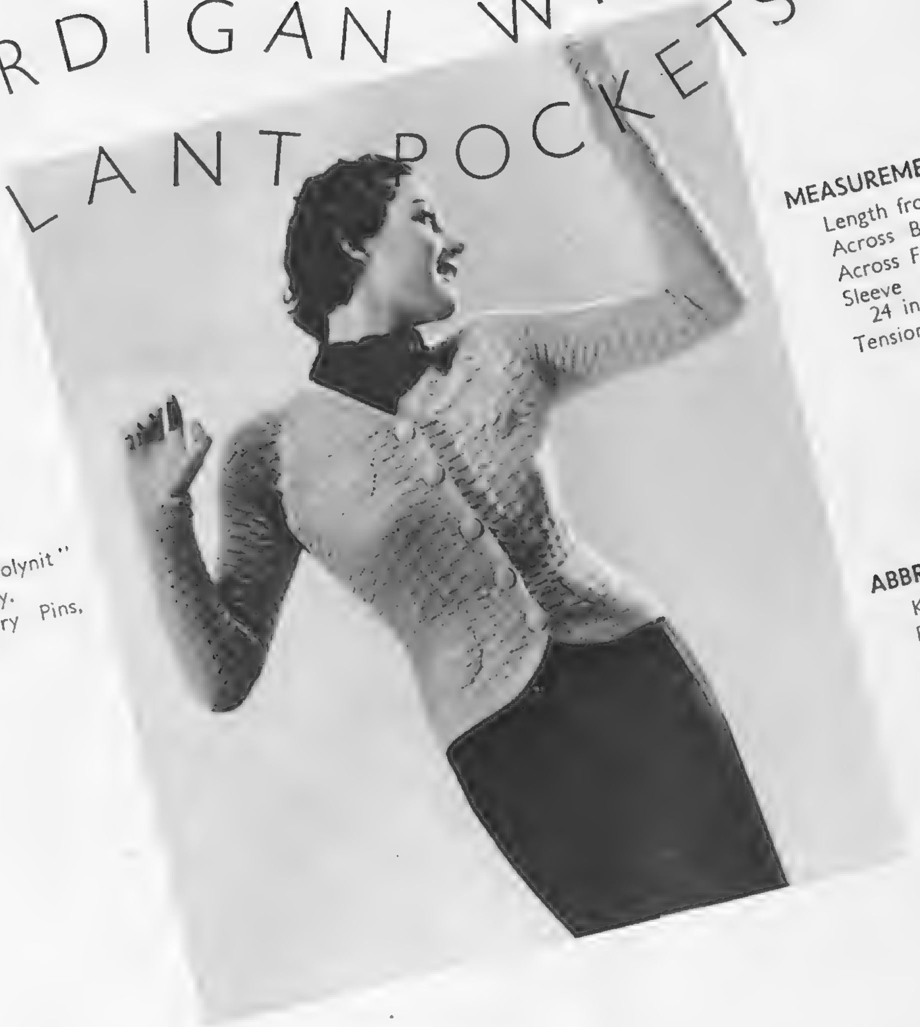
Length from shoulder, 21½ ins.
Across Back underarm, 16½ ins.
Across Fronts " 10 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.
Tension approx, 11 sts. to 2 ins.

MATERIALS REQUIRED :

12 oz. Golden Eagle "Polynit" Fingering de luxe, 4-ply.
1 pr. Stratnoid Century Pins, No 7 ; 1 pr. No. 10.
5 Button Moulds.

ABBREVIATIONS :

K. Knit ; P. Purl ; Sts. Stitches ;
Pat. Pattern ; Inc. Increase ;
Dec. Decrease ; Beg. Beginning ;
Tog. Together.



BACK :

With No. 7 pins cast on 95 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Purl 1 row. Continue in following pat. :

1st row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

2nd row : P. 1, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to last 4 sts., K. 3, P. 1.

3rd row : K. 2, * P. 1, K. 9 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, K. 2.

4th row : As 1st.

5th row : K. 6, * P. 3, K. 7 ; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 3, K. 6.

6th row : P. 7, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to last 8 sts., K. 1, P. 7.

These 6 rows form pattern. Work until 3 ins. from start. Change to No. 10 pins. Work 2½ ins. Change to No. 7 pins. Work 7 ins. (12½ ins. in all.)

SHAPE ARMHOLES :

(End with 4th row of pat.)

1st row : Cast off 2, K. 3, P. 3, * K. 7, P. 3 ; repeat from * to last 6 sts., K. 6.

2nd row : Cast off 2, P. 4, K. 1, * P. 9, K. 1 ; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

3rd row : Cast off 2, K. 5, * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 3.

4th row : Cast off 2, P. 6, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to end of row.

5th row : Cast off 2, K. 5, P. 1, * K. 9, P. 1 ; repeat from * to last 8 sts., K. 8.

6th row : Cast off 2, K. 3, * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 5, K. 4.

7th row : Cast off 2, * K. 7, P. 3 ; repeat from * to end of row.

8th row : Cast off 2, P. 8, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to end of row.

9th row : Cast off 2, P. 4, * K. 5, P. 5 ; repeat from * to last 2 sts., K. 2.

10th row : Cast off 2, K. 3, * P. 7, K. 3 ; repeat from * to last st., P. 1.

Continue on remaining 75 sts. for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER :

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off remaining 25 sts.

RIGHT FRONT :

With No. 7 pins cast on 42 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row.

2nd row : P. to last 2 sts., P. twice into next st., P. 1.

3rd row : K. twice into 1st st., P. 2, * K. 5, P. 5 ; repeat from * to end.

4th row : P. 1, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., K. 1, K. twice into next st., P. 1.

5th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. 1, * P. 1, K. 9 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, K. 2.

6th row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 6 sts., P. 4, P. twice into next st., K. 1.

7th row : K. twice into 1st st., * K. 7, P. 3 ; repeat from * to last 6 sts., K. 6.

8th row : P. 7, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to last 11 sts., K. 1, P. 8, P. twice into next st., K. 1.

9th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. 3, * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

10th row : P. 1, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to last 9 sts., K. 3, P. 4, P. twice into next st., P. 1.

11th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. 7, * P. 1, K. 9 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, K. 2.

12th row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 2 sts., P. twice into next st., P. 1.

13th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. 3, * P. 3, K. 7 ; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 3, K. 6.

14th row : P. 7, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to last 7 sts., K. 1, P. 4, P. twice into next st., P. 1. (55 sts.).

Continue in pat. until straight edge measures 3 ins. Change to No. 10 pins. Work 2½ ins. Change to No. 7 pins. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLE :

(End with 5th row of pat.)

1st row : Cast off 2, P. 4, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to last 8 sts., K. 1, P. 7.

2nd row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 3.

3rd row : Cast off 2, P. 6, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to last 4 sts., K. 3, P. 1.

4th row : K. 2, * P. 1, K. 9 ; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 1, K. 8.

5th row : Cast off 2, K. 3, * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

6th row : K. 6, * P. 3, K. 7 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 3.

7th row : Cast off 2, P. 8, * K. 1, P. 9 ; repeat from * to last 8 sts., K. 1, P. 7.

8th row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 7 sts., P. 5, K. 2.

9th row : Cast off 2, * K. 3, P. 7 ; repeat from * to last 4 sts., K. 3, P. 1 (45 sts.).

Continue on these 45 sts. for 7 ins., decreasing 1 st. at beg. of next and every 4th row following until 37 sts., then every alternate row until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER :

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 5 times.

LEFT FRONT :

With No. 7 pins cast on 42 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row.

2nd row : P. twice into 1st st., P. to end.

3rd row : * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, P. twice into next st., P. 1.

4th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. 2, * P. 7, K. 3 ; repeat from * to last st., P. 1.

5th row : K. 2, * P. 1, K. 9 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, K. twice into next st., K. 1.

6th row : K. twice into 1st st., * P. 5, K. 5 ; repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

(*Continued on page* 83)

I'll Tell You All I Know

I had always heard that surgical stockings were good for legs that are puffy or inclined to veins. But . . . well, I have seen surgical stockings in those places devoted to strange pink elastic garments and alarming-looking instruments in shiny chromium, and felt that I would rather have the veins. Maybe you feel that way about it too.

But here is news that has changed my ideas on the subject and may change yours ; just as it is helping many people who have leg worries to contend with to forget them.

It is Lastex that does it. Lastex : the yarn that makes things fit close as your own skin, and which combines with cotton and silk so that you don't know it's in the fabric at all except that, unexpectedly, it stretches.

A surgical stocking made with Lastex gives the support and the beneficial massage and stimulating action to the circulation which are so important in reducing varicose veins and in keeping the legs and ankles slim and shapely.

The stockings are made just like ordinary full-fashioned stockings and are put on in just the same way. They are washable and, best of all, undetectable. That goes for you 44-gaugers as well as for your woollen-hosed sisters.

Himself said to me the other morning, " It's a mystery to me how you women can go through that torture." (Why, on these occasions, are we always " you women " ?)

I was plucking my eyebrows. Agony. At each twitch. It is mystifying, I suppose, to the male mind, and rather stupid. But as the job is as inevitable as cleaning the teeth, at least let it be as painless.

I have lately been trying out an automatic hair extractor. Now I can pluck my eyebrows and sing at the same time, if I am feeling that way. The extractors are quite a handy size : about as big as nail scissors. All you have to do is to get hold of the hair with the milled tweezer ends, and squeeze the handles together. The extractor does the rest. Price of this skilful pain-banisher is 7s. 6d.

A minor annoyance in a woman's life is a powdery glass to her loose powder handbag compact. One of the new powder cases, fitted with an automatic cleaner like the screen wiper of a car, says good-bye to all that. It is obtainable in many colourings and attractive designs. Price half a guinea.

While on the subject of slender legs, what about taking off a pound or two generally, before the beach lizard season starts in earnest ?

You know what the new swim suits are going to do to us ? (Yes ; they are made of Lastex too, and I have just told you what a skin-hugger that is.)

They are going to show up every hill and valley in the feminine frame as clearly as a hiker's map shows up the local topography.

With that solemn thought before me, I, for one, am going to reduce. But no diet. No, I couldn't bear it ; not just now, with all the nicest eats in season around. Instead, twice a day for the next few weeks I shall take my dish of tisane. And the tisane I know of really *does* slim without dieting. It has been miraculously successful in the most obstinate cases. (That does not apply to you greedy ones, but it does to you who have average weights and appetites.)

If you feel the need for intensive reduction, take this herbal tea three times a day, half an hour before meals.

This herbal tea is a scientific mixture of carefully selected plant life, free from chemicals, safe as houses. Unlike so many slimming cures, the tisane does not let down the vitality, but actually has stimulating and tonic properties as well as its extraordinary streamlining virtues.

There are some edibles that break down the strongest resistance. My knock-out is avocado pear.

To the avocado addict there *are* no other pears. They are just as excellent for external application to your skin as they are to eat. The avocado pear has the highest possible rating in those rejuvenating vitamins, A, D and E.

Like me, you may not be able to manage an avocado with your breakfast and another for dessert at night, but you can put the extract of an avocado pear on your face every evening and every morning, with highly gratifying results.

I could bother you with technical details about how the oil is extracted from the pear. But I won't. Enough to say that the rejuvenating astringent milk of pears and the cleansing milk are made from the pure oils of the avocado and constitute the perfect summer beauty treatment for skins that are weary of heavy creams and cosmetics.

My last word to you is about a new and exciting beautifier that does two separate and distinct things for you at one and the same time.

It is a setting lotion. And it enriches the colour of the hair at the same time that it sets waves and curls.

No. It is not a dye. And no, again, it will not stain your bed linen. In fact, it is guaranteed harmless. But whether your hair is gipsy black, auburn, blonde, or bleached white by artifice or nature, this colour wave set will put a glamorous sheen into your hair at the same time that it fixes your set. It is as easy to use as ordinary setting lotion. The price is 1s., and with every setting lotion comes a sheaf of useful hints on how to set your hair yourself between visits to the hairdresser.

BY
MARY
YOUNG

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

IT'S THIRSTY ABOUT A

Once more we turn our thoughts to cooling drinks. Although the old favourites remain popular, there are a few changes to be rung which will add what every hostess is anxious to achieve—variety.

To be successful it is necessary to give a little extra time and care to the selection and arrangement of the drinks. The first thing to think of is the ingredients.

These should be of the best quality—it costs no more—and whatever drinks are being served, whether they are alcoholic or not, let the flavour be full; and if they are meant to be *cold*, see that the ice is not spared.

All minerals should be stored in a refrigerator. It is a good plan to have a large bowl of ice chunks on the table, which guests can add to their glasses in case the drinks have lost their coldness.

Now go through the list of drinks so that you can order supplies in good time.

Cocktails

You should always be able to serve that ever popular one Dry Martini (half Gordon's gin and half French vermouth, well shaken with ice, poured out, and on top of each glass a squeeze of lemon peel).

Gin is also the basis of many other simple cocktails such as Orange Blossom (half Gordon's gin, a good dash of orange bitters, half-strained orange-juice, crushed ice, all well shaken); Opale (half gin, a quarter orange-juice and a quarter Cointreau, ice, and shake); while one of the cleanest and most refreshing of summer cocktails is simply made with half Gordon's gin and half-strained grape-fruit juice.

There are many other cocktails of this kind, and besides these there are those delicious long-short drinks known as Twists. Here is one of Gordon's own specialities: Gin Twist.—Take a wineglass, put in small piece of ice, a teaspoonful of strawberry syrup, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, fill up with Gordon's dry gin, add a slice of lemon and serve.

Pink Twist is another good one, made as follows: Put a small piece of ice in the wineglasses. Add three or four drops of Grenadine, a teaspoonful of strained grape-fruit juice, and fill up with Gordon's gin. Other combinations for Twists are orange-juice, sugar syrup; pineapple syrup and lemon-juice; Cointreau and lemon-juice; lime-juice and grape-fruit, and so on, all of them, of course, filled up with Gordon's gin.

Before leaving the subject of short drinks there is one which should be in every bar and at all times of the year; that is Seager's Egg Flip. This, of course, is all ready to be served from the bottle.

It is made from the yolks of English new-laid eggs and good wines, nothing else; but as a pick-me-up it is incomparable. Incidentally a dash of egg flip in various sweet sauces would turn many a dull pudding into something worth remembering.

Now for some long drinks.

Cyder is always a favourite summer drink, so let there be a good supply of Gaymer's in stock. There are many varieties of this well-known cyder, from extra dry to medium sweet. The driest, I think, are best drunk as they are, for the addition of a confusion of other ingredients would only spoil the natural quality and flavour of this delicious drink.

But cyder lends itself to various treatments. The following recipes are good examples :—

Pommetta Cup

Choose the medium dry Gaymer's Pommetta and have the bottles well iced. Put in a large glass jug a sprig of mint, one or two pieces of preserved ginger, a few sticks of barley sugar and strips of cucumber rind.

Add a port-glassful of whisky or gin, and let this stand covered for one hour. Stir well, add a large bottle of Pommetta and splash in some soda-water, both well iced. Test for sweetness and serve.

Gaysec Cup

Put the juice of a small tin of pineapple in a large glass jug with one lemon and one orange cut in slices, also a little borage and cucumber rind and a few lumps of sugar. Add half a glassful of rum and let the jug stand on ice or in the refrigerator for one hour.

Just before serving add a large bottle of Gaysec and splash in some soda-water, both of these previously iced. See that the drink is sweet enough before serving.

Iced Cyder Punch

Stick an orange with half a dozen cloves and put in a saucepan with a handful of lump sugar. Cover well with cold water, bring to the boil, remove the saucepan and let the liquid get cold.

WEATHER . . HOW NICE COOL DRINK?

Pour this through a strainer into a punch bowl, and add a glass of gin, a bottle of Gaysec or Gayflag cyder and stir well. See that it is sweet enough, and put into the bowl a fairly large lump of ice just before you are going to serve it.

Gaymer's also have an excellent non-alcoholic cyder known as "Cydette," which brings me to one or two soft drinks.

You all know the value and refreshing qualities of barley water. Robinson's lemon barley water makes a most delicious cooling drink by itself, but can be made into various other drinks quite easily. Quite a number of fruit squashes can be invented, such as pineapple, strawberry, raspberry.

All you have to do is to prepare the lemon barley water in the usual way, have it thoroughly well iced, and pour it into tumblers in which you have put a little squashed fruit pulp.

Mix well and serve with straws. Another favourite is ginger-flavoured lemon barley water, half of the latter and half Schweppes' dry ginger ale.

Fruit Punch

This is a very good soft drink, also easily made. Take about half a pound of strawberries (they need not be perfect ones), squash them and put them in a large bowl or jug. Add the juice of two oranges, one lemon and one grape-fruit, also a handful of lump sugar and two or three sprigs of fresh mint, which you crush before putting in.

Let this stand covered for one hour on ice. Pour through a fine strainer into a clean glass jug, squashing through as much of the pulp as you can. Add enough of Schweppes' soda-water (well iced) to make a long drink for six or eight people, and put in a piece of orange and of lemon peel, one or two sprigs of mint and a few small whole strawberries for decoration. Stir well and see that the drink is sweet enough before serving.

Talking of Schweppes reminds me of that utterly indispensable mineral, Tonic Water, without which I cannot imagine anyone living through the summer. What, for instance, could better quench the thirst than a long drink made with Booth's gin, a slice of lemon and the glass filled up with ice-cold Schweppes' Tonic Water? Other simple long drinks are gin, lime-juice and tonic water or lemon squash made with tonic water instead of soda, and slightly sweetened.

Booth's matured gin, of course, is used in many other ways and is invaluable for all sorts of long drinks, of which Gin Fizzes are popular examples. Gin Fizz is quite easily made with a good tot of gin in a tumbler, fruit-juice or syrup, sugar to taste. Fill up the tumbler with iced soda-water.

Mint Fizz is also excellent. This is how it is done. Crush a few leaves of mint, drop them in each tumbler and cover with a sprinkling of castor sugar. Add a good tot of gin, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and let this rest a little.

At the last minute fill up the tumblers with iced soda-water and taste to see if sweet enough.

Among the more elaborate long drinks this one of Booth's seems to be particularly interesting; the recipe is for six to eight people and is for a Sling:

One glass Benedictine.
One glass Cherry Brandy.
One teaspoonful Angostura Bitters.
Two lemons—juice only.
One teaspoonful Orange Bitters.
Four glasses of Booth's Matured Gin.

Shake well in a shaker and serve in tumblers, filling up with soda.

There are other most useful bottles to keep in bar, and those are Gordon's orange and lemon gin. Here are two basic spirits which are worth

(*Continued on page* 102)

Many interesting cold dishes can be accomplished with the aid of your refrigerator, and H.M.V. issue a book of recipes to users of their refrigerators. Left is Apple Flip, garnished with tangerines and whipped cream. On facing page, Pineapple Rice, decorated with cherries, and, right, Fish Mould, garnished with eggs and cucumber

GETTING THE BEST OUT

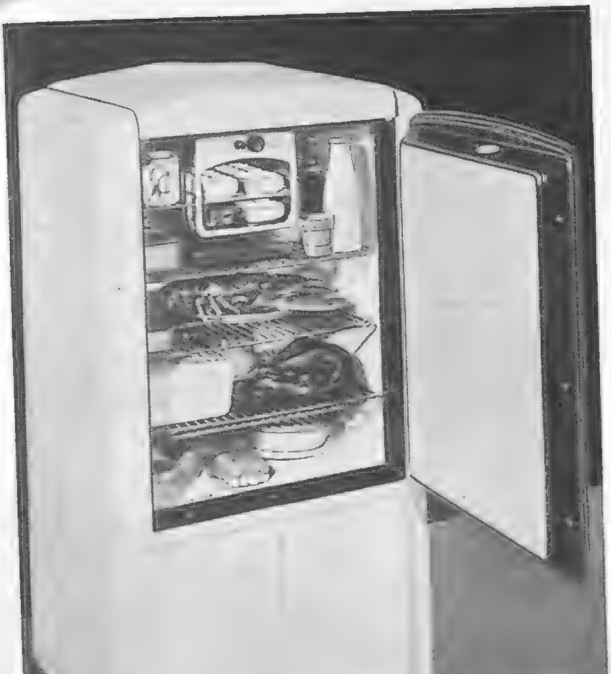
So many people have told you of the advantages of a refrigerator that if you are still without one in your kitchen there is only one thing to be said—you *like* stale food.

But if you have fallen under the influence of your own taste for perfection in the things you eat, or the sales talk of the man who sells refrigerators, and already have one of these life and temper savers in your home, make quite sure you are making the best use of it.

You are not by any chance getting the idea that a refrigerator is just a thing for giving an extra cachet to your kitchen and keeping the butter cool in hot weather, are you? If so, you are simply squandering the best qualities of this apparatus you've paid good money for.

Domestic refrigeration is still almost a novelty in this country, so there is every excuse if we have not yet learned precisely what miracles it can perform, but it *can* perform minor miracles in the preservation of food as well as in the preparation and service of it.

If you put a refrigerator—any refrigerator—in your kitchen and simply throw food into it, pell-mell, you don't deserve such a luxury at all. This new piece of apparatus you've acquired needs as much understanding as your cooker. It is equally important as a factor in the preparation of the food that goes to your table, so why not make the best of it?



Every test that can be devised to ensure precision work of the highest engineering standards is applied to "Prestcold" refrigerators. You see one above. "Prestcold" models give you much more storage space than most, and the extra large capacity cooling unit with cold control gives eight freezing speeds. They cost from twenty-eight guineas

The 1937 Stewart Warner refrigerator (left) is fitted with six exclusive features. Most important are the "Sav-A-Step"—a sliding tray that makes all shelf space front space. The "Slid-A-Tray," a hidden removable tray for serving or rearranging food in the refrigerator

OF YOUR REFRIGERATOR

First of all, have you fully understood the economies that can be practised by the judicious use of your refrigerator?

People are apt to think "A refrigerator would be no economy to me. I never get any left-over food," but this only shows a complete lack of understanding of what the apparatus can do.

At almost any time of the year a pound of butter kept in the cool temperature of a refrigerator will go farther than that which is not. Moreover, most big stores run special food bargains on certain days of the week. You can only safely avail yourself of these offers if you have the means of keeping the food in perfect condition for several days at a stretch. If an opportunity presents on Wednesday to buy an inexpensive joint for the following Sunday you may do it with confidence, but only if you have a refrigerator at home.

It is not generally realised that bread, cakes and biscuits can be kept fresher for a much longer period if wrapped in greaseproof paper and stored in the refrigerator. You can go away for the week-end and leave food behind in the perfect certainty that there will be plenty to eat in perfect condition when you return.

Another thing: Are you letting your refrigerator save you work? When you are expecting guests to a meal are you preparing all the food the day before, storing it in the refrigerator overnight, and thus saving yourself a big hustle on the day of the visit by only having the actual cooking and serving on your mind?

What do you keep in your refrigerator? Not just the more obvious things like milk and meat, butter and cream. These have pride of place, of course, but there is almost as much need to put tinned foods, fruit, stock and all vegetables in the safe keeping of the ice box.

Arranging food in the cabinet is quite an important matter. The temperature that is perfect for one type of food will destroy the flavour of another. Moreover, the efficient working of the mechanism relies to some extent upon the free passage of air throughout the cabinet. That's why crowded, higgledy-piggledy arrangements should be avoided.

Fresh fruit, salads and vegetables should go in the lowest compartment of the cabinet; above this should be canned fruits, jellies and left-over foods. On the next tray higher, fresh meats, soups, stock and eggs should have a place, and on the highest shelf milk, cream, butter, minerals and beer.

It is essential that bags and coverings should be removed from food before it is placed in the refrigerator. China, glass or porcelain containers are ideal.

Cooked foods remain more appetising if kept in covered containers, but if this is impossible greaseproof bags, which are sold at all stationers, are a good substitute.

As for the food which a refrigerator brings to your table, this depends upon your willingness to experiment. There is no end to the unusual and delicious varieties of food that intelligent use of a refrigerator offers.

It is difficult to associate glamour with any left-over food, but this cold fish mould comes very near to having it: First make an ordinary white sauce, flake a half-pound of the cold fish and stir into the sauce; season to taste. Melt one breakfast-cup of aspic jelly, stir into the mixture and add two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Pour into a mould and when cool place in the refrigerator to set. Garnish with hard-boiled egg and cucumber. Serve with salad.

Cold luncheon for a party of people can be prepared the day before and still be interesting if glazed leg of lamb is served.

For this you should roast

(*Continued on page* 152)

This is a "Frigidaire," outstanding because of its powerful Super-Freezer. The exterior finish of the "Frigidaire" is practically uncrackable, and in the food compartments the stainless porcelain is not affected by lemon juice and other strong acids

(Above) Loin of lamb, garnished with radish roses
(Right) Its inevitable and unbeatable accompaniment: new potatoes, green peas, mint sauce
Snow Glaze Crown Ducal Ware, from Hampton's

JOINTS IN JU E

We used to consider June a difficult month for butcher's meat, as most people do not enjoy large joints—of beef, say—on a really hot day. Yet you cannot go through the month on small things and poultry, partly because of the expense and partly because you should always aim at variety.

Nowadays the problem has been removed by the supplies of that delicious New Zealand lamb, which is not only cheap, but which offers just the right kind of light but appetising and nourishing meat.

In fact, you can still have your joint at least once a week, which is such a saving of time and money.

At the same time, thanks to Smedley's, you have the other perfect summer food—the two being born, so to speak, to go together—green peas. I can think of no better summer luncheon than one whose main dish is a saddle of New Zealand lamb, mint sauce, new potatoes and green peas.

If ever you have any peas left over from a meal, don't forget that squashed through a sieve and mixed with stock or milk, you have a perfect summer soup.

However, apart from the traditional lamb and green peas, there are many ways of using both, so I am giving some recipes which will be useful when something more amusing is wanted to add variety or for entertaining.

Saddle of Lamb Forestière

You start roasting the saddle in the ordinary way—that is, putting it first in a hot oven to seize and close the outside, reducing the heat afterwards.

While this is cooking make the following *purée*. Wash and chop finely half a pound of mushrooms, and cook them with a little butter. Meanwhile prepare a stiff Béchamel sauce and add enough to bind the mushrooms to a thick, smooth sauce, almost a paste. Season well with salt and pepper and keep hot.

When the saddle is three parts cooked, remove it and carve it as you should always carve a saddle—that is, cutting long slices both sides of, and parallel to, the backbone, keeping each set of slices on the board on either side of bone.

Now spread the bone on both sides with a thin coating of the mushroom sauce and re-model the saddle, spreading each slice with sauce and pressing them well into place.

When you have finished, spread the whole saddle with plain Béchamel sauce, add a few tiny pieces of butter here and there, and return to the oven to have the outside delicately browned. Serve with roast, *sautées* or *rissolées* potatoes.

Leg of Lamb St. Germain

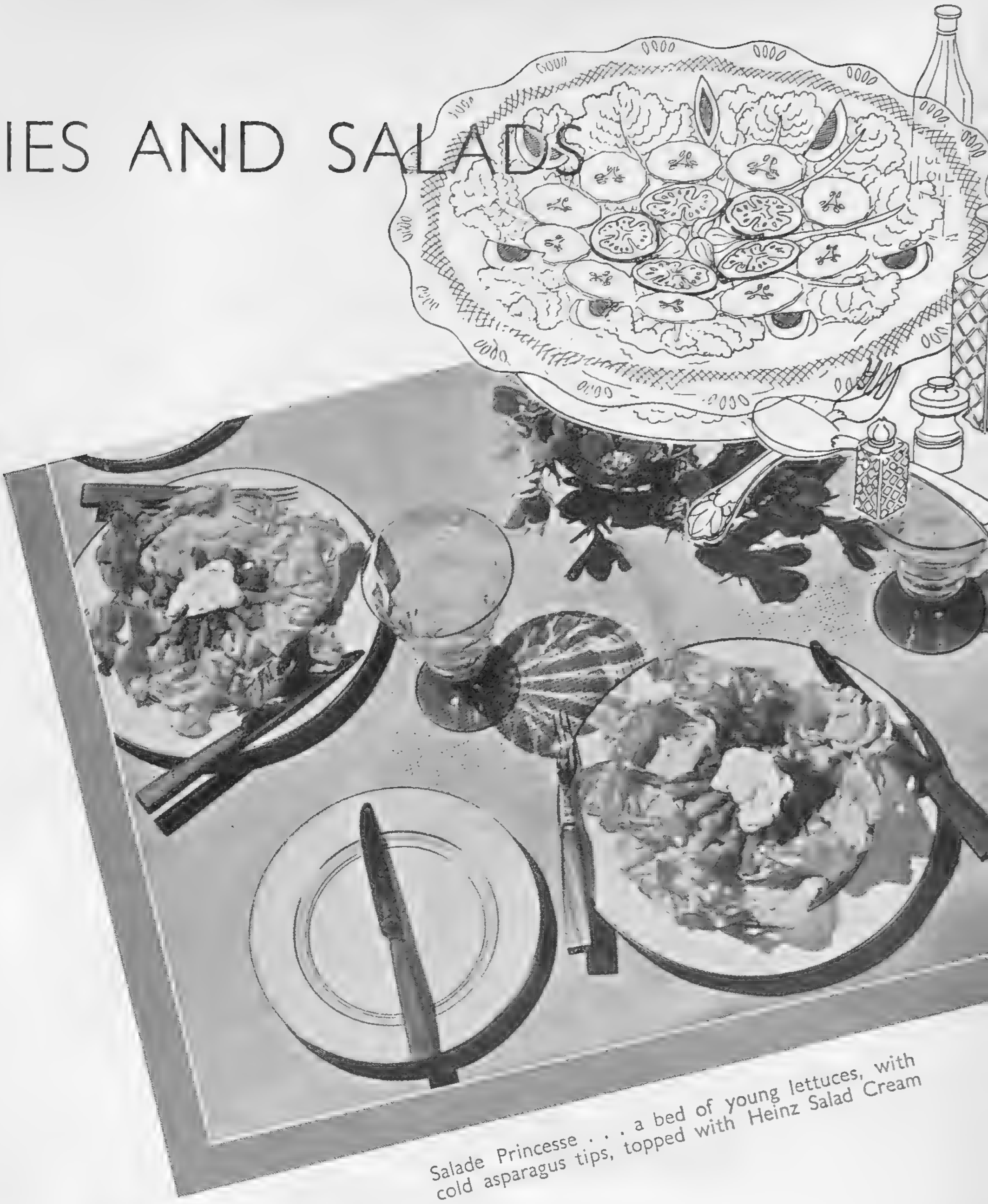
The leg of lamb is roasted in the ordinary way, excepting that you stand it on a bed of carrots and onions cut in small pieces. While it is cooking and being occasionally basted, prepare a thick, smooth Béchamel sauce, well seasoned, and heat also a small tin of Smedley's green peas.

When the joint is ready, remove it and keep it hot in a fairly deep serving dish. Pass the gravy through a fine sieve or strainer, squashing the vegetables against the sides and skim off as much fat as possible.

Add the gravy to the Béchamel, whipping it well in, and now add the peas very thoroughly drained. Stir well. If you can spare it, a tablespoonful or two of cream is a great improvement.

(*Continued on page* 140)

SAVOURIES AND SALADS



Salade Princesse . . . a bed of young lettuces, with cold asparagus tips, topped with Heinz Salad Cream

People who live in very hot climates are much cleverer than we are in dealing with jaded appetites. They understand spices and savoury touches so well that even during the hottest periods there is always some little unexpected item on the menu which arouses interest and therefore stimulates digestion.

Since we also sometimes enjoy really hot days, I think it would be a good idea to have a few savoury standbys and interesting salads to hand which can be produced at a moment's notice when appetites flag.

Here is a miscellaneous collection of dishes for various courses, which I hope will give new life to your summer menu :

Anchovy Croûtes

Have some small round pieces of bread crisply fried in bacon fat and drain them in a hot plate. Meanwhile take a small tin of fillets of anchovy in oil, mash and pound them and mix with Heinz Tomato Ketchup, chopped parsley and a tiny piece of garlic, very finely chopped.

Work the mixture to a smooth paste and spread on to the hot croûtes, adding at the last minute a dash of Cayenne pepper. The garlic can be omitted, but it gives a most stimulating flavour.

Canapés Toulouse

Fry some slices of stale bread, one for each person, and drain them well. Meanwhile, thoroughly heat a tin of Heinz baked beans and mash the beans roughly, doing this in a saucepan. Add a good pinch of curry powder (this as a substitute for fried hot peppers) and cook for five minutes or so, stirring well. Pile the mixture on the fried bread and serve with a neatly cut slice of lemon on each plate.

Lobster or Prawn Cocktail

Put at the bottom of each glass (not a cocktail glass but a fairly large balloon-shaped wine glass) a little bed of shredded lettuce. Add a prawn or a small piece of lobster and on this a squeeze of lemon juice, a dash of Cayenne pepper and two or three drops of Tomato Ketchup. Put the glasses away on ice or in the refrigerator and, just before serving, cover the top with Heinz Salad Cream. Stir the contents of each glass and serve.

Vegetable Cocktail

Peel and remove seeds from some tomatoes (half for each person) and cut the flesh into small pieces. Put these in a bowl and add a few cooked peas, chopped olives, and a little macedoine of vegetables.

Put the bowl in the refrigerator until icy cold and then season with Heinz Salad Cream and Yorkshire Relish. Mix well, put into glasses and sprinkle each with shredded lettuce.

By A. H. Adair

Iced Consommé

This is the perfect beginning to a summer dinner, but there are various cream soups as well which can be served iced. In fact, in all really smart restaurants there is usually a choice in summer time of clear or cream soup *iced.*

Of course, all thick soups would not be good iced, but among those which are excellent I would suggest such things as chicken, asparagus, green pea. A cold consommé with a tomato flavour is much the best. Its correct party name is *Consommé Madrilène Glace.*

Salade Princesse

This is a very simple salad but hard to beat. You wash and dry carefully the best parts of tender young lettuces and arrange them to form a bed on individual salad plates. Pile in the centre a little heap of cold cooked asparagus tips. Sprinkle all over, lettuce as well, with salt and pepper, and coat the asparagus tips with Heinz Salad Cream.

Summer Salad

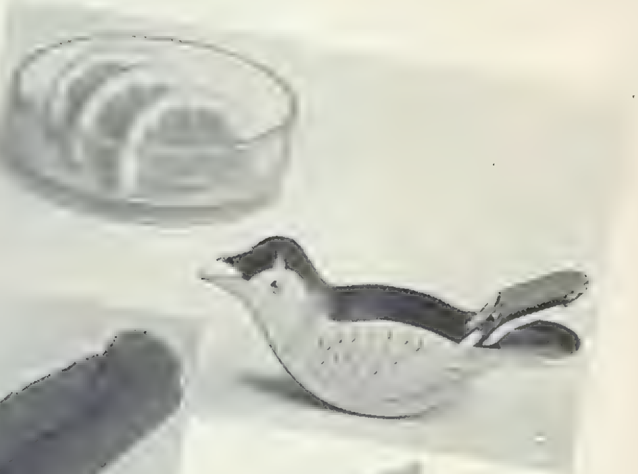
Wash and dry the lettuce leaves, breaking them into small pieces. Put these in the salad bowl with about the same quantity of cold cooked peas. Dust with salt and pepper and hand separately Heinz Mayonnaise.

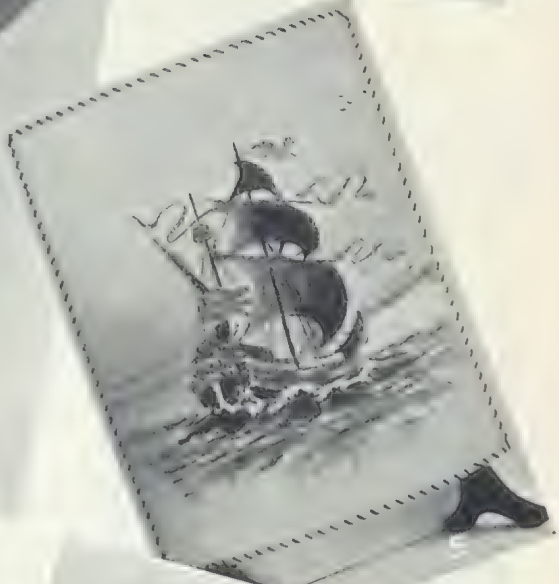
Salade Mimosa

Arrange a bed of crisp lettuce leaves on each salad plate and put a few cubes of pineapple on each. Dust with salt and pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cover completely with

(*Continued on page* 159)

GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH





1.—This useful zip fastening sewing case, in red, green, blue or brown morocco, is specially shaped to accommodate knitting pins. Price 10/6 (Postage 6d.)

2.—Use a "Lembird" squeezer to keep your fingers free from stickiness when eating food with which slices of lemon are served. Price 2/11 (Postage 3d.)

3.—For your guest room, this black glass inkstand and penholder, 5/11 (Postage 1/-). The quill pen, fitted with a holder for any nib, costs 1/-.

4.—A fitted manicure case, morocco leather in red, green, brown or blue. Your favourite varnishes, cuticle removers, etc. : can be transferred into the bottles. Price 7/11 (Postage 6d.)

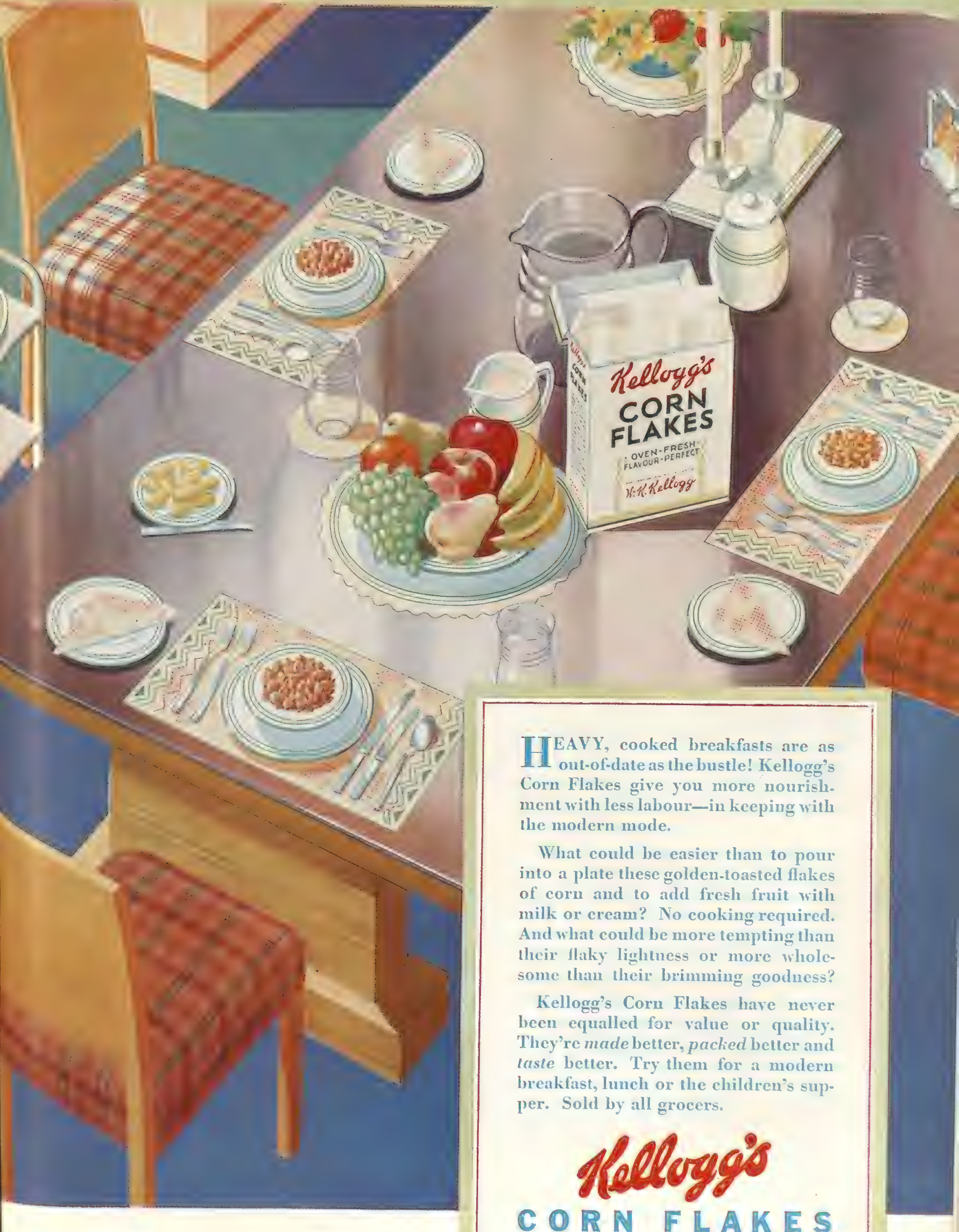
5.—A fire-screen, handpainted on vellum, which may also be obtained in many attractive flower designs. Price 6/11 (Postage 9d.)

6.—Afternoon or evening handbag in ruched crêpe de Chine. Fitted with fixed purse divisions and mirror, and obtainable in royal blue, navy, red, black, white and green. Costs 5/- (Postage 4d.)

7.—At Henley, Hurlingham, Lord's, Wimbledon and all spectator sports a Dunlopillo Handy Cushion will ensure your comfort. This one is covered in Bedford cord in navy, rust, dark brown, maroon, saxe or drab, and has a pocket in which to carry papers or magazines. Price 10/6 (Postage 9d.)

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

DESIGN FOR A MODERN MEAL



HEAVY, cooked breakfasts are as out-of-date as the bustle! Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you more nourishment with less labour—in keeping with the modern mode.

What could be easier than to pour into a plate these golden-toasted flakes of corn and to add fresh fruit with milk or cream? No cooking required. And what could be more tempting than their flaky lightness or more wholesome than their brimming goodness?

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Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

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Although Esso Ethyl is used for the most expensive and exclusive cars, it offers all motorists equal advantages. Every car, no matter what its make, age, or condition, will definitely run better and climb better on Esso Ethyl than on any other brand you can buy. You can never realise how petrol quality has advanced until you use Esso Ethyl and compare it with ordinary brands . . . yet it is no higher in price.

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A new decorative scheme for her home is a grand tonic for any woman. There are colour schemes to be thought out, materials to be chosen for curtains and loose covers, and many little details to be carefully planned before the work is put in hand.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the small decorative colour touches, for these can make or mar a whole scheme.

One of the most effective and inexpensive ways of introducing such colour accents is by the use of candles. Price's have a splendid range and their matched candle sets may be obtained in many charming and artistic designs. Their range of colours, too, offers unlimited choice.

The Venetian No. 8 matched candle set shown in the illustration can be obtained in sky blue, apple green, red, yellow and orange. Also black candlesticks with candles in flame, blue, green, primrose, ivory, old gold and orange.

Other designs include a Venetian two-branch candlestick, which looks really lovely as a dinner-table decoration when dining by candlelight, an obelisk and a Venetian De Luxe.

Ask your local dealer to show you Price's splendid range of Venetian candles; there are forty shades from which to make your choice. The old rose, for instance, would look charming in a guest room with matching curtains and covers.

Can you write? This question can be, and is meant to be, interpreted in two ways. First of all, can you write legibly? Second, can you write stories, articles, lyrics, poetry?

If you cannot write legibly, friends with whom you correspond will bless you if you invest in a Remington Home Portable; and if you can write articles or stories, why not try to make money by doing so?

You will certainly need a typewriter to help you in this, for few editors or publishers will consider a manuscript in your own handwriting, however legible. Besides, you will need a carbon copy in case your original manuscript gets lost.

The Remington Home Portable now costs only £9 9s. cash, or may be bought by ten monthly payments of one pound. It is strongly built, very easy to use and is accompanied by a simple Home Instructor.

There are lots of ways in which you can make money at home if you own one. If you are philanthropically disposed it will enable you to help all sorts of local charitable organisations in your spare time.

Atkinsons, the Bond Street perfumers, have recently devised the neatest silk pochette, which they are generously giving away with every bottle of their delightful Gold Medal Eau-de-Cologne.

It is lined with jaconet, and contains a small pad. When this is sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne the jaconet lining prevents any moisture from permeating the pochette.

The pad will remain moist for several hours, and if you carry it in your day or evening bag it will be always handy for use.

A dab behind the ears, over the temples or on the wrists is wonderfully refreshing when you are feeling hot and jaded after shopping, dancing or sports.

Many women are horrified at the idea of using soap on their faces, but if that soap is absolutely pure and mildly antiseptic it cannot harm the most sensitive skin, and one of the essential rules for preserving a spot-free complexion is cleanliness. Cuticura Soap, with its soft, luxuriant lather, is the perfect complexion soap. Indisputable proof of its purity is the fact that it is chosen in countless nurseries to bathe the delicate skin of new babies.

When spots, skin eruptions or rashes appear instant application of Cuticura Brand Ointment will at once allay irritation and start the healing process.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by all the leading chemists; when buying them you must not overlook the third preparation in the Cuticura range, so remember to ask your chemist for Cuticura Talcum. You will like its refreshing fragrance and will find it the perfect finish to your daily bath.

Experienced travellers know the value of good luggage, and whether you are an habitual globe-trotter or merely a week-ender you will find that really good quality trunks and suitcases are an investment.

Revelation suitcases, besides bearing the hall-mark of good taste, will withstand endless handling and prove lifetime companions on all your journeys. All those made in leather or vulcanised fibre are covered by a five-year guarantee. Their quality of expansion to take luggage for a week-end, a week, a month or more is one of their greatest advantages, for however much or little you place in them can be securely packed so that it cannot get tumbled or ruined in transit, and those extra things which we most of us acquire on our travels fit in on the return journey and obviate the necessity of burdening yourself with parcels.

There are over thirty Revelation models from which to choose, at prices from 10s. 6d. They are available in fibre, vulcanised fibre, cowhide and rawhide.

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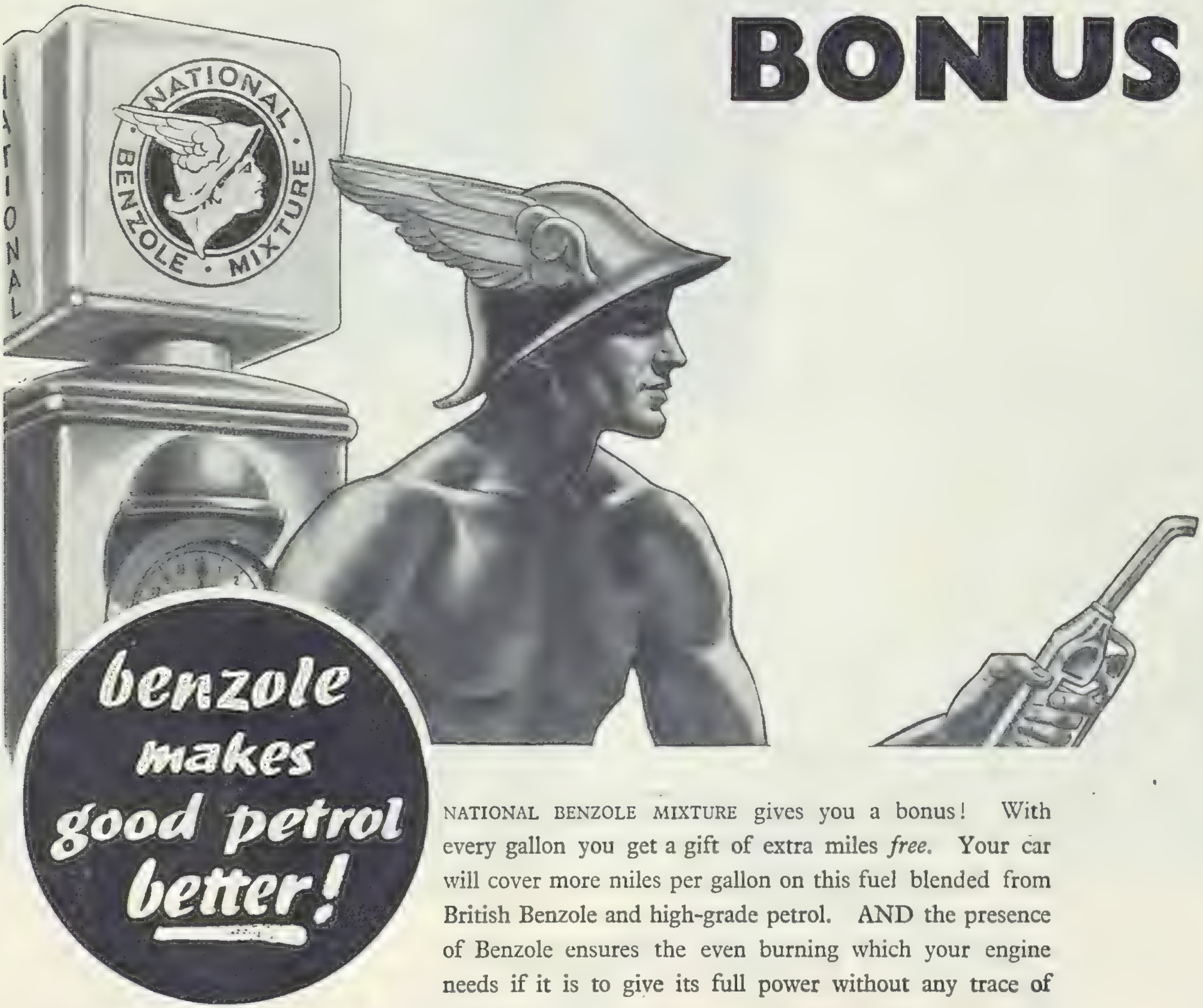

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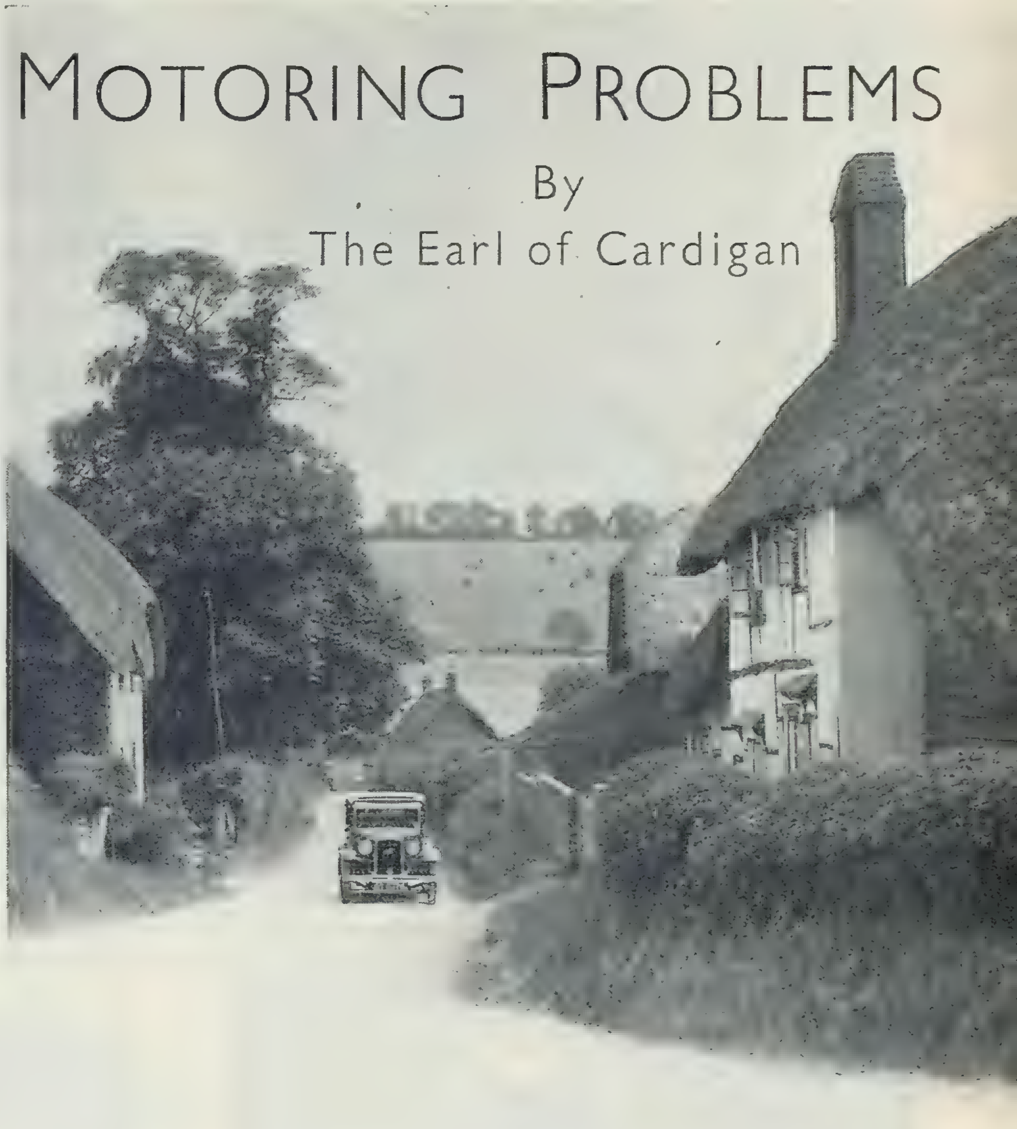
MIDSUMMER MOTORING PROBLEMS

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE winter is commonly considered to be the most difficult time of year for the motorist, whereas, in summer, conditions are thought to be at their easiest. Is this generalisation a true one? Can we honestly say, when we get a spell of real summer weather, that a special opportunity for care-free motoring has been presented to us?

I think myself that any driver who is not fully experienced ought to beware of this light-hearted attitude of mind. Motoring certainly *used* to be much easier in the summer, if only because old cars, on the roads of ten years ago, used to do a lot of skidding during the winter months. Nowadays, cars still ride more steadily on a dry surface—but the difference is much less marked.

As against this, roads are generally far more congested in the summer, with vehicles moving at a notably higher average speed. This is becoming increasingly the case, now that almost everybody possesses a motor car, or favours road travel in some form or other. The widest modern road, if it happens to lead to some favourite resort, is hardly able to carry the week-end traffic which fine weather may bring forth.

Thus, for the ordinary driver who likes to jog along quietly at his own pace, the summer may not bring anything like ideal conditions. It may even be argued that a crowded summer road is more arduous than a slippery winter road, when one comes to estimate the amount of care and mental effort required to tackle it in safety.

ONE of the chief difficulties is that summer traffic seldom moves at a steady, even pace. One meets the business man, in a tearing hurry to get down to the seaside for as long a week-end holiday as possible. His speed, where the road is momentarily clear, may go up to 60 m.p.h.

Then there are motor coaches, which usually maintain a steady 40 m.p.h. These are almost invariably well driven; but their bulk makes them difficult to overtake. Finally, there are a great many private cars, cautiously driven by beginners or by what one may term "seasonal" motorists. Many of these proceed at a pace which is irritatingly slow—perhaps less than 30 m.p.h.

With such great differences in speed, and with vehicles crowded so closely together, there is bound to be awkwardness for all concerned. The fast drivers find themselves cursing the "wretched ditherers," while the said "ditherers"—who, after all, are genuinely trying to proceed in a cautious and inoffensive manner—are no less indignant with the "maniacs" who continually jostle them in seemingly frenzied efforts to overtake.

Now, I have no sympathy whatever with the "must-get-past-at-any-price" type of driver. At the same time, I do think that the beginner makes a serious mistake if he persists in driving much more slowly than other people.

LET us consider under what circumstances summer traffic could flow along the roads in the *easiest* manner possible. It would surely be necessary for all vehicles to move at about the same pace. Then there would be no overtaking, and consequently no "jostling."

The beginner would therefore be making the best possible contribution to his own convenience—and that of everybody else—if he would drive as nearly as possible at the common average speed. It may sound paradoxical—but he would really get along better and more safely by going up to 40 m.p.h. than by adhering rigidly to the false security of his 30 m.p.h. cruising speed.

I would like to make this a definite suggestion to anyone who, not being very expert, has to make a long run on a crowded road during one of the summer holiday periods. Do not try to go either as fast as possible or as slowly as possible: simply choose somebody who is keeping up a nice, steady, average pace, and follow him or her at a consistent interval of about 100 yards.

Although I consider myself a useful driver, there are times when I am quite ready to practise what I preach in this respect. I am not too proud to follow another driver, if the latter is cruising steadily at what I consider a decent speed.

ON the subject of overtaking, there is another point which is worth making. Comparatively few drivers understand how to overtake in safety. Even the most cautious drivers, who do not attempt to go past until they can see a long way ahead, are apt to be inefficient in the manner of their overtaking.

The ideal method is that which enables one to get past within the shortest possible space of time. Every moment when one car is hanging level with another is a moment of potential danger. For this reason, one of the "steady-30 m.p.h." drivers is apt to be especially dangerous when he sets out to overtake another of the "steady-25 m.p.h." school.

To do the job of overtaking properly, every ounce of available power should be used by the car which wishes to get ahead. If necessary, the driver should get down into third gear. He should, to a certain extent, "come up with a rush." This is easily possible if he has foreseen in advance that an opening is likely to occur, and has begun to accelerate a few seconds beforehand so as to take instant advantage of it.

If these two points could be generally borne in mind, the difficulties of midsummer motoring would certainly be much reduced.

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30 h.p. de Ville (9" longer chassis, 11'6"). Price £1,195. (Division £30 extra).

The 4½ litre 4 Seater D.H. Coupe is unquestionably recognised by all admirers of the dual-purpose car as the most beautiful, powerful and practically designed car of its type. 95-100 m.p.h. Price £1,150.

4½ litre Saloon. Price £1,125
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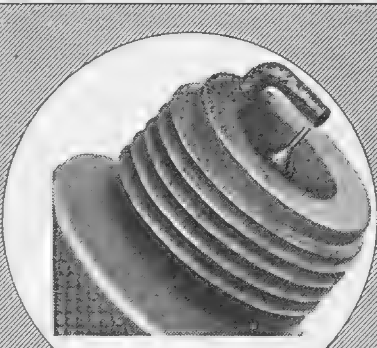

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With this Holiday Home enjoy a new experience . . .

If you pause to consider why other people buy Eccles Caravans, you will probably—and very wisely—follow their example. Think, a moment, of the endless enjoyment in possessing a "country cottage" that you can take anywhere. Think of the frequent *extra* holidays and week-ends—at no cost at all. Think of the leisure, comfort, health, and economy of Eccles Caravanning—and the completely *different* kind of pleasure that can be yours. Eccles Caravans are built with a sound knowledge of all your needs by practical caravanners. You will never find better value than Eccles—send for the 1937 Catalogue and prove it to your own satisfaction.

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fbl

AN INTERESTING LIGHT CAR

The Fiat "500"

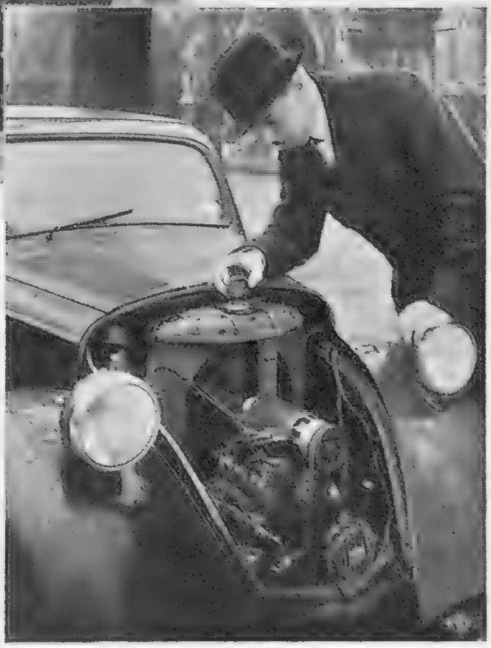
By The Earl of Cardigan

WITH a 6-foot driver standing beside it, the Fiat looks small. The amount of interior space, however, is ample, the leg-room in particular being really generous

I HOPE I shall not be misunderstood if I say that the Fiat "500" is the most interesting car which I have driven for a very long time. I do not mean that, compared with other cars which I have recently reviewed, it is especially fast or smooth-running or luxurious. I cannot indeed think of anything in its performance which one could call spectacular or phenomenal.

At the same time, I was kept intensely interested throughout my test run. The point is that nearly everything about this Fiat is original. Except that it has the usual four wheels, it is not like any other car. The design of it fairly bristles with novel ideas—and these ideas, however revolutionary they may appear at first sight, are none the less practical and useful when one comes to examine them.

THERE is no car in which a tall man can stretch his legs more comfortably. This is not surprising. The gearbox is the only mechanical unit located within the wheel-base



THE entire engine is carried in front of the front axle. It is, however, so small and compact that there is no excessive overhang. The axle passes approximately beneath the radiator

To begin with, this Fiat is a size smaller than other familiar light cars. It has an engine of literally 7 h.p.—i.e., with an R.A.C. rating of only 6·7. So diminutive is the power unit that it does not have to be carried in the usual manner within the chassis frame. Instead, it actually projects in front of the front axle!

This sounds as if there must be a tremendous frontal overhang; but actually this is not the case. The whole of the cylinder block naturally overhangs, but the radiator is in rear of this and approximately over the axle. The same applies to the clutch housing, whereas the gearbox comes just behind the axle, and alone among the mechanical units occupies space within the wheel-base.

One immediate effect of this is that the driver has an amazing amount of leg-room at his disposal. Small though the car appears, a six-foot man can get into it and stretch his legs out in a positively luxurious manner. The little engine, although of such small capacity, does its work distinctly well. Naturally, it cannot do a great deal at low "revs," and therefore the driver who does not use his gearbox will not get the best results from it. When the lower gears are freely used, there is plenty of brisk acceleration, such as to enable the car—at least on the give-and-take stretches of road—to compete on even terms with others of substantially larger size.

The Fiat "500" in Brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves, carried in front of the axle. 6·7 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox—third and top synchro-mesh.

Performance: Third gear 40 m.p.h.; top gear 55 m.p.h.

Springing: Independent in front; semi-cantilever at rear.

Steering: Accurate, and has exceptionally small turning circle.

Brakes: Of efficient hydraulic type.

Coachwork: Remarkably roomy for two people and luggage.

Price: £120. The Car Mart, Ltd., are distributors.

THE Fiat "500" is something new in the way of light cars. It is rated at less than 7 h.p., and yet has a lively performance on the road, besides providing exceptional space for the driver and one passenger

The third gear, of which the fullest use should be made, is of the popular synchro-mesh type. There is, therefore, no difficulty whatever in engaging it. It gives the car a valuable turn of speed, up to a maximum of 40 m.p.h. Since the engine is willing to "rev." very vigorously without causing any vibration, there is no reason why all of this third-gear speed capacity should not be freely used.

The speed available in top gear is some 55 m.p.h. The flexibility of this ratio is not very great; but the makers have clearly not intended that one should employ top gear except for definite main-road purposes. At 4·87 to 1, the Fiat is a high-geared car in relation to its engine size, and cannot possibly be thought of in the "do-everything-in-top-gear" category.

In addition to the engine, all the subsidiary features of the chassis are thoroughly efficient. This Fiat, for instance, has irreproachable springing—each front wheel being sprung independently. Nowadays, one can perhaps hardly call independent front-wheel springing an especial novelty—but I believe that no other genuine light car has so up-to-date a suspension system. For 6·7 h.p., it must surely be unique. (*Continued on page 104*)

M.G. Midget Series T. Two-Seater £222
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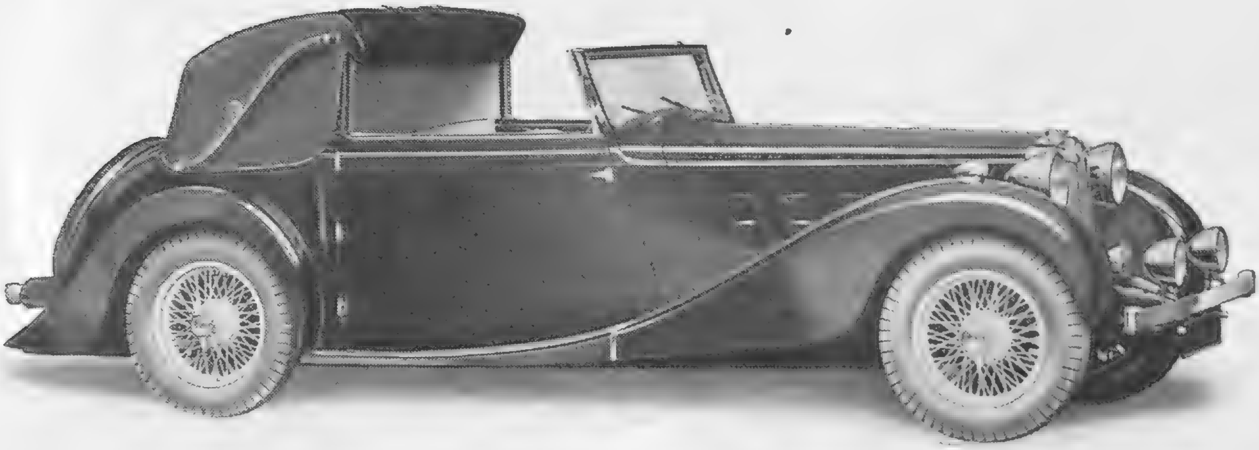

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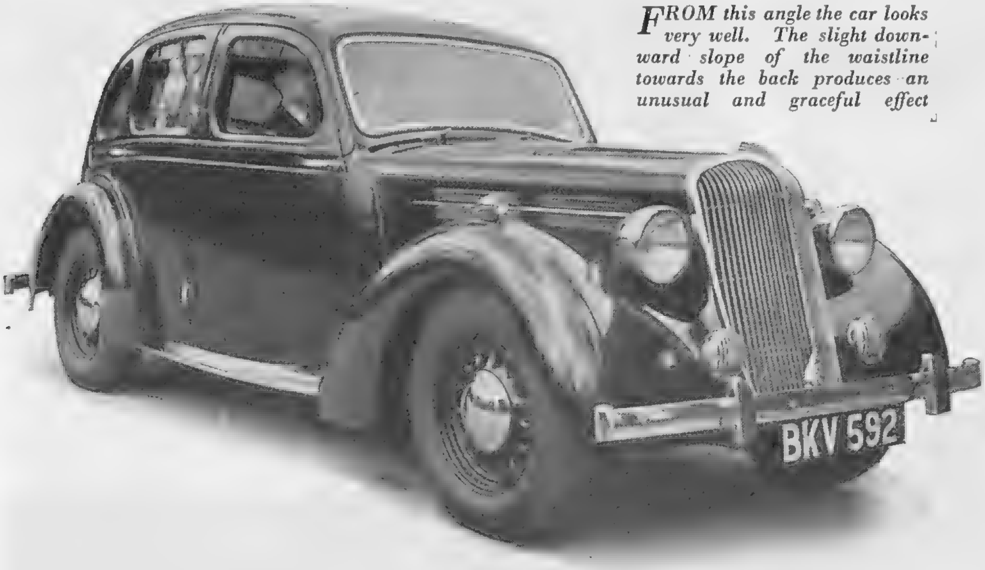


FROM this angle the car looks very well. The slight downward slope of the waistline towards the back produces an unusual and graceful effect

THE NEW "FLYING STANDARD"

The 20 h.p. "V-Eight"

By
The Earl of Cardigan

EVERY motorist must have noticed how, within the last few years, the "V-Eight" type of car has been continually gaining in popularity. There is good reason for this. The "V-Eight" engine, in relation to its bulk, is exceptionally efficient. It occupies very little more space than a small "four," having no greater length and only a certain amount more width—while developing approximately double the amount of power.

It is therefore characteristic of a "V-Eight" car that it should give a very fine performance and at the same time leave ample chassis space for the coachbuilder. It is accordingly no matter for surprise that the Standard Company, to complete its range of fast and comfortable "Flying" models, should have decided to put a "Flying V-Eight" on the market.

With this car, which is of 20 h.p., the driver certainly gets a sense of engine efficiency from the first moment of taking the wheel. The rate of acceleration is very remarkable, and there is a surge of power in response to the slightest pressure on the accelerator. One is not surprised to learn that anything up to 75 h.p. is developed on the open road when the engine can really be "given its head."

Another early impression is that the driving position has been carefully planned for comfort. The front seats are of course adjustable for length, and it is a good point that the steering column is capable of similar adjustment. The wheel can therefore always be set to just the right position for any individual driver.

The steering itself operates very pleasantly, and plays its part in enabling the car to hold the road well and inspire, at all speeds, a sense of confidence. The brakes may also be credited with a certain "confidential" quality. They are powerful, but never cause annoyance by checking the car with an unexpected jerk. Thus there is no need for diffidence in applying them firmly when the need arises.

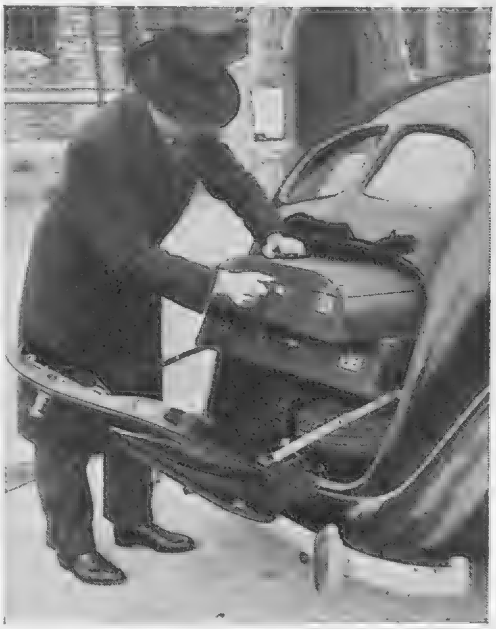
The springing, although of the straightforward semi-elliptic type, provides very smooth riding. The makers provided me (unintentionally, I presume) with an excellent means of verifying this. On the car loaned to me, there was a spare ignition key dangling from the instrument panel on the end of a bit of string. It was clear that any jolting or bouncing would cause this key to clatter against the panel.

During the whole of my test run, there was only one period when the key swung sufficiently to make itself heard. This was when I was on a bad surface at about 25 m.p.h. In the course of several miles when I was cruising at 60 m.p.h. or more, hardly any movement at all was registered. I think this is a good rough-and-ready indication of springing efficiency.

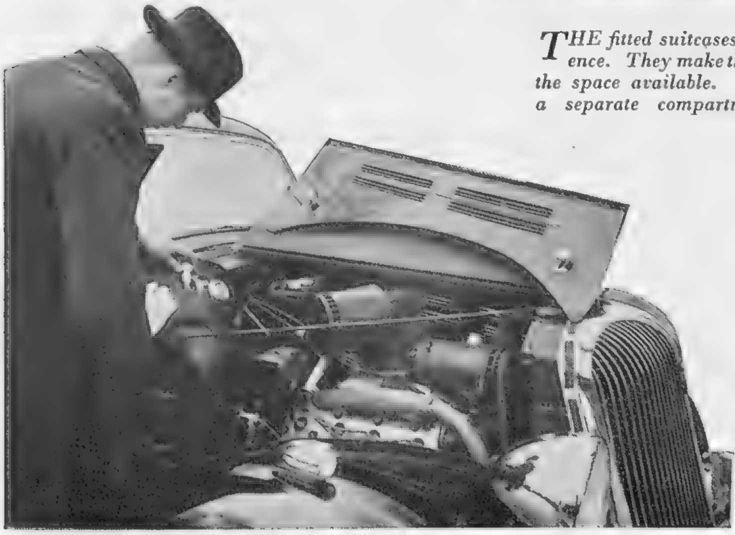
On the open road, this Standard quickly shows what it can do in the way of speed. Its third-gear performance is impressive. With this ratio engaged, it will give remarkable acceleration up to 60 m.p.h.—and, although this is much faster than one would normally ask the car to go in a low gear, it is noteworthy that the resultant high "revs" do not cause any valve-bounce or excess noise. I remember having observed this before with recent Standard engines. The valve gear is so designed as to remain quiet under any provocation.

In top gear, the maximum is a good 80 m.p.h.—and here again the full speed can be reached and maintained without any unpleasant symptoms being apparent. The result is that the car "gets over the ground" really fast without fatiguing either driver or passengers.

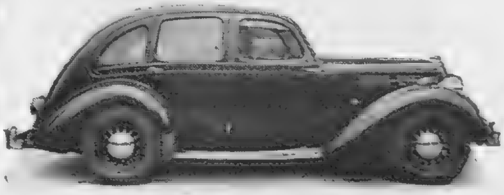
(*Continued on page* 104)



THE fitted suitcases are a great convenience. They make the best possible use of the space available. The spare wheel has a separate compartment beneath them



THE compactness of the "V-Eight" engine is very evident. Although it is a remarkably efficient 20 h.p. unit, it leaves room under the bonnet for both battery and tool kit



THE "Flying Standard" "V-Eight" is a car of fine appearance, and capable of a first-class performance on the road. The stream-line motif does not prevent the coachwork from being extremely comfortable

The "Flying Standard" "V-Eight" in Brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in "V" formation, with side valves. 20 h.p. £15 tax.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox; synchromesh second, third and top.

Performance: Third gear, 60 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, good; car holds road well.

Steering: Good and accurate, column adjustable.

Brakes: Efficient, Bendix type.

Coachwork: Well equipped and plenty of room.

Price: Saloon de Luxe, £349.

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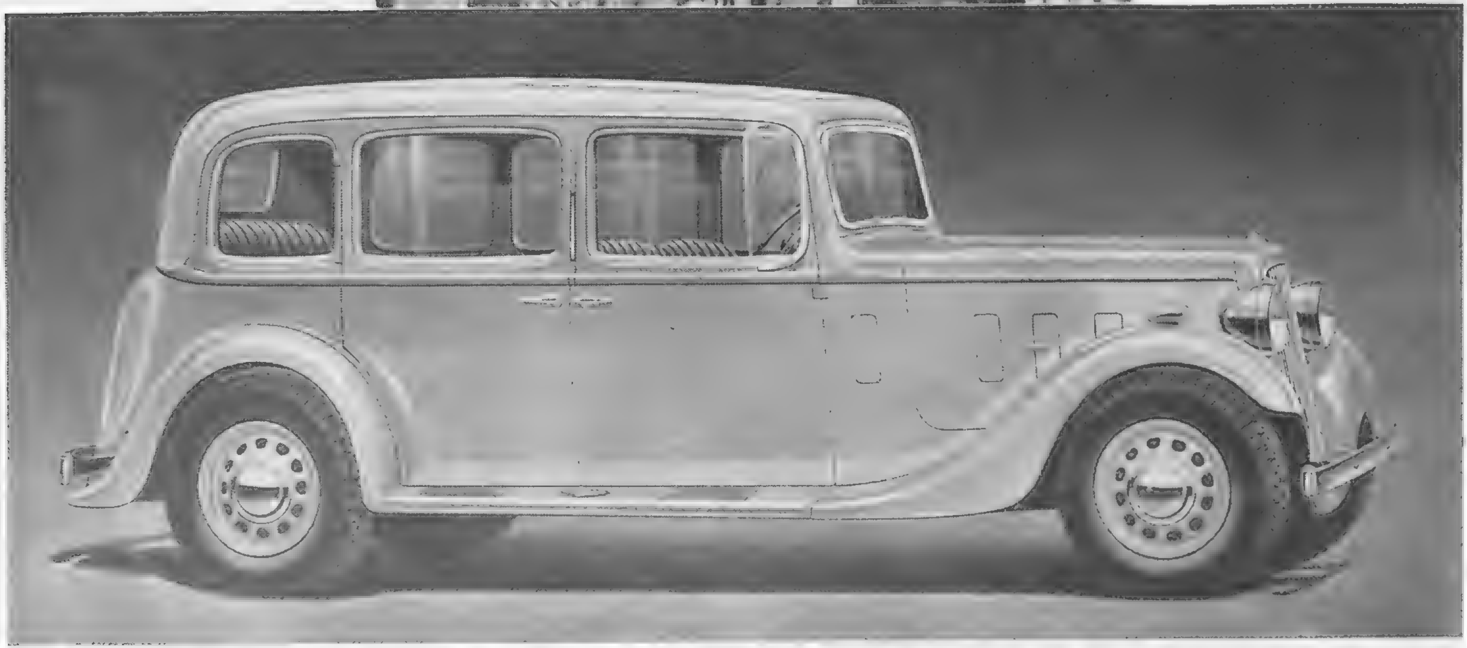

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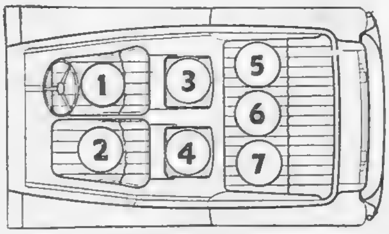

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Cardigan with Slant Pockets

(*Continued from page* 64)

7th row: K. 6, * P. 3, K. 7; repeat from * to last 8 sts., K. 6, K. twice into next st., K. 1.

8th row: K. twice into 1st st., * P. 9, K. 1; repeat from * to last 7 sts., K. 7.

9th row: * P. 5, K. 5; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 5, K. 2, K. twice into next st., K. 1.

10th row: K. twice into 1st st., P. 5, * K. 3, P. 7; repeat from * to last st., K. 1.

11th row: K. 2, * P. 1, K. 9; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 1, K. 6, K. twice into next st., K. 1.

12th row: K. twice into 1st st., P. 1, * K. 5, P. 5; repeat from * to end.

13th row: K. 6, * P. 3, K. 7; repeat from * to last 7 sts., P. 3, K. 2, K. twice into next st., K. 1.

14th row: K. twice into 1st st., P. 5, * K. 1, P. 9; repeat from * to last 7 sts., P. 7 (55 sts.).

Continue as for Right Front until 12½ ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLE:

(End with 4th row of pat.)

1st row: Cast off 2, K. 3, * P. 3, K. 7; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 3, K. 6.

2nd row: P. 7, * K. 1, P. 9; repeat from * to last 6 sts., K. 1, P. 5.

3rd row: Cast off 2, * K. 5, P. 5; repeat from * to end.

4th row: P. 1, * K. 3, P. 7; repeat from * to end.

5th row: Cast off 2, K. 5, * P. 1, K. 9; repeat from * to last 3 sts., P. 1, K. 2.

6th row: * P. 5, K. 5; repeat from * to last 9 sts., P. 5, K. 4.

7th row: Cast off 2, * K. 7, P. 3; repeat from * to last 6 sts., K. 6.

8th row: P. 7, * K. 1, P. 9; repeat from * to end.

9th row: Cast off 2, P. 4, * K. 5, P. 5; repeat from * to end (45 sts.). Continue as for Right Front.

SLEEVES:

With No. 7 pins cast on 45 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Purl 1 row. Continue in pat. until 2 ins. from start, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 75 sts. When sleeve measures 18½ ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS:

With No. 10 pins cast on 27 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row.

2nd row: K. 2, P. 2, K. 2, P. 15, K. 2, P. 2, K. 2. Continue in main pat., keeping 6 sts. at each end in double Moss st. (K. 2, P. 2, K. 2). Work until 7½ ins. from start. Cast off.

EDGING:

With No. 10 pins cast on 6 sts. Work in double Moss st. for 88 ins. Cast off.

POCKET EDGINGS:

With No. 10 pins cast on 6 sts. Work in double Moss st. for 3 ins. Cast off. (Work 4 in all.)

POCKETS:

With No. 7 pins cast on 10 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row.

2nd row: K. twice into 1st st., K. 4, P. 4, P. twice into last st.

3rd row: K. twice into 1st st., K. 6, P. 3, K. 1, K. twice into last st.

4th row: K. twice into 1st st., P. 3, K. 1, P. 8, P. twice into last st.

5th row: K. twice into 1st st., K. 2, P. 5, K. 5, P. 2, P. twice into last st.

6th row: K. twice into 1st st., K. 2, P. 7, K. 3, P. 4, P. twice into last st. (20 sts.).

Continue in pat. for 1½ in. Cast off.

BUTTON COVERS (5):

No. 10 pins. Cast on 11 sts. Work 11 rows Stocking st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on pockets. Cover button moulds. Sew on. Leave a space between lining for buttonholes. Work buttonholes.

The Making of a Fighter Pilot

(*Continued from page* 11)

Within three or four minutes the flight has taken in some four hundred gallons of petrol, and six thousand rounds of ammunition, and is away again on a new fighting mission.

The pace to which war in the air has been speeded up is almost inconceivable.

Inside an hour a formation of fighters has climbed to twenty-five thousand feet, engaged an enemy thirty miles away on four or five separate occasions, returned to their base, re-armed and re-fueled, and are off to another engagement.

Yet that is just one of the daily operations in the training of a modern fighter pilot.

For although there is a permanent flight commander in charge of each flight, every pilot takes his turn to lead the flight in battle tactics.

At the end of the exercise the film spools are unloaded from the camera-guns and developed.

The damage inflicted on the raiders may be seen by comparing the films of the battle flight pilots with those of the neighbouring bomber squadron who were acting as raiders.

In order to arrive at the most exact report of the shooting possible, there is a synchronised clock attached to each camera-gun, and a replica of the clock dial appears on the film with each exposure. So that it is useless for a flight commander to claim that his fellows have shot down six raiders when the clocks on the films of the raiding machines show that four of the scouts had been shot down a tenth of a second before.

To watch a battle flight in action, one would imagine that it must take years for a pilot to obtain the standard of lightning proficiency necessary to indulge in these complicated manœuvres.

Yet as likely as not the flight commander leading this battle flight was only a year ago the 18-year-old baby of his first R.A.F. flying training school, whom his instructor was patiently showing how to prevent his machine from behaving like a switchback.

The result is nothing short of a miracle of organisation combined with hard work and keenness on the part of the individual pilot, who has attained a specialised knowledge in a vast number of subjects, ranging from aerial navigation to the construction of aeroplanes.

For by the time he reaches his Service squadron a fighter pilot has done at least 100 hours' flying, of which 50 hours of dual and solo were carried out on school machines in the 70 m.p.h. category, and 50 hours in Service types, capable of round about 180 m.p.h. in level flight.

He knows enough about aeroplanes to supervise riggers and mechanics in making adjustments to his machine. He has been trained to fly "blind" by his instruments alone in the hooded cockpit of a two-seater machine. He can shoot, both with a camera-gun and his pair of 500-rounds-a-minute machine guns.

And when he reaches his Service squadron he is kept busy doing all of these things, and a great many more.

With the exception of Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when he plays games, his time is fully occupied with training.

Consider a typical week's work in the life of a fighter pilot.

On Monday morning he does a height test climb to 35,000 feet, (*Continued on page* 84)

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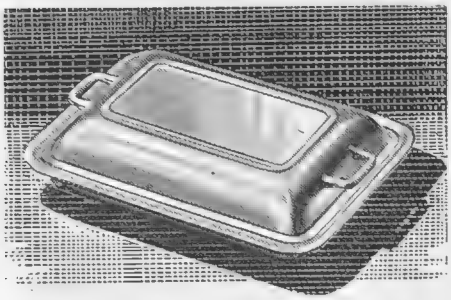

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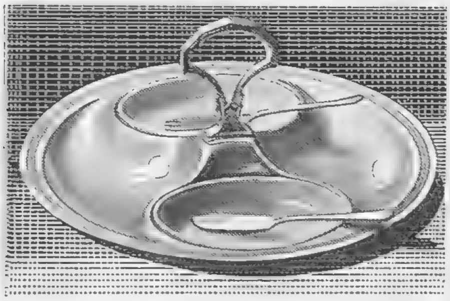

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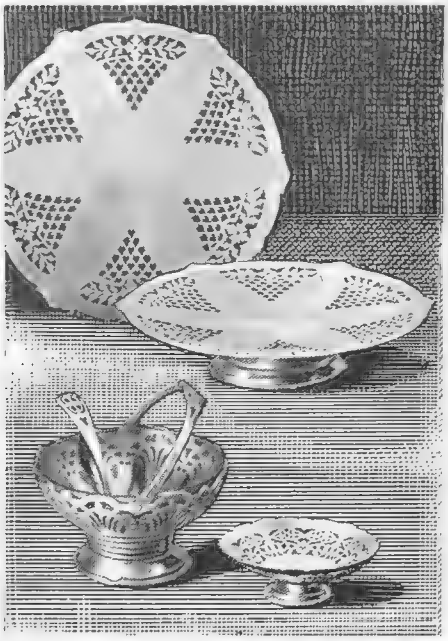

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adjusting his oxygen supply at every 5,000 feet by means of a knob and graduated dial.

Sitting up there on a crazy contraption of wires and light metal, miles above the earth, with one wing tip resting on Paris, and another grazing County Cork, he is monarch of all he surveys.

The Thames looks to him like a tiny trickle, whilst the Channel is no more than a silver ribbon, and the Irish Sea a pond.

So he makes the most of his exhilaration, until the voice of his flight commander over the radio telephone brings him back to earth.

Up there at 35,000 feet the thermometer goes right off the map at 40 degrees below zero on the warmest days; and even the specially treated lubricating oil on the controls gets so stiff that he often needs the full strength of both arms to shift them.

Dolled up as he is like an Eskimo on a Bank Holiday, with countless suits of underclothing, windproof flying suit, and sheepskin thigh boots, he cannot avoid the Arctic cold at that height.

In the afternoon he may take his turn at the desk as duty officer in the pilot's room; where he has to see that the members of the battle flight are waiting, dressed and in readiness to "stand by" in their machines, as soon as the sector commander's order comes through from the control room on the loud-speaker.

He is in radio-telephonic communication with them all the time they are in the air, transmitting to them any orders the squadron leader may have to give, and keeping in touch with the control room by land line.

On Tuesday morning he is sent off to intercept a raider, attacking him methodically with his camera-gun from several set angles.

Assuming war conditions under which the engagement might be broken off over unfamiliar territory, he is instructed to return home by D/F (direction finding).

For this purpose he calls up the D/F station of his home aerodrome and asks for a bearing to fly on.

The D/F man tells the pilot to fly round in circles for a minute. He then twiddles his box of tricks, which consists of a wireless receiving set on a turntable, tuned in to receive a note from the transmitting sets on the machines in the air. Within a few seconds he lays a line with a piece of cotton on his map, and telephones the correct compass bearing on which the pilot must fly to return home. If the pilot requires to know his exact position, the D/F man rings up another D/F station by land line, and having asked them to give him a bearing on the same machine, plots it on the map with the loose end of the cotton. The point of intersection of the two bearings gives the pilot's exact position.

The same afternoon he may be firing live ammunition at a target being towed at the end of a quarter of a mile of cable by another machine above the mud flats at some deserted part of the East Coast.

This is a ticklish business, owing to the terrific speed of his machine. The most fractional miscalculation in a 500 m.p.h. dive may cause him to do one of several unpleasant things.

He may fire too early and shoot down the towing machine. He may miscalculate his dive and hit the wire dragging the target. He may not pull out of his dive soon enough, in which case the earth comes up in a flash like a gigantic fly swat.

But as he has doubtless taken his turn at towing a target, he is quite aware of the various dangers involved.

Every time he fires, the sleeve target is lowered to the ground, the number of hits noted by the range staff, and the results signalled to him.

The next morning he is up with another machine of his flight, taking on a two-seater scout with camera-guns.

This is much better fun than shooting up straight-flying bombers who have no time for dalliance by the way.

For the bomber makes a bee-line for his objective, lays his "eggs," and flies straight home again if he can. He only stays to fight when he has no choice.

But a two-seater scout can give a couple of single-seaters a scrap worthy of their speed and manœuvrability.

While one draws the fire of the observer, the other tries to shoot up the pilot—but a two-seater scout pilot is not such easy meat.

He fights back with his own forward guns, at the same time manœuvring so as to give his observer some good shooting.

These machines, darting about at speeds approaching 700 feet per second, demand lightning reflexes on the part of the pilot, which is the answer to the question why a pilot is "too old at 25"—to become a fighter pilot.

Then, because it is Wednesday afternoon, our young friend will be taking some exercise on the ground with a Rugger pill.

On Thursday morning he is carrying out aerobatics in formation with the rest of the flight.

The flight commander gives his orders by radio telephone, and the flight loop, roll and half-roll in formation, with a bare ten feet between their wing tips.

Supposing the weather is too bad for flying during the afternoon, he may have a lecture on the recognition of various types of machine, illustrated by silhouettes. This is very necessary, as one machine, friend or enemy, looks much like another to the unpractised eye.

When flying a new type of machine at the Front during the war, I was often chased by our own fighters, who did not know it by sight.

Fortunately, my machine was much faster than theirs.

Another of the modern fighter pilot's weekly exercises is to fly to a pin-point reference on the map, drop a message bag to a military unit and return to the aerodrome; and what with Friday afternoon spent in towing a target for another member of the flight to fire on with a camera-gun, and Saturday morning practising attacks in formation, each pilot taking command in turn and giving the orders by radio telephone, our Knight of the Air has put in a fairly hefty week's work.

But the recent speed-up has brought the training to a pace that even we war-time pilots never knew.

The result is that the modern fighter pilot's flying and shooting are better than anything we imagined possible; for the standard of instruction has improved out of all recognition.

I was taught to fly by a gentleman with a powerful voice (he needed it, because we had no 'phones); a genius for vivid self-expression; and a forceful method that sometimes involved him in hitting me over the head in the air with the spare joy stick.

I soon learned to fly (in two and a half hours, to be exact), for I was determined to get him out of the machine at the earliest possible moment.

Unfortunately he had forgotten to teach me to taxi, so that as soon as he waved me off on my first solo flight the machine started a Viennese waltz on the aerodrome, which only finished up when it decided to take itself and me into the air, where we were comparatively safe.

But apparently those old methods are as extinct as the machines which we flew.

Flying instructors are not allowed to curse their pupils nowadays.

The budding Service pilot gets at least 12 hours' dual instruction on his initial school machine before he takes the air solo. By that time he can fly and land without danger to himself or his machine. Crashes are practically unknown to-day on the school machines.

In the war days we went solo after 2½ to 4½ hours of hard aerial cursing, when the instructor would leave the machine and wave us off on the great adventure.

Then he would hide his head in his hands and listen for the crash. I believe a few pious ones used to pray—but that was unusual.

And yet as I stood watching a young fighter pilot the other

(*Continued on page 86*)

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FIRST OF CYDERS . . . FOREMOST OF DRINKS

day waiting to take off in the very latest of fighting juggernauts, I was in two minds about envying him.

There he was wedged in his cockpit with his oxygen mask and his microphone, his earphones, his parachute and harness; and an instrument board like the engine room of a battleship.

I wondered whether to thank my stars that I flew to war unburdened with any of these things.

Of course the pilots who are entrusted with the care of crack fighter machines consider themselves now, as then, the pick of the country's young manhood.

Only those need apply who have the light hands of a horseman; for the controls are as sensitive as a horse's mouth. They are never moved more than two inches from "neutral" for the most complicated manœuvre in aerobatics.

Usually the fighter pilot has a certain conceit that tells him that he is not like such lesser mortals as bomber pilots, for instance; and he must possess a generous allowance of the "offensive spirit," by which is not meant a proclivity for getting tight in the mess and socking the C.O. on the nose.

The "offensive spirit" to which the Air Ministry have always, quite rightly, attached so much importance is that irrepressible urge to get to grips with the enemy, whatever the odds, and drive him out of the sky.

This spirit was often reflected in the poems of 54 Squadron's anonymous war-time bard, but never better than in the following immortal verse:

The Making of a Fighter Pilot

"For the Hun he looked down on Peronne,
From which he'd run away,
And Struggy, seeing seven there,
Cried 'Splendid! Chaps! Hooray!
Although there's only four of us,
You've got to fight, you see!'
And so they went right into them!
By Gad! They brought down three!"

Of course the lads who throw themselves about like that have to be fighting fit.

But the medical examination of a candidate for the R.A.F. is not nearly so terrifying as one might believe from the legendary descriptions of it that one sometimes reads in the Press, which depict the proceedings as a cross between the examination of a suspect by the Ogpu and a South American rodeo.

The principal requirements are good eyesight and a strong heart.

Once they have passed the medical board, the majority of R.A.F. candidates proceed to an R.A.F. controlled civilian flying school for their initial flying training, successful pupils being granted short service commissions of four years on the active list and six on the reserve.

A proportion of candidates proceed to permanent commissions through the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell (the Air Force equivalent of Sandhurst and Woolwich), the only difference in the training being that the temporary man completes his training inside a year, whereas the permanent man has two years at Cranwell, where he receives such training as is calculated to equip him later on for the higher ranks of the Service.

Danger Age

(Continued from page 52)

A slightly different combination of water-lily essences, glandular extract and oils—to supplement the lack of oil-cells—will supply us with the remedy in a most soothing cream, which will duly wipe out life's cross-country map-work round your eyes. It will efface those tell-tale landmarks of wrinkles, ridges and rills, and yet leave you with the unblemished richness of expression which the years have garnered.

There is also a lotion which draws out all tiredness from the eyes, and consequently anticipates and prevents puckering. It is quite invaluable as an eye-freshener between race meetings and dinner parties, or after any long outdoor day, or after a harassing day at the office.

Lie for three minutes with cotton-wool pads soaked in this lotion over your eyes. It will make all the difference presently to their smooth-rimmed lustre and softness and greatly enhance their size. While for an added gleam, you have only to streak the lids with a drop of herbal oil to provide you with a flattering make-up and an antidote against lid-shrivelling, at one and the same time.

As a lightning cocktail and one that should always be on your dressing-table, there is nothing to approach a water-lily mask. It restores clarity and radiance to the dullest complexion, without having the least drying effect on the most fragile skin. But you must allow it at least forty minutes, and for the best results an hour.

Cleanse the face with a soap and water wash, or with cleansing cream, dry and get it clear. Then spread the mask liberally all over it with slightly dampened finger-tips. *Do not neglect the neck.* Leave it on for forty-five minutes or longer if convenient. Then press a face cloth that has been wrung out in hot water over the face.

When the mask is off dry the face thoroughly. Spread a cleansing cream to clear the mask from the pores, remove with tissues, and then pat the face well with a toning lotion—either a toning lotion that is complementary to the lily mask or your own.

It is better, of course, to use the complementary astringent—it always is.

Proceed with your make-up in the usual way, only you will find that after the stimulation of the mask it will be unnecessary to use quite so much.

If you have given yourself the lily mask as a face treat before going to sleep, then, when it is removed, feed your face well with skin-food. Here, again, you can use your own skin-food, or a complementary one specially prepared to prolong the reviving effect of the mask.

And, as a last tip from me, spread a little of that throat balsam on your hands. It will work wonders. After all, you don't need a worn hand to come up against a young face and neck; what you need is one like a water-lily petal.

Lovely, the Sun

(Continued from page 53)

There is a foundation with this make-up which helps neutralise the tones of the skin into prevailing ivory. The lipstick and nail-varnish are nasturtium, so is the rouge, when used. The eye-shadow is of two tones of green, and the powders of two tones of amber, which is really deep cream.

The green eye-shadow should be more definitely marked than your eye-shadow is usually. This make-up succeeds beyond praise against heavy and brilliant brocades: against all tinsels: against purple, flame, and two-colour dresses, particularly black and green.

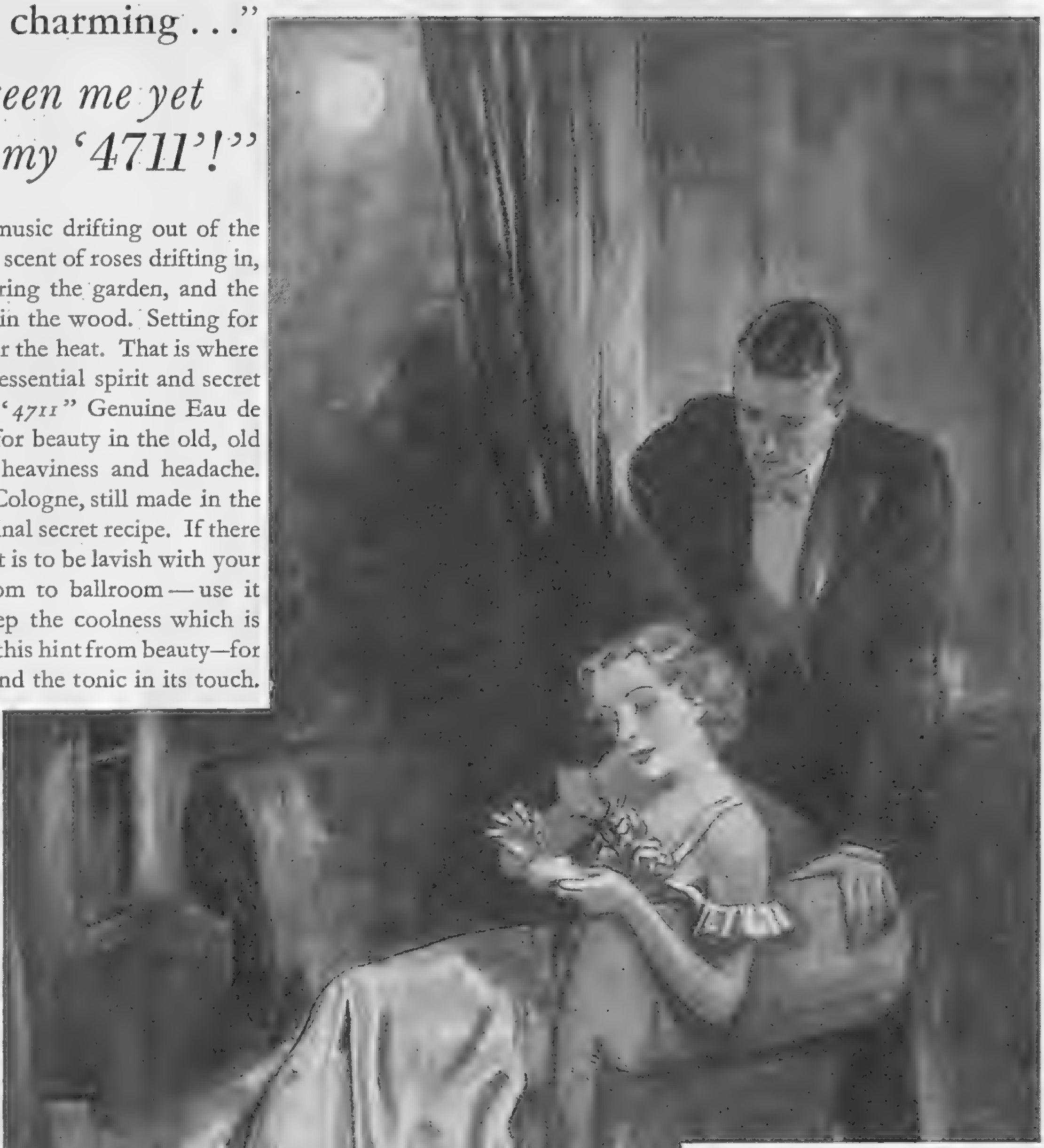
The latest note in make-up is: make-up to the colour of your frock. That's old, you will say. It isn't. Read on. Mauve has never suited you—as an instance—but you have always had a sneaking fancy for mauve, or green, grey, periwinkle. To-day you can use the neutralising foundation and build up on that with the rouge, powders and eye-shadows that suit mauve—or green, grey, periwinkle—and mauve or the others will suit you. See?

The neutralising foundation, of course, does the trick. It dims down your individual colour aggressiveness to the shade that has never suited you until, lo and behold, it does. So there are no confines to colour schemes this summer. You can get colour harmony boxes, containing the whole works, in accordance with the colour you want to dress to. Or you may prefer to assemble your own, guided by the colour charts. A set of these will be sent free to any reader.

"I've never seen you yet when you weren't charming . . ."

"You've never seen me yet without my '4711'!"

Setting for romance—dance music drifting out of the open French windows and the scent of roses drifting in, moon hung in a poplar silvering the garden, and the voice of a nightingale fluting in the wood. Setting for romance—yes, if it weren't for the heat. That is where "*4711*" steps in. Cool, quintessential spirit and secret of freshness and charm . . . "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne still winning hearts for beauty in the old, old way by conquering heat and heaviness and headache. "*4711*"—the classic Eau de Cologne, still made in the City of Cologne from the original secret recipe. If there is a lesson for beauty to-day it is to be lavish with your "*4711*." Use it from bathroom to ballroom—use it on lingerie and linen—to keep the coolness which is charm. And you, sir, may take this hint from beauty—for the freshness in its fragrance and the tonic in its touch.



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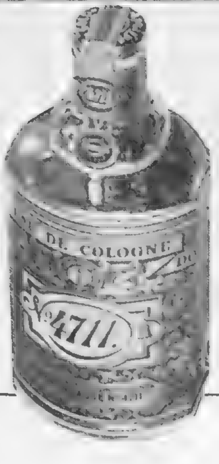

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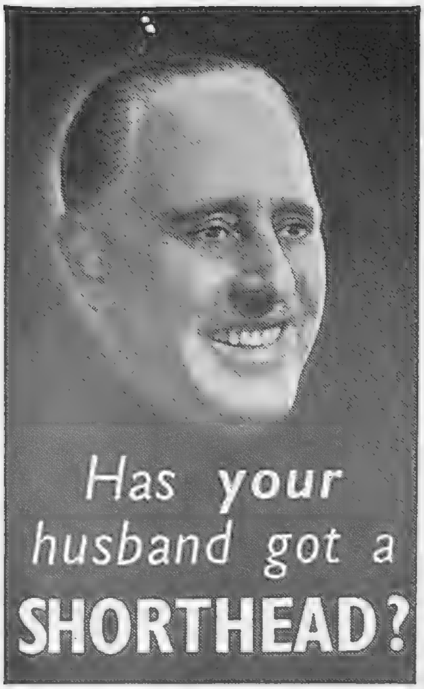
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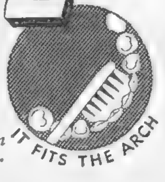

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ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN 1/3 *made to fit the arch of their little teeth*

The Story of Lord's

(*Continued from page 9*)

players refused to move with him, and thus lost a coveted place in the story of the game. Those many who supported Lord were shortly afterwards styled the Mary-le-bone Cricket Club. And Lord's Ground, though then known as the Mary-le-bone Fields, was an accomplished fact.

The foundation of Lord's and the M.C.C. is an example of team work deserving commemoration. Without his trusty Tom Lord to undertake the responsibilities of proprietorship, Winchilsea would not have made his proposal. And Lord, without his patron's inspiration, could never have become a ground proprietor. Lennox, though not a prime mover, gave both of them his whole-hearted support. In passing, it may be mentioned that in after years Lennox became the fourth Duke of Richmond and Viceroy of Canada. It was his wife who gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo.

Almost at once the M.C.C. was recognised as a club of unusual distinction. On its earliest membership rolls you will find the names of the Duke of York (brother of George IV), the Duke of Dorset, the Earl of Tankerville, and Sir Horatio Mann. As early as 1788 the club committee revised the rules of the game, and not long afterwards a sky-blue shirt was adopted as part of a regular club uniform. In this connection it is interesting to recall that as recently as 1870 several senior members sported a brown swallow-tail jacket bearing brass buttons with the club initials on them. The modern club tie, distinctive though it is, seems but a poor relic of such departed glories. The playing uniform of the club, if such it can be called, was not, of course, a matter to be decided by ruling, but by contemporary fashion. The silk hose and knee-breeches of the eighteenth-century players gave way gradually to the popular white flannels of to-day, though the cut of the trousers has varied a good deal. The modern cricket cap has enjoyed a more involved history, and numbers white beaver hats, straw hats with a somewhat nautical air, black toppers, and "pill-boxes" amongst its predecessors.

The outstanding personality of the M.C.C.'s early years is undoubtedly Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the President of 1826. Indeed, no less an authority than the late Lord Harris sets him down as the greatest name in the history of the club. Whatever qualities Lord Frederick may have lacked (and they were many), he was, to say the least of it, a man of outstanding and original character, well befitting to a direct descendant of Nell Gwynne and the Merry Monarch. A dignitary of the Church—he was Vicar of Redbourne—he had a turn of language that would put many a marine to shame. On the field he was a despot, ruling his men with a military discipline. He was also an unscrupulous cheat, and did not hesitate to attempt to bribe the scorer if things were not going too well with him or with his side. He captained many an M.C.C. team as an amateur, yet on one occasion admitted to making 600 guineas a year out of the game. This little jingle, written nearly a hundred years ago by a man named Baxter, admirably sums him up:

"My Lord he comes next, and will make you all stare
With his little tricks, a long way from fair.
Though his playing is fine, give the Devil his due,
There is very few like him, at the Game take it through."

That is true. There were very few like Lord Frederick, either as a player or as a tactician. It is said of him that when practising he would balance a valuable gold watch on the stumps, and defy the bowlers to knock it off. And, incidentally, when running matches were held at Lord's he carried off the best prizes on a number of occasions, besides claiming to be the best pigeon shot in the club. Looking back at his record—he was a member of the M.C.C. for sixty years—one cannot but feel a grudging admiration for his formidable, aristocratic figure, despite that sharp tongue and those shady ways. Lord Frederick stands on the cricket horizon a giant shaded kindly by the mist of time, and quite unforgettable.

A modern cricketer visiting the old Lord's would find much to bewilder him, though the game is the same in principle. The cricketing vocabulary that Lord Frederick used in his early days sounds to-day like a foreign language. The position of points was "nips"; a yorker was a "tice," a ball that bounded twice a "didapper," and an innings a "hand." And then the old Lord's had nothing of that air of respectability we know so well now. In front of the pavilion bookmakers yelled out the odds they were prepared to give on a match, or on a particular batsman. Jim and Joe Bland, Bill Toll, and Dick Whitlom, gamesters all, would always make a bet, and bribery of professional players was a fairly common practice. Down in Oxford Street, at the "Green Man and Still," bookmakers, betters, and the less scrupulous cricketers would foregather, and many a first-class match was won and lost there over tankards of English ale. For this was a gambling age, and the scarcity of matches made it difficult for the average professional to earn a living, unless—like Lord—he had a patron. The rates of pay established through the M.C.C. were five guineas for a winning game, and three guineas for a lost game, with another guinea added for games played out of town. But betters were so often willing to part with a portion of their winnings to the players that the losing fee became a deliberate objective. Small wonder that the Church outlawed cricket grounds despite the admirable batting performances of the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk!

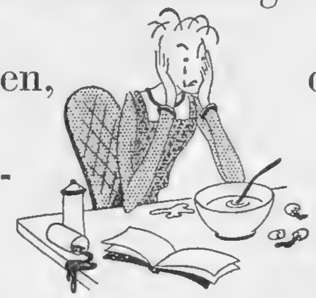
There is no doubt that the idealistic members of the M.C.C. committee were for a long time out of touch with the true conditions governing the game. When at length their eyes were opened, through an altercation on the playing field, they speedily set about putting their house in order. Bookies were warned off, and a famous professional named Lambert, who was proved to have accepted a bribe, found the gates of the ground closed upon him.

It was at Lord's in 1797 that Lady Jane Dundas presented colours to the 2nd Regiment of the Royal East India Volunteers. Three years later a French aeronaut named Garnerin ascended from Lord's in a balloon, coming down at Chingford, seventeen miles away, a quarter of an hour later. But the spot where these exciting events took place, where Lord Frederick cracked his boundaries and bookies screamed their prices, is covered now with bricks and mortar. In 1810 Mr. Portman, the ground landlord, demanded a higher rent than Lord could afford to pay. As a result, the Mary-le-bone field was made over to builders, and Lord sought pastures new. From the Eyre family he obtained an eighty years' lease on two fields, called the Brick Field and the Great Field, less than a mile to the north of his old enclosure. There is something quite touching in the thought of Tom Lord, helped by three or four willing friends, digging up the turf from his original ground for transplanting in these new fields where no cricketer's foot had ever trod. For that is what he did.

The transference of headquarters caused a crisis in the hitherto happy affairs of the club. Many members signified their displeasure by resigning, and so serious did things become that, for the first and only time in its career, the M.C.C. was threatened with extinction. Throughout 1811 and 1812 not a single match was played on the new ground by the club, and in 1813, when enthusiasm had

(*Continued on page 90*)

Which way do you dress salads?



1: LIKE THIS: take one young hostess all of a dither because her in-laws are coming to supper. Add an awful mess in her kitchen, dismal failure to get the complicated ingredients of salad dressing to do anything but curdle, season with exasperation and an over-flushed face — and serve with embarrassment.

2: OR LIKE THIS: take one charming young daughter-in-law, full of self confidence, because she is perfectly aware that with Heinz Salad Cream she can produce a perfect salad. Add the delightful knowledge that Heinz chefs use nothing but new laid eggs, pure olive oil and rich cream to make this wonderful dressing. Mix with fruits and crisp young vegetables—and serve with applause.

AND DON'T FORGET that because Heinz Salad Cream is made from nothing but new laid eggs, the purest olive oil, and plenty of rich cream, it adds that extra nutriment to a salad which makes it a perfectly balanced meal! And that is a big consideration when planning light meals.

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"my FEET were finished

I have known the agony of hot throbbing feet, fallen arches, and a stab at every step I took. Just when I thought I was in for a life-time of foot-troubles and my work was getting so arduous that I had half a mind to resign—

some kind friend told me of Arch-Rites

In these shoes, I can stand all day and dance half the night. There's nothing clumsy or old maidish about Arch-Rites either. They're as smart as you could desire and support your arches in comfort to the end of your busiest day

A new model town shoe in navy blue glace kid, with open lacing of silk cord through navy suede vamp ... 25/–

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revived sufficiently to permit three M.C.C. games being played, Lord learned that once more he would have to move his ground. The long-projected Regent's Canal was to become a reality; and Parliament had decided that it should be cut through the middle of the cricket field.

It says much for Lord's tenacity that he did not at this stage throw up his proprietorship, and devote himself entirely to his business as a wine merchant. But he was a Yorkshireman and a cricketer. He loved the game. The Eyres accommodated him with a new enclosure at St. John's Wood, but on what conditions is not known. This enclosure is the ground we know to-day—but how different it was then! The field, rough and humpy, was fringed at the south side with lime trees, and two large ponds were situated at one end of it. Again Lord dug up his precious turf and transplanted it. A tavern, a one-room pavilion, stables, and refreshment tents were erected. Four days before the ground was due to be opened, the landlady of the tavern accidentally exploded a quantity of gunpowder in her sitting-room, seriously injuring herself, her sister, and two small children. In this dramatic fashion was the new ground inaugurated, and poor Lord must have felt that the fates were conspiring against him. But the members rallied about him handsomely, and proved their spirit by defeating Hertfordshire in their first first-class match on the ground by an innings and twenty-seven runs.

From this time onward the M.C.C.'s position as the premier cricket club of England was never seriously challenged. And it cannot be too strongly emphasised that it was as an example rather than as a governing body that the club rose to eminence. Particularly did it encourage cricket rivalry between the various public schools from whom so many of its members were drawn. The first Eton and Harrow game was played in 1805, and by 1822 school matches had become regular events, besides, of course, the numerous club and county games, and the time-honoured fixture of Gentlemen *v.* Players. Such men as Caldecourt, Pyecroft, Budd, Saunders, Jenner, and Beagley were making cricket history with their prowess. And greater than any of these was William Ward—the finest batsman seen at Lord's until the heyday of Fuller Pilch.

It was in the Gentlemen and Players match of 1820 that Mr. Ward made his famous score of 278, a ground record that stood until after the Great War, when Jack Hobbs shattered it with 316 for Surrey against Middlesex. In passing, it might be mentioned that the bat Mr. Ward used throughout his great innings weighed over four pounds and served him regularly through *fifty seasons of cricket.* In the same match Fuller Pilch made his debut for the Players, and scored only two runs in his two innings.

But William Ward is remembered for more important work than that record score of his. He is the man who made Lord's safe for the M.C.C. For reasons best known to itself, the club made no effort to obtain proprietorship of the ground. In 1825 Lord felt some doubts as to whether the ground could be continued on a profitable basis, and announced his intention of building fourteen houses along the south and east sides, leaving the north-west corner free for cricket. Whilst the committeemen were discussing the seriousness of this proposal, Mr. Ward approached Lord, and asked him how much he would accept for his interest in the ground.

"Sir," said Tom. "There is much money owing to me, and I am getting old. It could not be less than five thousand pounds."

Within two minutes Mr. Ward's cheque for that amount was in his hands.

As though to commemorate Lord's retirement, the new pavilion, erected at Mr. Ward's directions, was burnt down in the July of that year, and with it went most of the club records and score-books. Such a loss was stark cricket tragedy, but it could not stem the progress of a club that was now as firmly established as the game itself. Ward effected many improvements on the ground; and ten years later he made over his lease (recently obtained direct from the Eyre family) to Mr. J. H. Dark, receiving £2,000 down and an annuity of £425 for his daughters. Dark, like his predecessors, was a lover of cricket, and managed the ground well for another thirty years. When the freehold was auctioned in 1860, the M.C.C. (against Dark's advice) refused to bid, and a Mr. Moses acquired the site for £7,000. Only six years later the club purchased the freehold from Moses for £18,333, at the same time as it was buying out Dark's interest in the lease. Thus the delay cost the club well over £10,000 in hard cash.

But whilst the gentlemen of the committee room had been pondering on, and dismissing, these financial problems, some exciting and interesting things had been happening on the Lord's cricket pitch. Way back in 1822 a Mr. John Willes, member of the Kent eleven opposing the M.C.C., had angered the crowd and his opponents by swinging his arm in line with his shoulder when delivering the ball. He was requested peremptorily to bowl in the fashion required by rule and custom—that is, underhand. For answer he spat an oath, flung the ball down on the ground, jumped on his horse, and galloped towards home.

Nothing more was heard of this newfangled round-arm stuff for five full seasons. And then the Sussex county team came to town, bringing with them two great bowlers, Lillywhite and Broadbridge. Both men bowled round-arm of medium pace, and Lillywhite—the "Nonpareil"—was particularly accurate. They were of blunt yeoman stock, these two. Rules or no rules, they believed their deliveries were fair, and meant to stand or fall by them. At Sheffield they had skittled out an England side, which included Pilch, Caldecourt, and Beagley; and in the return match at Lord's were mainly responsible for the Sussex victory of three wickets. The nine professionals in the England team thereupon signed a statement declaring they would not play in the third match that had been arranged for Brighton if the round-arm bowling were persisted in. However, they did play, and won by twenty-four runs. So great was the interest in this match that no fewer than 10,000 people paid to watch it in three days.

There were worthy disputants on both sides in this great controversy. Mr. Ward and Tom Lord were all for the old style of bowling. Mr. Knight, a well-known Kent player and leading member of the M.C.C., was in favour of round-arm. The M.C.C. refused to indict the round-armers, probably being of the opinion that if such bowling really was unfair, it would outlaw itself; and that, in any case, it would make for more skilful batting. So the Sussex stalwarts continued in their devastating ways; and at last, in 1836, the M.C.C. supported them in an amendment to the rules. It was not until 1864 that the bowler was permitted to raise his hand *above* his shoulder.

A Goliath from Kent, one Alfred Mynn, was indirectly responsible for another cricket innovation. From all accounts, Mynn was a delightful, happy-go-lucky fellow, who was always getting himself imprisoned for debt, only to be bailed out on the eve of some important match by his anxious friends. He bowled round-arm, very fast, but not always accurately. In opposing him at Lord's, Caldecourt came out to bat with stuffed gloves on his hands, and shortly afterwards leg-guards were introduced. It is reported that when Lord Frederick Beauclerk first saw these guards, he complained that they were unfair to the bowler!

1864 saw a sixteen-year-old boy making a brilliant fifty in his debut at Lord's. The boy was William Gilbert Grace, destined to become one of the greatest players the game has known. It is impossible to write of "W.G.'s" many triumphs on the cricket field, but his innings at Lord's of 134 not out against the Players when he was only twenty, and his (*Continued on page 93*)

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

JUNE 1ST Up early, and privily tried my new velvet hat and racing suit, which do become me excellently well. After breakfast, with my wife to the Races by hired motor-carriage, this costing me a tidy sum. And when we were arrived, my wife began so roundly to condemn those fashions which displeased her, that I asked if we were come to see horses or ladies' frippery. What with this, and the ill-chance that my first three horses turned out sorry, knock-kneed, short-winded laggards and loiterers, our day had been spoilt had I not bethought myself of refreshments. And after she had drunk a Gin and Tonic Water and I a Whisky with Ginger Ale—both Tonic Water and Ginger Ale being, thank heaven, of Schweppes—she regained a more level temper. Which I attribute to the cool solace and bright-bubbling liveliness of these refreshing drinks. And Lord! what a mercy to find Schweppes, and not some flat table water as dull and brackish as a mud-pond!

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165 against the Australians in 1888, are still remembered with reverence. It is as well to remind ourselves that "W.G." had to contend with difficulties of which the modern batsman knows nothing. As recently as 1863 Sussex refused to play at Lord's, as Surrey had done five years previously, because of the dangerous condition of the pitch. The grass was kept down by a flock of sheep, the creases were cut with a knife, and the great cracks in the playing square so startled the famous prize-fighter, Jem Mace, that he swore he would sooner fight the toughest man in England for an hour than play cricket there!

Mention of "W.G." brings us up to comparatively recent times, for his brilliant career in first-class cricket did not close until the end of the century. He died in 1915, and the main gates at Lord's serve to remind you of him, a simple but effective memorial. No doubt that on many a cricketing afternoon in high summer his majestic wraith passes through them, and gazes down on the grass he knew and loved so well.

It was only when the present pavilion was erected in the winter of 1889 that the modern Lord's began to take shape. The increasing popularity of cricket, both as a game and a spectacle, led to the proposal to demolish the old pavilion, which had done good service since 1826. The cost of the new structure, with all its fittings, was £21,000, and the debt incurred was not paid off until 1906. The Long Room in the pavilion houses the most interesting collection of cricketing trophies in the world: there are pictures dating back to the foundation of the ground; bats of all shapes and sizes that were wielded by famous hands long still; and last, but not least, a little urn said to contain the mythical Ashes.

IT was an Australian Test Match, that of 1896, which led to some further alterations at Lord's. The crowd was so great that it overflowed on to the field, and for a time the cricket became farcical. As a consequence, the tennis court, with its famous old clock, on the south side of the ground, was demolished, and the present Mound Stand erected in its place. A new tennis court—a court for real tennis, not lawn tennis—was set up at the rear of the pavilion, and is regularly used by the members. There the favourite game of Henry V and Henry VIII is played exactly as it was in ancient times.

Throughout the years improvements in the accommodation at Lord's have been carried out, the last important additions being shortly after the Great War, when Father Time and the double-decker concrete stands for the public were erected.

Cricket history is still being made. And, if the gods be willing, I shall watch it being made this summer. I shall go to the pavilion roof at Lord's, and watch, and dream on glories long gone by. And in the intervals I shall walk out on to the field, and stare like an idiot at the turf Tom Lord stared at, which he transported so lovingly from ground to ground. If there is a love of cricket in your veins, life will offer you few greater thrills than that.

END

Miss de Quintin

(*Continued from page* 45)

"The girl your friend is going to marry was on the same ship as I was coming out to Saigon," I said.

Commander Dobbs removed his pipe from his mouth and said that he had not met Miss de Quintin, but that he had heard she was very pretty.

I said that all the girls were pretty in the part of Indo China Miss de Quintin came from.

"She is French, isn't she?" said Commander Dobbs.

"Her father is French; her mother was a Laotien."

He did not take this in. "Where is that?"

"The Laotiens are a tribe in Indo China."

The Commander sat up. "A what?"

"A tribe; the country has only just been opened up; the women are very attractive—that is where Miss de Quintin gets her looks."

"Look here!" said the sailor.

I looked into a pair of very blue eyes that were menacingly still.

"I'm telling you the truth," I said. "I thought you ought to know." I then told him the story of my train journey with de Quintin. "The girl doesn't know herself; she thinks her mother is a Frenchwoman."

"You swear what you are telling me is true?"

"I will swear on the Bible that the story I have told you is what her father told me. A man would not invent that sort of thing about his own daughter."

Commander Dobbs refilled his pipe with great care. He lit the pipe, drew three or four puffs, and laid it on the table. "Somes can't marry her, of course."

"That's what I thought."

The Commander beckoned to the waiter. "Two pink gins." He drank his at a gulp as I had mine. "The swine!" he said. I knew he was referring to Anise's father. "You don't know Harold Somes, do you?"

I said I did not.

"He is an obstinate blighter; he'll very likely want to go through with this all the same."

"You think he may refuse to believe you?"

"Me!"

"It is for you to tell him; you are to be his best man."

Dobbs said nothing for a few moments. "Well, I suppose I'll have to tell him; his ship doesn't get in till the day after to-morrow; they are out on tactical exercises."

"The day after to-morrow! That's the 3rd?"

"Yes; he will just get back in time to be married. If we were in Hong Kong we could get the whole thing stopped."

"Do you think it is any good appealing to the girl?"

"You know her; I don't."

"She is a nice girl; the whole trouble is she doesn't know the truth herself."

"It would be tough having to tell her."

Commander Dobbs puffed at his pipe; presently I saw a glint come in his eye. "Tell me some more about these Laotiens."

I told him everything I could remember that de Quintin had told me about Laos. I drew a picture of the white administrator arriving in his canoe; of the natives coming down with the bowl of wine, of the music and dancing and love-making all night long.

"Ever been to Tahiti?" the Commander said when I had finished.

I shook my head.

"I have. You leave this to me." Commander Dobbs knocked his pipe out and got up.

WE landed on the afternoon of March 1st. The bridegroom's ship was due on March 3rd; the wedding was to take place the next day.

At 7 p.m. on the 2nd Commander Dobbs rang me at the Astor House Hotel and said he was coming round with a friend. He arrived accompanied by a young French naval officer, whom he introduced as Enseigne de Vaisseau Belgarde. The French Lieutenant was in uniform, and very well he looked with his cap set at an angle and single band of new gold braid.

I ordered a round of drinks. I noticed Dobbs look at his watch. I wondered why; in the East nobody worries about the dinner hour. Presently Dobbs said—"It's tough luck for Somes."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Ship doesn't get in till dawn to-morrow. I was hoping he would be here to-night. I was giving a dinner party for both of them."

Belgarde looked from one to other of us, smiling amiably. Suddenly he looked intently towards the (*Continued on page* 94)

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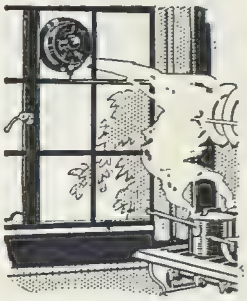

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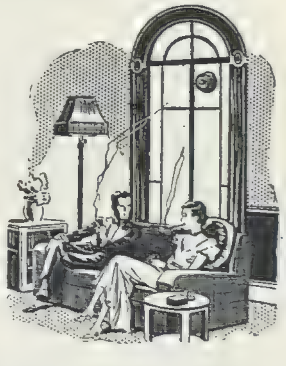

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Extrait (Anti-Wrinkle Lotion) is amazingly efficacious for preventing and erasing lines, crow's-feet and wrinkles. Soothing, refreshing and rejuvenating, it is excellent for "squint lines" and relieves all sensation of weariness and strain, 5/6.

New Youthifying Eye Cream prevents and corrects dryness, crepiness and shrivelled eye tissues. Its beneficial herbal essences are quickly absorbed by starved tissues and shrunken, lined eyelids. 5/6.

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helena rubinstein

24, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1.

door. Anise was coming in. Commander Dobbs jumped up and went forward to meet her.

"She is truly pretty," Lieutenant Belgarde said, "and *chic*."

"She is the daughter of one of your officials in Laos; she went back to France for her education."

"Your friend has told me about her. We were in Hankow together when they had the trouble—a good fellow, Dobbs."

The French officer's look at Mademoiselle de Quintin as she came up with Commander Dobbs was penetrating. Dobbs introduced Anise. Another drink was ordered and we all sat down.

Dobbs said: "I've got some news to break. Harold's ship doesn't get in till to-morrow morning."

Anise gave an exclamation of disappointment. Lieutenant Belgarde looked sympathetic. "It is often the lot of the wives of the officers of the Marine to be disappointed when they expect to meet their husbands."

I saw Anise's eyes stray towards the young French officer; he was good-looking in a pallid Latin way.

Commander Dobbs threw out his chest; he turned to Anise. "As best man it is my duty to take care of you till Harold gets back. So I have arranged a special party for to-night."

"A party!"

"Yes; we are all going to have dinner here and then go on somewhere to dance." Dobbs took my arm. "He and I are not much good at dancing, but I have got a partner for you." He nodded in Belgarde's direction.

Anise again looked approvingly at the young French officer. I formed the opinion that she would not prove inconsolable when her husband's ship was delayed at sea in the years to come.

At dinner Dobbs ordered a magnum of champagne. Looking at the cork, wrapped in tinfoil, peeping over the edge of the ice bucket, I thought of the bowl of wine that de Quintin had told me it was customary for Laotiens to set in front of a guest. Dobbs filled our glasses; very soon we were all drinking and chattering merrily. We had music too; a Filipino orchestra.

"You two must dance," Dobbs said, looking from Anise to Lieutenant Belgarde.

Anise smiled brightly as Belgarde got up. They danced together. A sparkle came into Anise's eyes, a flush to her cheeks; even her hair seemed to become unruly.

Commander Dobbs sat puffing at a cigar. Once, when Anise remained on the floor to dance a fourth encore, he said: "They are all alike."

"Who are?" I asked.

"Chi-chi's."

We stayed at the Astor House a couple of hours, then Belgarde suggested going somewhere else. "What about the Jardin d'Amour?" he said.

Now even in Shanghai the Jardin d'Amour is considered an exceptional place. I looked at Dobbs. "Have you ever been there?"

"Yes, often." Dobbs beckoned to the waiter to bring his bill.

We all climbed into a taxi, Belgarde taking care to sit next to Anise.

"I have never had so delightful an evening," Anise said, as the young French officer squashed her into a corner and put his arm round her shoulder to make more room.

When we got to the night club Dobbs ordered more champagne. Belgarde drank sparingly, but Anise emptied her glass as soon as it was filled. She was in riotous spirits, singing when the band played and dancing ecstatically whenever Belgarde asked her. Once she snatched some flowers from the table and twisted them into a garland which she put on her hair. This last gesture completed the picture that had been eluding me. It must have been just in this fashion that Anise's mother had greeted de Quintin when he arrived in a canoe at her village on the Mekong river.

I looked at Dobbs; he was sitting back on the plush settee watching Anise, an expression of extreme satisfaction on his face.

I knew exactly what he was thinking, and I said: "It is a pity Harold Somes can't see his future wife at this moment."

"He will." Dobbs looked at his watch: "He'll be here any minute."

"Here!"

"Yes; I sent a signal to his ship telling him he'd find us at this place when he got in. That French boy is playing up splendidly. Mind you, he likes the job."

I looked at Dobbs with admiration: "You staged all this."

Dobbs nodded. "It's what we always did in Tahiti when one of our chaps got too much weigh on with an island lady and started to talk about marriage. None of those half-caste girls can stick to the same man for two evenings running."

"I'm rather surprised at Miss de Quintin," I said. "She was brought up in France."

"It's not where you were brought up; it's how you were bred. Look at her now!"

Anise had pulled young Belgarde down on to a settee on the other side of the room. She had twined her arms round his neck; his face was buried in her hair.

Dobbs put his hand on my arm. "Here is the bridegroom."

I looked towards the door and saw a man in a light-grey suit, wearing a naval tie. An Anglo-French incident seemed imminent.

"Hey! Harry!" Dobbs called to his friend.

Somes came over; he looked very angry. "Where is Anise?"

"She was dancing a minute ago."

"Why did you bring her to a place like this?"

"I thought she would like it. I was right."

The two men eyed each other; for a full minute neither spoke. They were evidently very close friends and there was between them that mutual trust which, when it does exist between two men, is the greatest thing on earth. The expression on Somes's face changed as he realised there was something he had to hear.

"Tell him about your train journey to Laos," Dobbs said to me.

I told him the story as well as I could.

Somes listened; his manner was hostile, for I was not of the seafaring fraternity. "How am I to believe what you say is true?" he asked.

Dobbs pointed across the room. "Look over there!"

Lieut.-Commander Harold Somes looked. In the Jardin d'Amour at five o'clock in the morning life is free. The girl who was supposed to be his wife at three o'clock that afternoon, but who did not know his ship had come in, was kissing Enseigne de Vaisseau Belgarde frenziedly.

The sailor's lips tightened; he breathed in sharply through his nose and gently pushed back his chair.

"No, you don't," said Commander Dobbs, catching his friend round the waist and calling to the chucker-out. "He's a nice fellow; you're going to leave him alone and come to your ship."

Poor Miss de Quintin! It wasn't her fault that the marriage did not take place.

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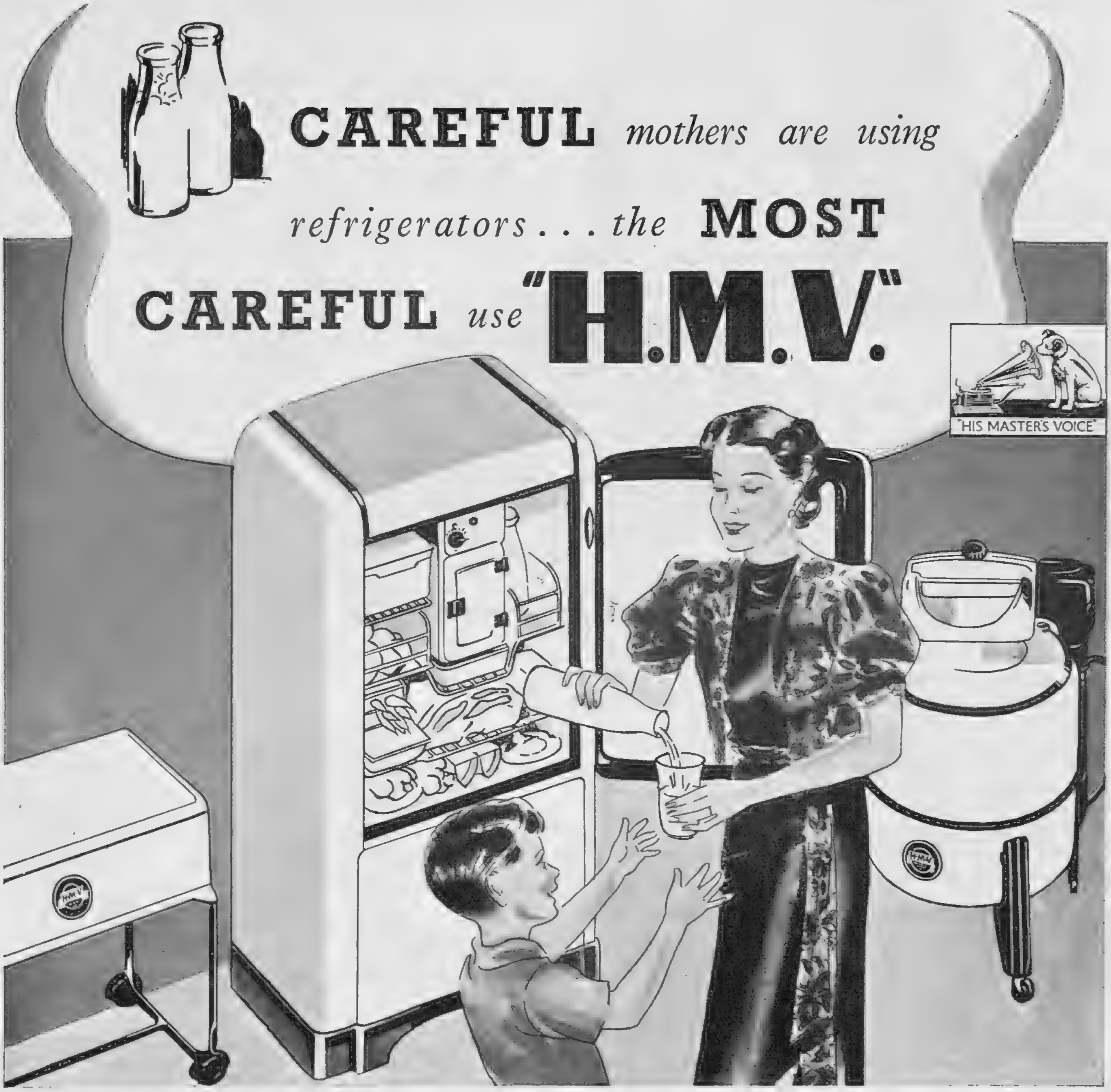
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Needs Must Love

(Continued from page 21)

"No, just a spot of arrears." He let the subject drop.

She looked out of the window and saw the lamps pale in the summer night. She couldn't go on asking questions, trying to trap him into some admission. Why didn't he tell her? Perhaps she hadn't given him the right opening.

"Handsome new frock," he was saying—but somehow the words sounded mechanical.

She smiled automatically, still seeking for the right opening. "Like it?" She paused a second. "And me?"

"Sure," he said lightly. "That was something horrible they gave us to drink to-night."

"Horrible," she echoed with her lips, but her mind was racing round in a certainty of discovery. It hadn't been her imagination. There was something or someone. She heard herself carrying on the conversation. "But I like his pictures." She heard herself talking about the pictures, her mind working quite separately. She was surprised at what intelligent things she could say about pictures and all the time think of something else.

So what had been a doubt was now a certainty. What did one do? What was the appropriate action for a civilised person? How did one save the last outpost? She must tell Mary that it was threatened. Mary was sensible: she would know what one ought to do. Above all, feeling must be kept at bay. It was the enemy of all civilisation. Afterwards there would be time enough to feel—a lifetime in which to feel.

Mary came next day at tea-time and was frankly incredulous.

"Be sensible," said Naomi patiently. "Am I the sort that imagines?"

"No." There was a reflective pause. "You'll fight."

"Yes. And if I'm beaten I'll retire—gracefully, I hope. What else can I do?"

"I don't know." Mary sighed. "How *could* he?"

Naomi nodded. "I think I understand."

"Tell me."

She paused a moment, and then it seemed as if her voice came from very far away. "I've tried so hard to understand. Perhaps it's this—'*one needs must love the highest when we see it.*' He's found someone better than me. Perhaps I could climb up into their class and win out yet."

"I still can't understand it."

"I can." For a moment there was a visionary look in the dark grey eyes. "Perhaps it's someone creative. Agnes plays—Claire writes—I don't do anything really. I'm just everybody's audience. Oh, Mary, maybe he's found some grand person—a genius perhaps—one who says it in paint or poetry—or one of those noble, large-hearted women, the kind Hardy wrote about and Clausen painted."

"I don't believe in that type of women," said Mary dryly. "Anyway, they're always untidy, and David hates untidiness."

Naomi got up softly. She moved to the French window that gave on to the lawn. The birds were noisy with that intense and eager life which seizes them just before they grow silent for the night.

Her voice was full of wonder. "What David and I had together was fine—wasn't it? You'd only smash that for something still finer."

"You love him—just as you did?"

"It's stupid—just as I did six years ago."

"Oh, my dear!"

Steadfastly Naomi studied the garden, but her voice trembled. "We can all be civilised when it doesn't matter. I do hope I can stay civilised to the end—if this is the end?"

"But you're going to fight?"

"Yes. I will fight to be the most desirable person on his horizon."

IT was when David phoned her asking her to take someone else to the ballet that Naomi suddenly remembered Miss Best. She was only a dim memory to Naomi, who very rarely went to David's office, someone very young and slim and blonde. She had thought that Miss Best looked like a dozen other girls, but that might have been a superficial impression.

Certainly she was young—terribly young—touchingly young. Perhaps Miss Best had an artlessness which Naomi could never recapture. Perhaps David was enthralled teaching her all he knew—introducing her to Bach and Haydn; showing her the French Impressionists; reading her Meredith; taking her to the opera.

On Friday, as usual, they would week-end at Rosetree Hall. At breakfast next morning Naomi said casually, "Whom shall we ask?"

David hesitated. "I can't get off till Saturday mid-day——"

"I've had a brainwave, David. Let's ask Miss Best down, and then you can work in the fresh air."

"Oh, no, I don't think——"

Naomi paid no attention. "We'll have the Meardens. You like them. And Philip Cotton, the one who paints boats; and Bruce Derwent—he's writing a new book. Miss Best will fit. We need a girl."

"Oh, I don't think she'd like to leave her family."

"Nonsense, darling—everyone likes to leave their family." Naomi consulted her list. "What's her first name?"

"Carol."

"Goodness, I didn't know anyone was called that who was born before the pictures talked."

"Oh, well, perhaps she was christened Carrie," he said irritably.

"I'll ring her myself."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"I know, darling, but for once I want my own way. She's lovely, and young, and long legged, and golden. I think she'll just fit with Philip Cotton. He'll probably want to paint her."

"That's going to help my work a lot."

"Now, don't be troublesome, sweet. Haven't I arranged you years of successful week-ends."

"You've arranged everything to perfection," he said tonelessly.

"Too much?" she asked quickly. "Have I over-organised your life? Shall we leave it all to chance and see if anyone turns up?"

"Of course not. Go on. Ring her up. I'll drive her down on Friday evening in the Morris. You had better take Sandford and get down early."

HALF an hour later Naomi rang David's office. She heard the cool, clear voice down the telephone. It was a professional, characterless voice. "Mr. Amhurst's secretary speaking."

"Oh, is that you, Miss Best? This is Mrs. Amhurst."

Naomi felt a fool. Surely it was only in French farces that men fell in love with their secretaries. Surely this couldn't be all about David and herself. She took a grip and issued the invitation.

There was a little pause at the other end of the line. "You're very kind, Mrs. Amhurst," said the careful young voice, "but what does Mr. Amhurst think—about the work, I mean?"

"Oh, that's quite all right. He's going to bring down something he wants to get finished."

"I see. Well, then, thank you so much, Mrs. Amhurst, I'll be delighted."

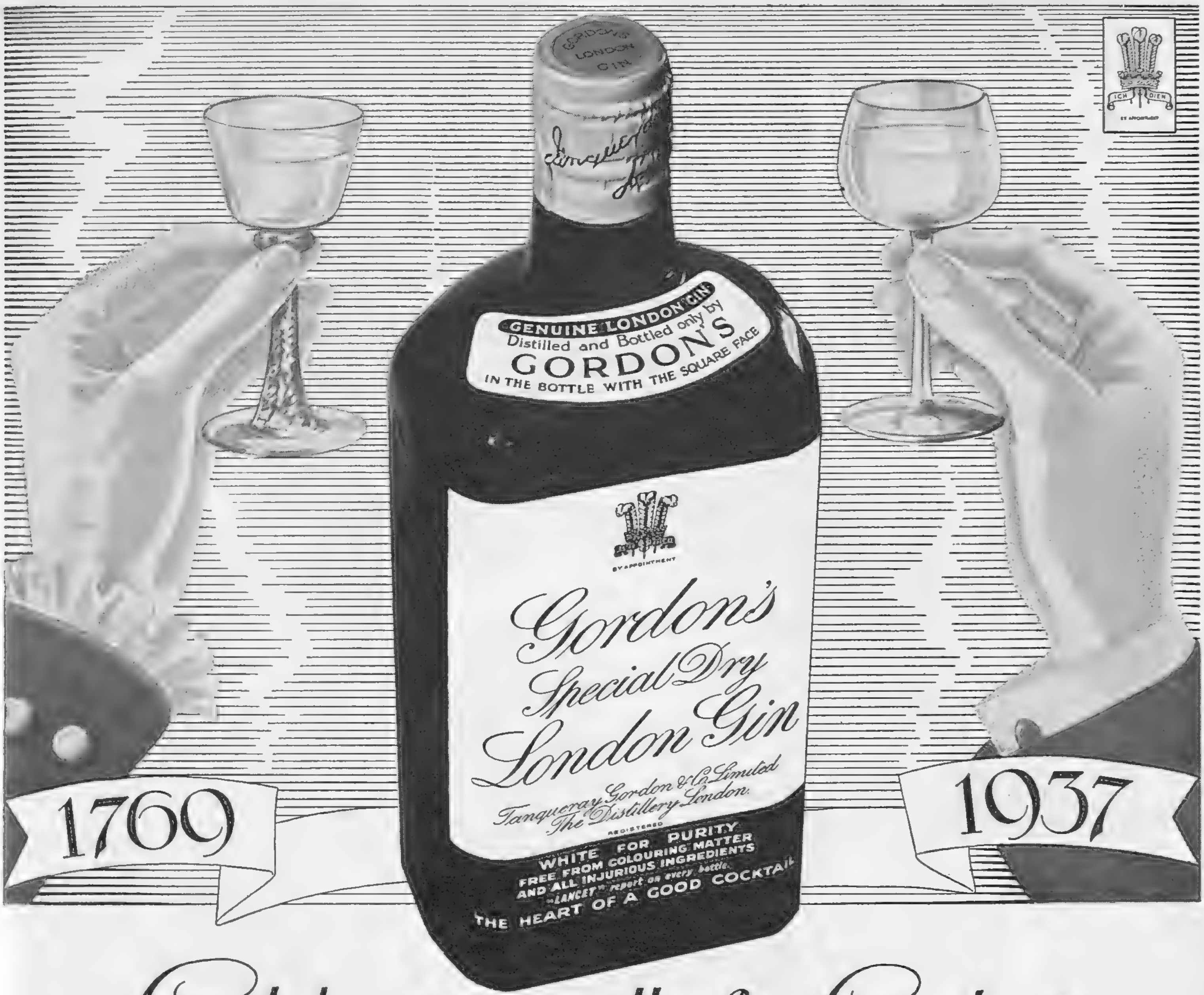
"That's lovely. My husband will drive you down and I'll expect you in time for dinner, Friday night."

It was all like a dream—a bad, sordid, sickening dream. Naomi felt spiritually unclean.

When David and Carol reached Rosetree Hall the other guests had already arrived. Naomi renewed her original impression that here was someone golden and very young, and she tried not to think snobbishly that Miss Best's nails were too red and her accent too refined.

(Continued on page 98)

THE SAME PURE GIN THROUGHOUT *Eight* REIGNS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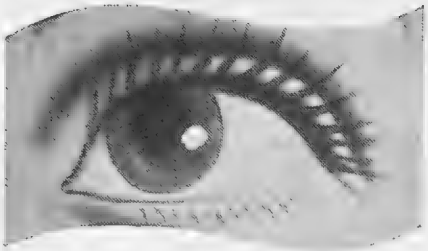

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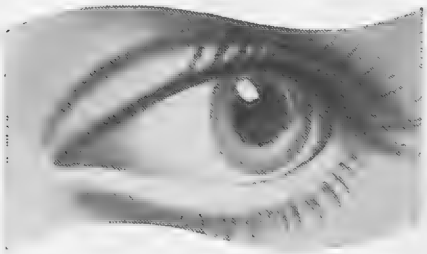

who still looks

under 30

Looking at friends and acquaintances you have often noticed that youth dies *suddenly*. You see a girl every day or every week, and then with a shock of surprise you see she is a young girl no longer. It is as quick as that ! Look again, and you will see it is her eyes that give away her age.

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The latecomers went up to dress. The others watched their retreat from the lounge hall.

"Who's the charmer, Naomi ?"

"David's secretary. You must admit that I provide you with glamour, Philip."

"No face, of course," said the young artist, "but what a magnificence of leg."

"Synthetic," murmured Harold Mearden. "All those business girls—half chemist's shop, half movie star. As like one another as a row of peas."

But Naomi knew they were wrong. If David loved Carol Best, then the girl must have qualities of head or heart not visible to the casual onlooker. So when Carol came in to dinner in a backless evening frock that showed every line of her lovely figure, Naomi being conscientiously fair, excused her on the ground that her salary probably provided for only one evening frock, so it had to do for all occasions.

Naomi was only dimly aware of her other guests. From force of habit she went on talking to them, making them feel at their ease, seeing that they had food and drink and cigarettes, but all her attention was really on Carol Best.

It couldn't be that David loved her for her looks. Naomi was morbidly impartial. Lovely long legs and wide brown eyes, vacant as a cow's, the lashes heavy with mascara, the hair too golden and the mouth too red. She had been right in thinking that Carol Best was a blonde like a dozen other blondes.

It must be for her qualities of heart and mind, and these wouldn't be so easy to discover, for Carol had on her party manners. Naomi fretted at the thought that the whole week-end might slip away before she could penetrate the façade.

Naomi organised the party on Saturday morning so that David and Carol could work. After all, that was the pretext on which Carol had been brought to Rosetree Hall. The Meardens elected to play tennis, Philip went off to sketch.

Naomi tackled the cook and arranged a week-end of meals. Then she went and talked to the gardener. Gardeners always talked as if life were eternal and peace everlasting. Gardeners were very soothing people.

Naomi went back to the house refreshed. The door of the morning room was ajar. David passed through with a couple of glasses and a jug of cider on a tray. He did not see his wife as she paused in the hall to pull off her hat.

From the morning-room Naomi heard Carol's voice, no longer quite so refined.

"Drinks ! Good. Oh, David, did I tell you about that old boy in the taxi . . . ?"

David closed the door with his foot and the rest of the story was lost.

Naomi walked slowly upstairs trying not to feel anything. Automatically she changed for lunch. The well-cut green linen looked cool and fresh. The menu was to suit David's taste—melon, lobster, iced pudding and a cheese soufflé. She wondered again where she had failed him. Spiritually perhaps. Had she been lacking in sympathy or tolerance or loving kindness ? It was so hard to examine the conscience honestly.

She could hear the others coming up to the house. She must go down and see about the drinks.

The rattle of ice in the shaker. Carol had also changed for lunch.

In the afternoon they played tennis.

"I'm no good," said Carol.

"Well, have David for partner," said Naomi. "He's quite something."

Philip was looking at Carol's legs. He strolled to the other side of the net to play with Naomi. "She ought to be able to cover the court in three strides," he whispered.

"David will probably hit her over the head with the racket if she's really no good."

Philip gave her one swift, curious look. "Oh, no, he won't," he said. "A girl with legs like that can get away with murder."

Naomi had seen and interpreted the look. So other people knew; perhaps there was talk. . . .

Carol was right. She played atrociously. But David didn't seem to mind at all. Naomi couldn't remember when she had seen him laugh so much. And as Carol grew excited her refinement dropped from her. She gave piercing little screams when the ball came in her direction. She cheated cheerfully. When David protested, she said, "Why not ? It's only a game," to which there didn't seem to be any answer.

Carol was warming up. Naomi didn't like to see David give the girl three cocktails before dinner. She didn't want to see the girl give herself away. She didn't want to see David disillusioned. She didn't like looking on at the whole embarrassing spectacle.

As Sunday drew to a close Carol's refinement had almost vanished. Perhaps it was the child of nature in her that David admired. But Naomi had an absurd desire to cry out to her to be careful, an absurd motherly feeling that the girl shouldn't be allowed to make a fool of herself. So she was sorry when David decided on champagne for dinner, for it set Carol's little feet tapping and the colour mounting to her cheeks.

"Let's dance," she said after dinner and set the gramophone going.

Naomi saw that the furniture was pushed back and the rugs rolled up, and sat on the porch and watched the others. She saw Carol standing with one hand on David and one on Philip. They were laughing together.

Then Carol said: "Have you heard this one ? *There was a young lady . . .*" Her voice dropped. A moment later Naomi heard David give a husky guffaw.

Philip strolled over and joined her. "The girl knows one or two hot ones," he said.

Naomi nodded. "In Bloomsbury we call it Rabelaisian."

"And David. He has a repertoire ! I expect you tell them to him at night in bed. That's what wives do, isn't it ?"

Naomi considered. "It's awful, Philip, but I don't know a single dirty story."

"Never too late."

"Oh, yes, it is." She wasn't really talking to him ; she was talking to herself. "I'd have to be quite a different person."

"That would be disastrous," he said politely.

She sat on for a long time, dimly conscious of the music.

Into her consciousness floated Carol's voice. "Oh, David, do one of your funny hat tricks."

So David did funny hat tricks. What a lot she didn't know about her husband.

The light was dying in the garden. Someone was singing—a vulgar song with a lot of verses. It was Carol—now it was David. Philip, a little tight, was joining in the chorus.

Naomi lost count of the verses. David was vamping the tune on the piano. Carol's arm was on his shoulder. Naomi looked away. When she saw them next they were dancing. She slipped unnoticed out of the room.

She walked slowly upstairs. As she reached her bedroom the telephone was ringing. It was Mary at the other end with a long story of something startling that had happened to Fred at Geneva. Naomi made the right noises at the right times.

"And any news with you ?" asked Mary in conclusion.

"Yes."

"Well, what ?"

"I thought you'd be interested. The last outpost of civilisation is almost down. I'm going to divorce David."

"Naomi ! You've found her ? I thought you were going to fight."

"I know when I'm beaten. I can't compete."

"Is she so—so wonderful." Mary's voice was a little awestruck.

"For him—yes—I suppose so. But then, I don't really know him."

Mary was convinced that she had misheard. "What did you say ?"

"I said I didn't really know him."

Naomi rang off without realising that she had not said good-bye. For a moment incredulous, Mary rattled the receiver. Naomi would never do anything so rude and abrupt. But the instrument was dead.

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Heroes of the Cable Ships

(*Continued from page 23*)

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Within five minutes of an operator's report: "Number So-and-so Anglo-Belgian gone dead!" the radio transmitters at Faraday House, headquarters of the P.O. Cable Service, are on the air. And before the line has been silent for fifteen minutes, a yacht-like cable-ship is pitching her way out into the Channel.

Marked on the captain's charts is a large-scale map of every cable in the narrow Channel—there are 4,000 miles of them jumbled about the little sea—which guides him approximately along the line of the broken unit. But how to find the exact spot of the fracture?

That is a job for the experts in Faraday House. As the ships put to sea, the experts are measuring with accurate instruments the electrical resistance of the remaining line. Knowing this, it is only a schoolboy calculation to turn resistance into miles and to plot the exact spot where the break should be. *Should* is the important word in that sentence. A clean break, exposing the cable to the water, and thus to "earth," is simple enough. But if the live wire shorts with its own protective metal casing, or if some drifting, inquisitive sea organism seals and insulates the break, mythical miles may be added to or subtracted from the calculation.

The estimated position of the break is radioed to the captain, and by solar observation (if the sun can be observed in what is likely to be a gale) and by directional wireless, he steams to the spot and marks it with a buoy. Then begins the tedious and often dangerous job of dragging for and hauling up the cable. Attached to a strong steel and rope hawser, the drag is thrown overboard. This is a sort of four-pronged anchor, which digs down into the soft mud and hooks the cable: or should hook it.

Checking his position repeatedly, to avoid the danger of fouling any of the other cables which twist about the bed, the captain sets his ship to drift gently across the estimated line of the cable. Crammed with instruments as it is, the cable-fishers still rely on human judgment to detect a bite. The ship must be stopped directly the cable is hooked, or the result would be another break and no catch. So an experienced officer, who knows the feel of a caught line from that of a hooked mass of wreckage, sits across the taut grappling line, gauging each pull with a part of his anatomy not usually associated with fishing, and shouting orders at each pull.

Sometimes the first drift may bring a catch: if the wounded cable is lying neatly on top of the sea bed, that is. But often heavy cables sink deep in the mud and ooze or drift from their proper course in the heavy currents, and then days and nights of fishing may be necessary. Longest hidden of all was one North Sea cable—fortunately not an important, multi-line one—which defied the drag for three solid months.

First hook your fish, then play it. Playing a cable is, in theory, fairly simple. Just a matter of pulling the slack to the surface and securing it with chains. But when an icy, 60 m.p.h. gale is rampaging down channel, and the small ship is pitching and rolling her decks under water, theory gives way to practice. Whatever the weather, the cable must be patched. Donkey-engines grunt and clatter, hauling in the taut drag line. Far below, several miles of cable, weighing anything up to 33 tons a mile, hangs from the drag, each roll of the ship doubling the sudden strain. Where possible, the crew shelter behind heavy steel deck fittings. They recognise the danger of these few minutes; remember stories of lines which gave under the tremendous pull and whipped back, like broken elastic, to sweep the decks clear with a lash of broken steel and rope.

Directly the slimy black cable breaks surface, two of the crew are lowered overboard in "bosuns' chairs" (plain planks) to secure it with chains. Another bad moment this, should the cable, the drag-line or the chains choose to break under the strain. Doubly bad when great waves reach up and smother the men in freezing water, striving to tear them from their swaying perches.

Old cable men tell grim stories of this job. There was the time in tropical waters, when the sharks cruised slowly in schools below the bosuns' chairs, staring avidly up through the clear water. The ship rocked ponderously in a heavy swell. A seaman, straining after the swinging chains, slipped. One leg momentarily broke the surface as he recovered himself. A shark rolled on his back, and flipped his powerful tail . . . And another seaman volunteered to fill the empty chair and finish the job. The cables must be patched.

Terrifying, but less tragic, was the experience of a U.S. cable seaman in the Pacific. He was binding a hooked cable with chains when the tackle broke under the strain, flicking him like a fly from his seat. The heavy cable plunged back into the sea, carrying the man, tangled in the broken chains, with it. His lungs bursting, the struggling man was dragged down, apparently to a grave on the seafloor thousands of feet below. But he lost consciousness a hundred or more feet down, and his limp body drifted from the tangle and floated slowly to the surface. Though half-drowned and injured by the pressure, he recovered and a few months later went back to duty in the bosun's chair.

Queer things are dragged to the surface from the quiet black depths by drags and cable. Old pieces of wreckage, identified as coming from the Spanish Armada, have excited Post Office crews dragging in the Channel. The skeletons of long-drowned sailors have straddled prosaic submarine cables, as though striving towards some human contact in their lonely graves. Cables have fouled old war-time mines . . .

One far northern cable, which broke suddenly, proved extraordinarily difficult to haul to the surface. Extra hauls and engines had to be switched on. Obviously it had fouled some heavy object. It had. Eventually it came to the surface, fantastically twisted and tangled, bearing with it the 50-foot carcass of a whale! Cruising lazily along the bottom, the great brute had evidently fouled a loose tangle of cable, caught itself in the loops and then—struggling in blind terror with an adversary indifferent to its majesty—wound itself in a death grip which fractured the line . . . A queer story, which really needs a Kipling to tell it from the right angle.

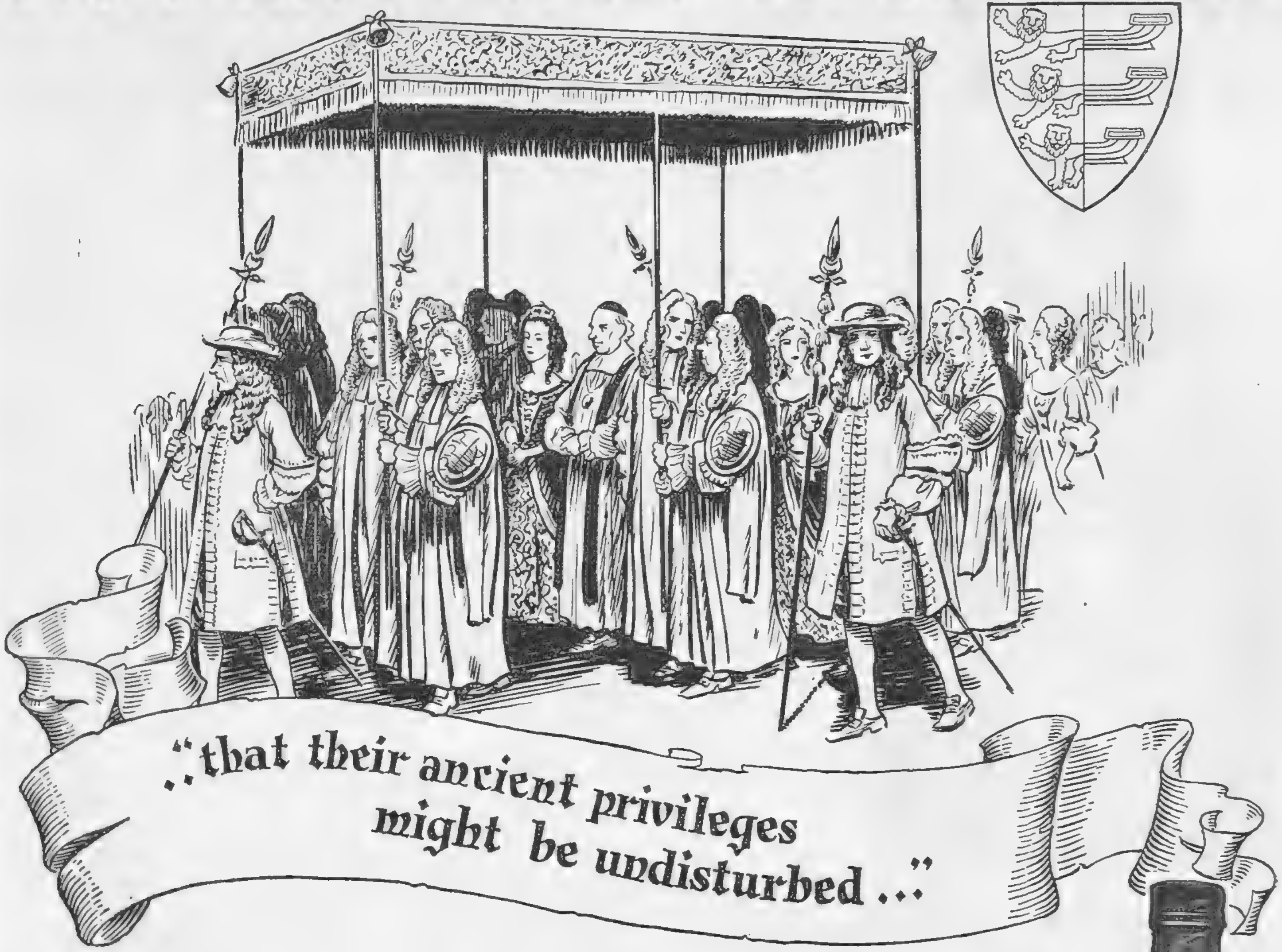
Long-buried cables often bring with them the decayed bodies of savage sea-fighters which have tackled the long steel-and-rubber eels and died for their courage, and I have even heard of a lucky cableman picking a pearl-oyster off a submarine phone line.

When once the cable has been hauled up and secured, it is cut in two and each end is tested. The live end is then attached to a floating buoy and thrown back into the sea, and the cable ship steams slowly away, following up the line of the broken section and coiling it into her capacious holds as she goes. Eventually the damaged part comes aboard, a new length is spliced into place by the expert wire splicers who are carried in every ship, and the whole repaired length joined up with the buoyed section and lowered again to the bed.

A clean break, in which the whole cable is severed, involves another bout of dragging (and cursing) until the end is found.

Splicing a new length of cable is no simple job, especially when the ship is dipping her nose under every few seconds. The modern cable is a complex thing. Some of the multi-line cables carry as many as 120 separate conductor wires. Each of these is wrapped in a paper "sleeve," the tiny air space between wire and paper acting as an insulator. The conductor wires (*Continued on page 102*)

The BARONS of the CINQUE PORTS


"...that their ancient privileges might be undisturbed..."

SINCE the time of Henry IV, the Barons of the Cinque Ports—the Mayors and Jurats of Hastings, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Sandwich—have had the right of holding canopies of cloth of gold over the King and Queen at their Coronation.

They also petitioned on each occasion that their ancient privileges, granted in return for being the mainstay of England's defence by sea against the Continent, might be undisturbed.

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are twisted together and enclosed in a heavy lead sheath which in turn is protected by a covering of heavy steel wires. A cable such as this weighs about 33 tons and costs £2,000 a mile.

Deep-sea cable, which is out of reach of straying anchors and trawls, is often only about one inch thick and comparatively unarmoured and light. But even this is a weighty catch when you are hauling it up from three and a half miles down in the Pacific. Much more troublesome, though, is shallow-water cable, which is very heavily armoured. Cable ships brave coasts and weather which no other vessel of their size would look at, but they can't penetrate in-shore. These cables have to be hauled up by men standing on open rafts. One of the worst jobs this, when great waves are breaking over the raft and pitching it crazily, and many has been the spill taken by the raft crews and many the near-tragedies around the shores. But the cables must be patched.

Whatever happens, the cables must be patched. Not long ago an important Atlantic line went dead, and the break was located somewhere off the Canadian coast. The weather was showing just what winter can do in northern latitudes with screaming gales, seas which would lead the *Queen Mary* a dance, and sub-zero temperatures. But repair was urgent, and the nearest cable-ship was basking in the sun down in the West Indies!

In London the radio crackled. In the West Indies, captain and crew cursed—and set sail north. The break was found and mended. But before the O.K. flashed along the line about 80 cable men went through several degrees of inverted hell. For days on end, as they grappled, great seas swept over the craft, coating decks and rigging with inches-thick ice, freezing up machinery, making it next to impossible to stand on the tilting, wind-lashed decks. The break was mended. No man lost his life. But several went down with frost-bite, so severe that only amputation of limbs saved a death-roll.

And back to the sunny Indies sailed the cable-ship, one more job done.

From one end of the world to the other, the cable-ships plough their way. Recently a big break occurred off South Africa. In London headquarters, the big bosses examined the little flags on their map. Nearest ship was off Australia. Out went the radio assignment. Back again, a few minutes later, came the reply. No detailed cable charts of the area affected were on board; without them dragging would be impossible.

Air mail was too slow for this job, so the officials made use of their own latest service, the telephoto transmission. Photographs of the charts were passed to the transmitter, and reproductions peeled off at the other end of the world, in Australia. Within hours, a complete set of charts were on their way to the cable-ship captain.

Most of this article is about cable-mending for the reason that few really important new cables are laid these days. True, the Cable and Wireless people have ships which can carry great coils of deep-sea cable 3,000 miles long and weighing 8,000 tons, but such a length is very seldom taken aboard. There are already 16 Atlantic cables . . .

Round Britain, the Post Office fleet still lays two or three new cables every year to cope with the growing Anglo- and America-Continental traffic. Compared with patching, cable-laying, which can wait for fine weather, is fairly simple. But it demands detailed advance planning. When a new Channel cable is necessary, it is no easy job to plot out a course where it will lie clear of neighbouring lines—an important point if future repairs are not to work on the lucky-dip principle.

This provisional "paper" route is then buoyed, and a minute survey of the sea bed is carried out, to ensure that dangerous valleys and mountains should not cause sagging or coiling of the cable. Here the "echo-sounder" has taken the place of the old swung "lead." Down in the bottom of the ship is an electrically-controlled hammer, which taps twice a second on a small anvil connected with the hull-plates. The noise travels down through the water and bounces up from the sea-bed. Further along the hull is a microphonic sound detector which picks up the echo and passes it on to a simple timing apparatus. This measures the time taken for each bounce, and translates it into distance. One model actually draws a contour map of the bottom, so sensitive that a partially-buried wreck will stand up as a distinct bump. Salvage ships all use this type.

The shore lengths of the new cable are then laid from shallow lighters, passed to the cable-ship and joined to the main section which lies in vast leaden coils in the special "tank" holds. From these tanks the cable passes along the deck, running over great steel, grooved wheels connected to "spring scales" which indicate the tension on the cable. Officers glue their eyes on these indicators, as the ship steams slowly along the buoyed course, the cable running out over the great steel sheaves at bow or stern.

They know that the line is trailing out for five miles behind the ship, exerting a tremendous pull. A few tons too much might mean a break, and urgent days wasted in fishing and patching. Tension, too, must be varied so that the cable lies with just sufficient slack on the varying sea-bed.

Meanwhile, down below in the tanks the only really dangerous part of the job is going on. To prevent the great circles of wire tangling as they flip round and reel on to deck, a handful of men stand on the cable. Each man has to skip off and then back again as the circles unreel.

There are unpleasant possibilities here. A false step by one man, a sudden kink in the wire, and the tank would be filled with a thrashing monster suddenly come to life. A monster powered by the thousands of horse-power from the ship's own engines.

A simple enough job nowadays, cable-laying. But think back to those pioneers of the '60's who set out without experience in that wonderful old paddle-wheel monster the *Great Eastern* to lay the first Atlantic cable. Think of the storms that hit her, while she trailed vast weights of clumsy wire. Think of the heart-breaking fractures and breakdowns. And think of the day when the impossible was performed and man spoke to man across 3,000 miles.

END

It's Thirsty Weather

(Continued from page 67)

a great deal, for it may be that you want to prepare a drink in a hurry without at the same time producing something too ordinary.

Rum also is a very good stand-by, and many delicious drinks are quickly made with it. The famous West Indian Punch is hard to beat and the recipe easy to follow :—

"One of sour (lime-juice)
Two of sweet (sugar)
Three of strong (rum)
And four of weak (water)."

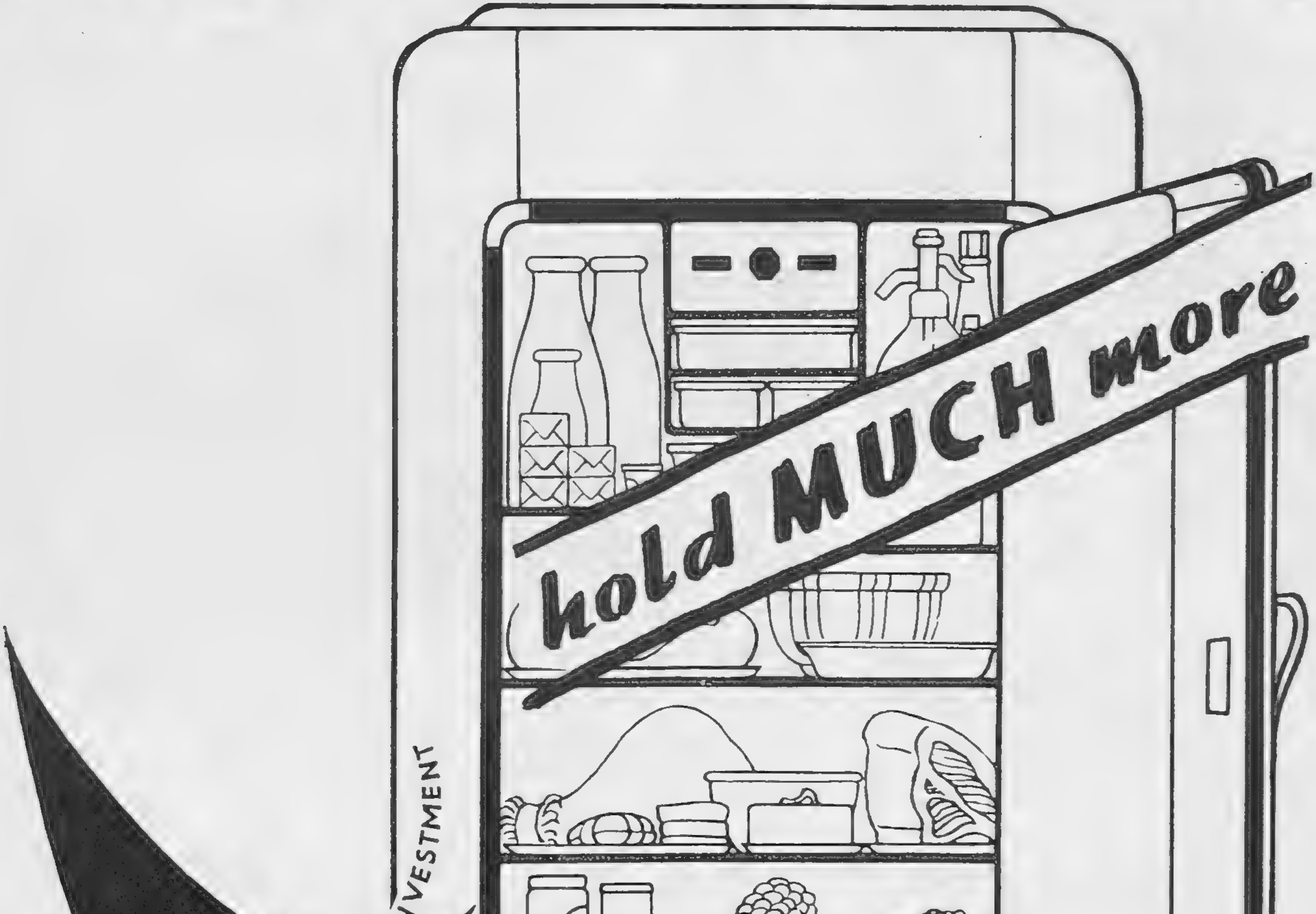
This simple recipe can be elaborated on, and I have a version of my own which all my friends like very much. I make the punch as described above, but adding mint and a few sprigs of rosemary, both of these slightly crushed before putting them into the jug, which should be done first.

Then add orange as well as lemon juice, the rum and sugar, also a few slices of orange. Let this rest for an hour and then pour in plain iced water. Stir well and pour through a strainer into the tumblers.

Rum in iced tea is another good drink. For this you want tumblers almost full of shaved ice, sugar, a dash of rum and a thin slice of lemon on top. Have ready some freshly made tea and pour it over the lemon until the tumblers are full. You should pour the tea through a strainer and serve, of course, with straws.

A. H. A.

Electric Refrigerators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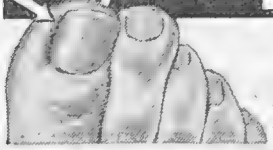

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Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

An Interesting Light Car

(*Continued from page 79*)

The braking is most effective, and the steering is quite out of the ordinary. The car holds the road well—abnormally well considering its very short wheelbase—while at the same time having a turning circle equivalent to that of a London taxi. I am not exaggerating. This Fiat can definitely turn round in the street without having to be reversed. It can get round in less space than any other car which I can remember having driven.

The coachwork is not too ambitious, since it is intended to seat only two people. It is, however, extremely practical. The two front seats are really comfortable, and instead of two extra seats being squeezed in at the back, there is a really generous amount of luggage space. All reasonable requirements for two people can be carried—and with ease.

There is a special type of all-weather roof —and this again is unique. It can genuinely be operated by one man with one hand— and the one man need never move out of his seat. A single push suffices to lower it, and a single pull is enough to raise it.

Thus, from first to last, the car is unusual and yet practical. The price of it is uncommonly attractive at £120. It has the further advantage of being distributed in London by The Car Mart, Ltd.

Miss Sheila Martin, who was chosen as the outstanding young woman to represent Australian girlhood at the Coronation. She is seen stepping into the Vauxhall "25" saloon which she is using during her stay in this country

The New "Flying Standard"

(*Continued from page 81*)

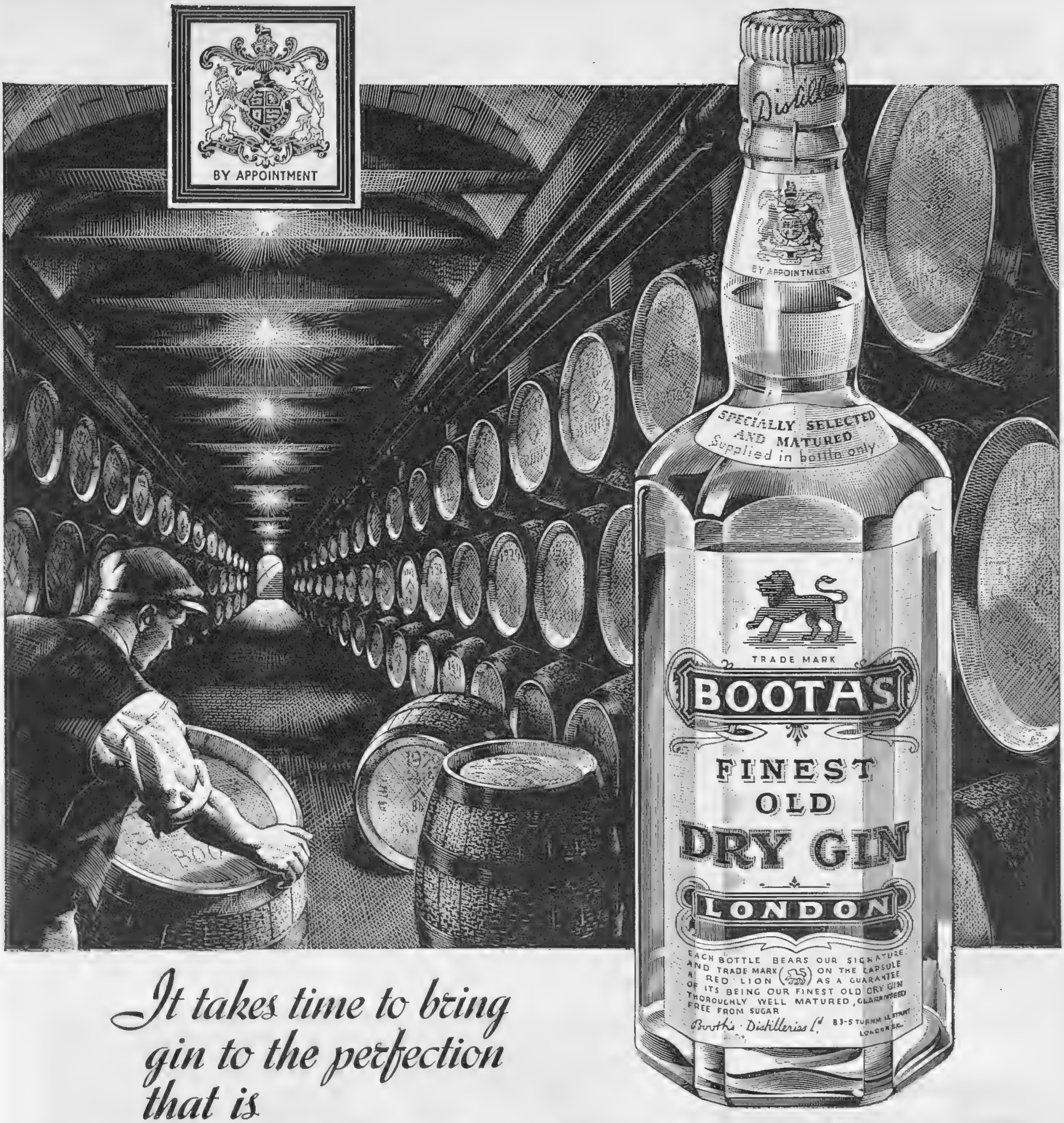
The four-speed gearbox is a good one, with synchromesh provided on all ratios except the lowest. Thus there can never be any gear-changing difficulty, except in the unusual event of the driver requiring to change "down," while on the move, from second to first gear. I should judge that the need for this would only arise on a gradient of quite abnormal steepness.

All the interior arrangements are well planned, and the stream-line motif of the coachwork is not allowed to interfere in any way with comfort. There is plenty of head-room at the back, and enough leg-room and elbow-room to please even the out-size passenger. The back seat is of such width as to seat three people quite well, or two in conditions of real luxury.

An excellent feature is that the rear luggage locker is supplied with fitted suitcases. These of course have a far greater capacity than the assortment of non-fitting cases which the average owner already possesses. Also they eliminate the bothersome business of trying to stow ordinary cases in a space-saving manner. There is, in fact, everything to be said for them.

For a car of this quality, the Saloon de Luxe is very reasonable in price. It is listed at £349.

A 1937 Rover Model. The "Sixteen" 6-cylinder sports saloon introduced this season. The attractive bodywork is in keeping with its outstanding performance. This model is in popular demand, as indeed it should be at the price, £355



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But there isn't much time *en voyage* to get a very profound knowledge of the language; for Oslo, the capital, is only 38 hours distant from Newcastle by the steamers of the Fred Olsen Line. As distances are judged to-day, Norway is, indeed, nearly next door—but in its grey antiquity, its silent waterways, its grandeur of mountain and ravine, as remote from the whirligig of the New World as old Tibet.

Norway's position in the extreme north-west corner of Europe has served her well, keeping her strongly individual—comparatively neglected by the vast army of tourists who overrun the greater part of the European scene during the season—keeping her a land of peace and enchantment.

The farther one travels northward during the summer the longer, of course, becomes the day. The evening hours are magical as nowhere else on earth, with exquisite sunsets and cloud effects that defy alike description by pen or portrayal by paint.

At Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, the sun is continually above the horizon between the middle of May and the end of July. In June and July, Oslo is getting nearly 19 hours of daylight.

And the climate is delightful. Even in winter time, with snow on the ground, the sun shines warmly, while in summer the scent of the vast pine forests spreads far and wide, healthful and invigorating.

Accommodation for visitors is as varied as the scenery. You may take your choice between the orthodox luxury hotels of the cities and towns, and the homely little hostelries or farmsteads of remote villages. But always you will find the food excellent and everything faultlessly clean. And reasonable. For, together with ancient ceremonial customs and dress, the Norwegians have retained the homely hospitality of the posting-coach days when travel was an adventure indeed.

Your method of journeying is also entirely a personal matter. You may join an organised party and, in a few weeks, or even days, of sight-seeing, contrive to compress mountains, fjords, yachting, bathing and the midnight sun! Thus, you may see more of Norway at less cost, and no trouble at all, and with greater social enjoyment than if you travel alone.

But if you *are* of the leisured, less gregarious type of traveller, you will find Norway too deeply fascinating a country to be swallowed wholesale. You will want to explore her forests, camp beside her fjords, climb her mountains, and to make friends with the romantic peasant and fisher folk of the western side.

Whatever your tastes, Oslo might well be your starting-off point. Delightfully situated at the head of the Oslo fjord, backed by pine-clad hills, Oslo is also the radiating point for all the main railway lines—chief among these, those going to the ancient capital of Trondheim in the north and to the busy port of Bergen in the west. Bergen, the second largest town of Norway, you mustn't miss. Besides being an important city, it is certainly one of the most beautiful, with its medieval appearance, and its busy, colourful harbour filled with ships of all nations.

If time admits, to journey the whole length of the coast is to cover a distance of 1,700 miles.

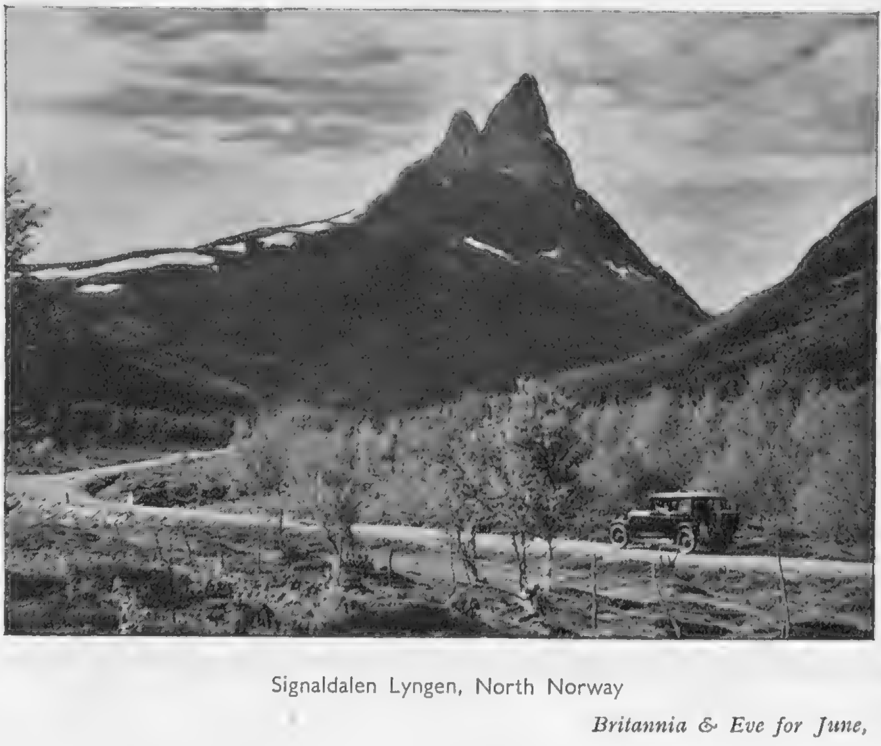
The memories you will have! Peaceful scenes in the valleys of Osterdal, Gudbrandsdal, Valdres, Hallingdal and Numedal. Farther on, the strange coast known as Jaeren, flat and exposed, open to the full fury of the sea.

And then, abruptly, the wild mountainous region round Stavanger, an ancient city and the nearest port to England. Farther still, beautiful Bergen, and the Sogne fjord winding among the mountains. Jostedalsbrae, the largest snowfield in Europe. Galdhopigg, the highest mountain in Norway. And Geiranger, the narrow defile known as "Queen of the Fjords," famous for its immensity and the sublime beauty of its waterfalls. Further still, past the Romsdal heights some 160 miles or so, Trondheim.

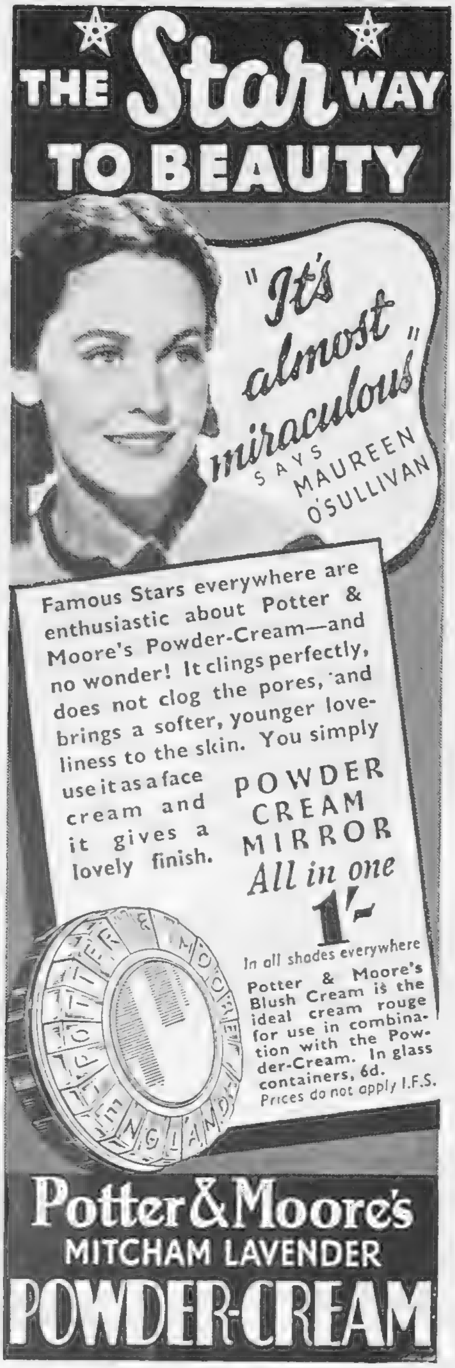
Here the country is open and well cultivated. 705 miles of coast still lie ahead before the North Cape is reached.

At last Hammerfest. Scant of vegetation at this high altitude, the earth has an air of eerie sadness, only relieved by the glorious sky effects which, round about midnight, splash rocks and hills with gold, making the waters mirrors of opalescent colour.

Descriptive guides and details of inexpensive tours in Norway can be obtained from the leading tourist agents or post free from Norwegian State Railways, 21, Norway House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.



Signaldalen Lyngen, North Norway



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Books

(Continued from page 55)

LIKE Signor Orioli, Lola Kinel is a foreigner who has completely mastered the English language. (Can it be as difficult as it is alleged to be?) She was born a Russian, and has lived in Poland, Austria, Germany and the United States, as well as in the land of her birth. She therefore calls her volume of autobiography *Under Five Eagles* (Putnam, 12s. 6d.). Since the war, and especially since the revolution in Russia, the world, it seems, is full of young or youngish people who, with indomitable courage, have earned their living in several languages. We know that this is so, because many of them write books about themselves. Miss Kinel is the latest, and one of the most accomplished, to do so. Her accomplishments include, fortunately, the power to write an interesting book. In the course of her adventures she acted for a time as secretary to Isadora Duncan and Essenine. I knew Isadora, and I have been impressed by the penetration and vividness of Miss Kinel's picture of the dancer as she was near the end of her life. Her book "reads" well throughout; and from this personal test which I chanced to be able to apply, I know that its qualities are real, and not merely apparent.

END

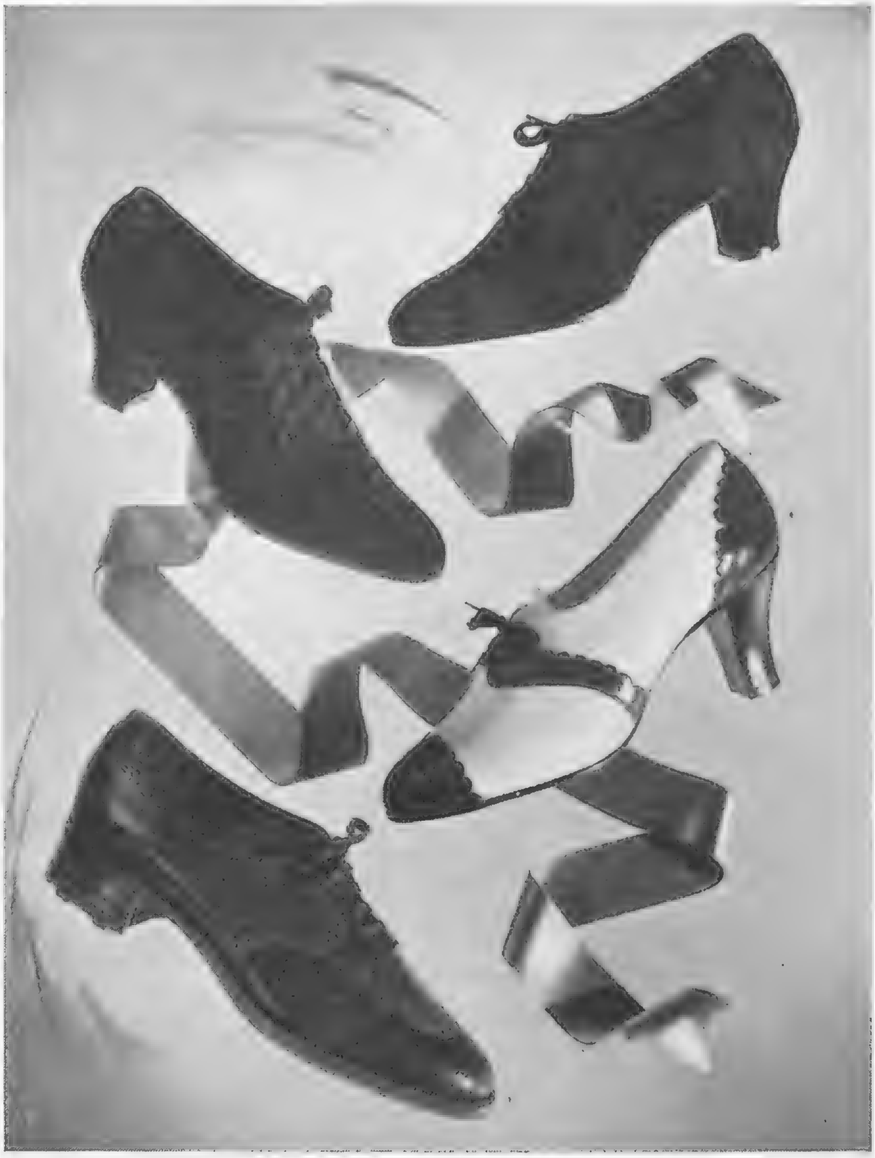
Smart Feet

HALF the pleasure of life can be lost by ill-fitting and badly designed shoes. In giving their clients the opportunity of wearing their Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes, Manfield's, the well-known Northampton firm of shoe manufacturers, have done them a great service.

These shoes embody four original and exclusive points, all of which contribute to their comfort. First, they are designed for every type of arch curve; secondly, they support the outer arch; thirdly, there is support for the metatarsal arch, scientifically fitted to relieve the burden imposed on this arch by the wearing of high heels; and lastly, both inner and outer soles are straight from side to side, so that the foot is always in a natural position with unhampered blood circulation.

Selberite Arch Preserver footwear must not be confused with orthopædic or corrective shoes. Models are made for all feet, and every important fashion trend is embodied in them.

Sandal strap shoes, court shoes, Oxford shoes, ghillie shoes and brogues are included in a splendid range of styles for every occasion.



Top right. A high Derby trimmed with punching and stitched in contrast. In black or brown suède, black or navy kid. *Top left.* Loop tie shoe with a latticed front, in black, brown or navy kid or suède. The black and white shoe is a smart Derby tie, white buckskin with scalloped calf overlay, trimmed with punching. The brogue is green llama and plain calf with a Ridgeway rubber sole. All at 39/6 a pair

He had the Fat Lady whacked...

Father's first home movie—taken with his new Ciné-'Kodak' Eight—was a roaring success. There were Peter's school sports, cousin Diana's wedding, and the children staging a Wild West show; scenes at a fair, with a superb Fat Lady; and—Baby. Baby was the real star. "He's got even the Fat Lady whacked," said Father. "I'm going to keep a film record of that kid from now on. So easy too; I press the button—he does the rest. Making movies is even easier than taking snaps."

Father's latest reel is a sensation. It's in colour. "It's as simple as black-and-white," he says. "I just used 'Kodachrome' instead of ordinary film. No extra gadgets at all, either for taking or showing." 'Kodachrome' is now available for all Ciné-'Kodaks,' including the Ciné-'Kodak' Eight.

If you've got children, you simply must have an 'Eight.' That's the world's cheapest way of making movies. And, besides your own films, there are over 300 to hire from the 'Kodascope' Library—comics, cartoons, travel films, etc. The children will love them.

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FREE. Ask the nearest Ciné-Kodak Dealer for illustrated book (shown here) about 'Kodachrome' and Ciné-'Kodak' (or write to Mr. B. E. Taylor, Dept. 57N, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for this Booklet and names of Ciné-Kodak Dealers in your neighbourhood).

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Elegant Drawing-Rooms Again

(Continued from page 39)

We are very far removed from the days when the gentlemen never joined the ladies at all in the withdrawing room after dinner, because they would have been too drunk to do so, and therefore the ladies " withdrew " to their own company for the rest of the evening. The modern drawing-room comes into its own during the cocktail hour before dinner for both sexes, for bridge, conversation and music afterwards. It is a genuine living-room—but should never lose its elegance.

The Regency craze has done more than anything else to bring back this mode of elegance, but we are not so desperately Regency as to part with our sofas and our comfortable armchairs in favour of the little upright, so symmetrical chairs of that period.

There is a happy compromise, such as Mrs. David Forbes achieves in her modern Chelsea drawing-room, where the sofas and chairs are covered in pale blue satin, infinitely elegant, with tiny pastel brocade cushions, while the coffee and cigarette tables and firescreen are of delicate ironwork painted white.

Genuine Regency couches are hard to come by, and, truth to tell, they are not very comfortable, so that hostesses who have them use them as an ornament, a period piece, and see that at least one other sofa of the dateless modern description is available for use.

Mrs. Jack Coats invented the sofa that could also be three chairs when occasion demanded. Such a one is a feature at Pineapple Priory in her drawing-room. The L-shaped sofa is an admirable idea for the small modern drawing-room when two or three women are gathered together for a good gossip.

Place in front of it a matching stool for cigarettes, matches, ash trays and papers, and a convenient mirror behind for facial adjustments.

The return of the elegant room to fashion does not mean the disappearance of modern accessories to living such as the cocktail cabinet or the wireless. See, for instance, the cocktail cabinet, supremely elegant in its engraved glass panelling, that stands one side of the fireplace in Lady Veronica Hornby's drawing-room.

It is a decoration in itself, and much more suitable to its surroundings than a bar could ever be.

Radiograms can be painted to any colour to match the room. Mrs. David Forbes has hers white, Lord Curzon pale grey, or they can be so boxed-in as to appear invisible.

Embroidery stands and tapestry workbags have their place in the scheme of elegance too. Bags hang from the corner poles of Knole settees. Victorian stands are pickled to oatmeal colour or off-white.

Modern hostesses are learning how to use glass for elegance, not for hygienic glitter. (See Mrs. Philipson's white and silver drawing-room.

This room is high up, looking over Hyde Park, so she uses only white muslin curtains at the window, allowing the lights of London to twinkle through at night. A coal fire would be out of keeping with the white satin covers and the white rugs. But her glass firedogs are a gracious accompaniment to the white hearth.

END

The Truth About the Foreign Legion

(Continued from page 29)

officers, however, are French. But the Foreign Legion, being the crack corps of the French Army, only officers who have passed out in the first three places from St. Cyr (the French equivalent of Sandhurst) can be posted to it. Even then they have to serve with another first-class regiment beforehand. What is more, they have to be physically perfect as well. A good instance of this is my friend Lieutenant de Termignon, who joined the Chasseurs Alpins, and represented France at ski-ing in the Olympic Games, then joined the French Air Force and captained the French Army Rugger team against the British Army, and only then joined the Foreign Legion.

Two of the best known officers are Prince Aage of Denmark, who is now a Major at Headquarters Staff at Fez, and Major Pechckoff, the son of Maxim Gorky. There are over fifty nationalities serving in the Foreign Legion. These include Americans, British, and all the more usual nationalities, together with Persians, Peruvians, Tonkinese, Turks, Luxembourgers, Mexicans, and Maltese. Thirty-five per cent. of the men are Germans; a similar proportion are either Czecho-Slovakians, Polish, or Russians. Of the remainder, Belgians, Swiss and Danes form the higher percentage.

Englishmen, one regrets to learn, are the worst recruits, and a higher percentage of them desert than that of any other nationality. The reason for this was put explicitly a couple of years ago by an English Legionary, Corporal Hunter. "The trouble with Englishmen," he explained, " is that they try to continue to be Englishmen in the Foreign Legion. This is obviously absurd and impossible." Another reason, possibly, is that the food and the time that the food is served, even in barracks, is so different from what the Englishman is used to. He starts the day at five-thirty a.m. with black coffee and a slice of bread. At ten-thirty comes a meal of meat, vegetables, pudding, half a loaf, a pint of wine, and black coffee. The next and final meal is much the same and is served at five p.m.

Looking through the newspaper files for the past three years I have come across the names of ten English deserters, a considerable number considering the rarity of Englishmen in the Legion. Indeed, the English have proved such bad recruits that it is now necessary for a man who wishes to join the Foreign Legion to pay his own fare across to France. Formerly this was provided by the French authorities in London.

What is the real truth about the brutality and hardships of men serving in the Legion ? The answer is that it is no more stringent than that of the British Brigade of Guards. There is, however, much more physical fatigue likely to come your way in the desert; and the non-commissioned officers have much more arbitrary powers than they have elsewhere. It is no good pretending, in fact, that the Foreign Legion is a pink tea organisation, and it might be unwise to confront innocent young girls with the Foreign Legion. Since the depression of 1931, however, the standard of recruit has risen very considerably. University men, lawyers, architects, doctors, and large numbers of engineers have joined the Foreign Legion to be sure of some kind of creature comforts for five years. Up to a few years ago it was reckoned actually that out of every ten men who enlisted six had been ruined by the casinos or were there for some other financial reason; one was there for the sake of adventure; only the tenth man had joined because he wished to put a little space between him and the gendarmes.

All told, the Foreign Legion consists of nearly twenty-five thousand officers and men. About seven hundred recruits are needed for replacements each year. There are six regiments—five of infantry and one of cavalry—and they are stationed at Sidi-Bel-Abbis (which is the depot for the General Corps) in Algeria; at Meknes, Fez, Marrakech, Tonkin (in Indo-China); in Syria, and in Taroudant, which is in Morocco.

Meantime, just as Major P. C. Wren, who wrote *Beau Geste*, would not be exactly welcomed if he visited French Morocco, so the French War Office regard Ward Price's *In Morocco with* (*Continued on page* 112)

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the Legion as far and away one of the best and most honest books ever written about this famous corps. Ward Price had the luck to be in at the death with the Foreign Legion when the final resistance of the wild Berbers in the Atlas Mountains was crushed as recently as two years ago. During this period Ward Price met a Russian lieutenant-colonel, American and Danish captains, and a Turkish subaltern.

There are no English officers at present in the Foreign Legion, but there were three who had served with it. One had been a first-class officer; the second doped; and the third drank. The chief complaint that can be levelled by outsiders against the men of the Foreign Legion is their prodigious drinking. When pay day comes round each fortnight there is a general blind. According to Ward Price, eight out of ten of the men are semi-intoxicated next day, and only on the third day recover a penniless sobriety. The Legionaries' favourite drink is known as "Earthquake." It consists of raw white Spanish or American wine laced with pernod—a potent spirit made to resemble absinth. Again I quote Ward Price: "Drink is the only relaxation which the life of a Legionary affords. It has from his point of view an advantage of dulling for a time the remorse over wasted opportunities or past misdeeds that suddenly rankles in the brains behind many of those hard-bitten sunburnt faces. Games are little practised in the Legion. Whereas a British infantry company would always take its footballs with it, the Foreign Legion shows no interest in outdoor sport." The daily life of the average Legionary is sufficient "sport" for him to need no other form of physical culture to avoid insomnia at night.

The percentage of Germans among the Foreign Legion does not cause the French authorities any anxiety. But Berlin views it with some discomfort. It has been claimed that a number of ex-Legionaries become spies for the French Government. This seems rather ridiculous. Nevertheless, they are about to pass a law depriving all Germans serving in the Foreign Legion of their German nationality. It is also a fact that when more than fifty Germans in the Foreign Legion were given permission by the French War Office to return to the Saar to vote, only eight of them returned. The remainder were offered large bonuses, stated to be as much as four hundred pounds each, as well as higher rank in the German Army, if they stayed in the Fatherland. Such a bribe must have been difficult to resist, although in the Foreign Legion no effort is made to seduce the men from their original nationality. German Legionaries can sing "The Watch on the Rhine" or other German songs as much as they like; but at the setting of the sun it will be the German sergeant who curses his men if they do not salute the French flag in soldierly fashion.

My friend Lieutenant de Termignon tells me that one of his sergeants was a German bishop. He also had two bankers who had risen to the rank of corporal, though whether they were Americans or not he did not state.

There must be men missing from their homes all over the world who are now serving with the Foreign Legion, but their secret is always well kept. If, for example, any of you suspect that some friend or relative has joined the Foreign Legion and you write to the headquarters of the Friends of the Foreign Legion in the Champs Elysées, the president of this admirable organisation, Mr. Philippe Ortiz, an American whose own son, now aged twenty-three, has just completed his five years' service and has rejoined, reads the letter and then writes to the Colonel of the regiment to which he has traced the man. The Colonel calls in the Legionary and informs him that this enquiry as to his whereabouts has been received. Does he wish to do anything about it or does he still desire to maintain his incognito, so to speak? If he wishes to keep his whereabouts still secret, that secret is kept.

The difficulty of tracing a man is not made any easier by the fact that eighty per cent. of the men join under false names, and frequently even under false nationalities. It may be added that if the Legionary has been traced and does not wish to get in touch with the person who has been enquiring about him, the original letter is never answered. By negative inference, therefore, you can assume that if there is no reply at all to your letter (as opposed to a statement that the man cannot be traced) he is actually in the Foreign Legion.

One may conclude with what General de Villebois-Mareuil wrote about the Foreign Legion just before the war: "The Legion has a double character. As enlistment is open to men of up to forty, it is largely composed of professional soldiers, who have found in the career of arms a refuge and a livelihood, and sometimes a means of rehabilitation.

"There are strange contrasts of good and evil in this mixed body, whose recruits enter it under a mask, without evidence of their identity or nationality, with unknown records of conduct, without recommendation or any character conferred upon them by their past.

"The Legionary lives in a dream. What sort of dream? He would find it hard to explain that even to himself. But it is to his obsession by that dream that he attributes his misfortunes. He calls this dream *le cafard*. If he is asked the reason of some outbreak, he will give no other reply. It is always *le cafard*.

"That word stands for a great deal. It is not surprising that gloomy memories of a past that may have been in sharp contrast with his present circumstances should sometimes overcome his better judgment. His life is an abnormal one, and by the same token, he does not willingly accept the present as it is in its monotony and commonplace routine. His instinct is to dramatise everything, to weave legends round his affairs. He atones for the dullness of the conditions that surround him by indulging his imagination—so much so that in the end he comes to believe in his own fancies.

"It is this that makes it difficult to investigate a Legionary's past career—not that he displays reserve on the subject. On the contrary, unless he has some special reason for dissimulation, he likes to boast about it and paint it in the highest colours.

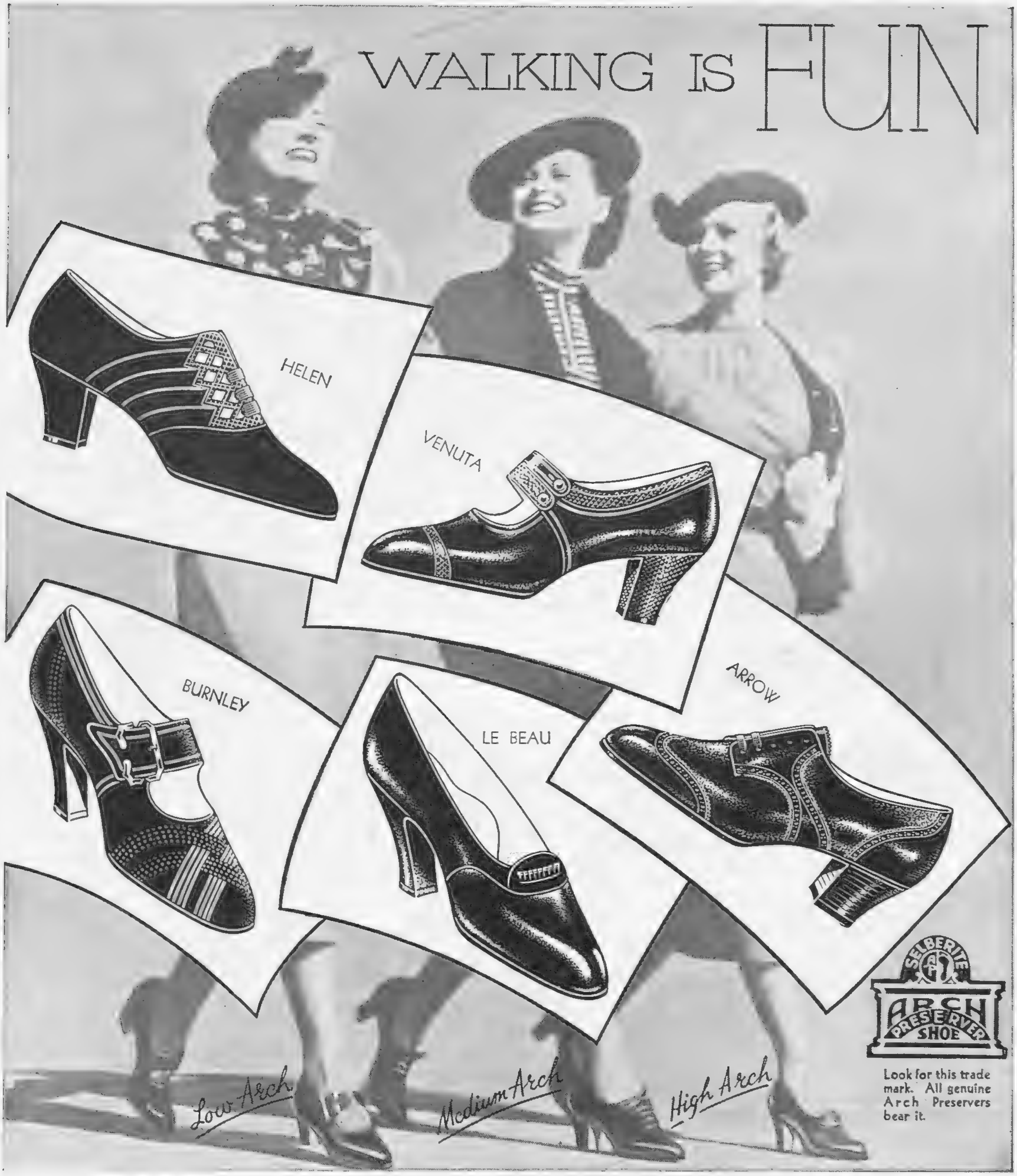
"Above all, he finds pleasure in asserting himself as a character out of the ordinary, which indeed he is. For the Legionary is an outlaw who has fallen out of the ranks of orderly human society, where he was ill at ease. He has a natural taste for risks. He wants to live his life. It is the only personal property left to him, and he stakes it boldly. If need be, he even sacrifices it altogether, with a spirit worthy of the highest military traditions."

Marshal Lyautey said: "The Legionaries are the worthy descendants of the ancient Roman Legionaries. They use pick and shovel a thousand times to one that they fire. They are the advance guard of civilisation and of pacification—the most magnificent 'builders of worlds' that imagination can conceive!"

Colonel Frank E. Evans, of the United States Marines, is quoted by Mr. Ortiz as having said—rather Gallicly: "I am an officer in the U.S. Army since over thirty years, and knowing the French Foreign Legion as intimately as I do through a very close contact with it, I would consider it a great honour to command a Regiment of that incomparable troup."

Mr. Ortiz himself told me: "I am proud to have a son in the Foreign Legion. Knowing that magnificent corps as, perhaps, no civilian ever had the opportunity to know it inside out, if I had another son I would personally take him over to the Legion's recruiting office. And if I were only fifteen years younger myself, I would now serve civilisation in the ranks of the Foreign Legion."

END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Love Forgets the Captain

(*Continued from page* 51)

twins, and others. She hurried about the work of putting away the pots and went to her own wagon where her own trunk rode.

Presently she came down off the tongue, resplendent in her crimson challis with the little yellow flowers in it, her hair done up on her head with her precious hickory hairpins. Mrs. Sprague looked at her appraisingly.

"Reckon Will's settin' at your fire to-night," she said experimentally, and Caution smoothed the gathers of the full skirt along her slender hips.

"Not as anyone knows of," she said sharply.

Will Dallas, indeed! A harebrained scout without a penny in this world to bless himself with—only his tall horse, his gun and his worn buckskins. But the horse was the best in the train, except Captain's lean bay stallion, and the gun was famous from Missouri to the Oregon country, they said, since its owner had twice made the crossing.

She had little time for her scornful thoughts about Will Dallas, for her father was walking back to their fire, and with him walked Captain Sillard. His rather small eyes took in the unwonted gaiety of the girl's attire with smiling appreciation as he drew up a three-legged stool and sat down in the little circle.

It was customary for the families to stroll about after the work of the night was done and visit each other's fires, talking of the day's progress, the hopes ahead; but to-night, quick to sense the signal honour being paid the Pendergasts, they kept respectful distance.

At a wagon back along the oval Will Dallas stood with a lantern hung beside a tiny bit of broken mirror and shaved his handsome face.

He was the only man who bothered to keep up this habit in an habitually bearded group, the only one out of the prevailing style. The wagon belonged to friends of his, three brothers by the name of Sneed, and was his only claim to home. Bill Sneed came up out of the soft darkness now and spoke to him.

"Caution Pendergast," he said, "she's got a beau."

Will's hand stopped in its downward scrape along his left cheek.

"Eh?" he said.

"Caution—she's settin' up to-night."

"Who with?" asked the other slowly.

"Captain Sillard."

For a long moment there was silence. Then Will stropped his precious razor energetically.

"Ain't nothin' to that," he said. "Caution—she's young. Captain's nigh a-most old as her paw."

"But Captain's smart, an' they say he's got a thousand dollars in his under-belt."

Will winced at that. He finished his task in silence, and presently he walked among the fires to see for himself. He saw Caution in her red dress, the Captain talking entertainingly, and the sight hurt him worse than anything had ever hurt him in his life. But he laughed loudly among the men by Ansell's fire, bragged about a fight he'd had last year at Laramie.

NEXT day the train lay over and there was much activity. Great fires burned, big kettles boiled and a thousand garments bleached on the green grass all about. The scouts rode out as usual and Will Dallas came back with a small, fat bear across his horse's rump. He gave it to John Pendergast to parcel out among those short of meat and went in search of Captain Sillard. There was no laughter on his dark face to-day. The two men walked apart together and Will talked earnestly. When they came back the Captain was graver than usual. He summoned David Sprague and John Pendergast and several other men and they all walked out again.

"Will says there's sign ahead," he told them straightly, "Redskins. Under cover and mighty careful. That's not so good."

"An' that train ahead," Will said, "it's ben delayed. Made long camp by a big waterhole, fourteen-fifteen mile beyond. Looks like they rested up good. Careful too. Close formation. Stock herded close. An' they're a big train, 'bout ninety wagons I make out."

"How far ahead you make them?" asked Sillard.

"'Bout three-four days. But they'll be pullin' on with rested stock."

"Four days at ox pace," said Sillard thoughtfully, "twenty-four hours for a good hard horse."

"Yep," said Will. "I wish to hell they'd a-had to stay a mite longer at that waterhole. A hunderd an' seventeen wagons could dee-fy th' whole Indian nation."

"Men," said the Captain suddenly, "we'll get early start to-morrow. Extra early. Carry the word to the wagons."

And so it was that the train rolled out next day long before the sun had cleared the rim of the great flat world behind them, and there was little laughter anywhere along its length. On every wagon seat a long gun rested, loaded full, its powder and ball inside it. Caution Pendergast had hers, the same as any driver. The scouts were gone ahead into the unknown solitude. The sweet winds from the south were laden with the breath of nameless flowers. The girl drove soberly, her bonnet on her shoulders, her thoughts a mixture of many things. There was danger ahead, of course. It was always there, a shadow under the sun, but hope burned bright behind it, and youth is ever buoyant. Her heart thrilled a little at thought of a "brush with Injuns," as the men often spoke of such encounters, but she was not much afraid. She fell to thinking of Captain Sillard and the silver tongue of him that could picture the Oregon country in such glowing colours. Farming land—and gold—and a whole new world to be settled and planted. A white house, maybe, in a young orchard, and a man like Captain to head his table. Her face dimpled and flushed.

And for some unaccountable reason she thought of Will Dallas riding like the wind on his big, lean horse, whooping with his ready laughter, his black hair flying. She moved uneasily on her seat, twitched her lines impatiently. They drove late that night and made late camp, and the scouts came in late too. They talked again with the Captain and the head men, and there was very close formation. Close herding also. But Will Dallas was loud in his laughter that night among the fires, and once he strode in to theirs, since the Captain was busy with his precautions and could not be present as he had been every night since that first one.

Caution cleared away alone, her mother having gone to visit Anne Whipple, whose second child was sick.

The big man leaned against the wagon's wheel and grinned at the girl. He spoke in a low tone for his roaring voice.

"Havin' a lot o' comp'ny lately, ain't you?" he asked.

"Maybe," said Caution stiffly, "and whose business is it, might I ask?"

"Mine," said Will promptly.

"Huh! Yours!"

"I ain't got no money-belt," he said easily, "but I'm strong—an' young."

There was something about that last word that was arrogantly boastful. It stung Caution into instant anger.

"Sure," she said furiously. "You're young. I like *men*."

"Well," he said ruminatively, "there's Grampaw Harkness, now. He's nigh on to ninety."

Caution stopped her work and looked at him in helpless wrath.

"You—you—beardless boy!" she said.

"You like whiskers, I take it? Well, if it's brush you want," said Will airily, "I can raise as good a

(*Continued on page* 116)

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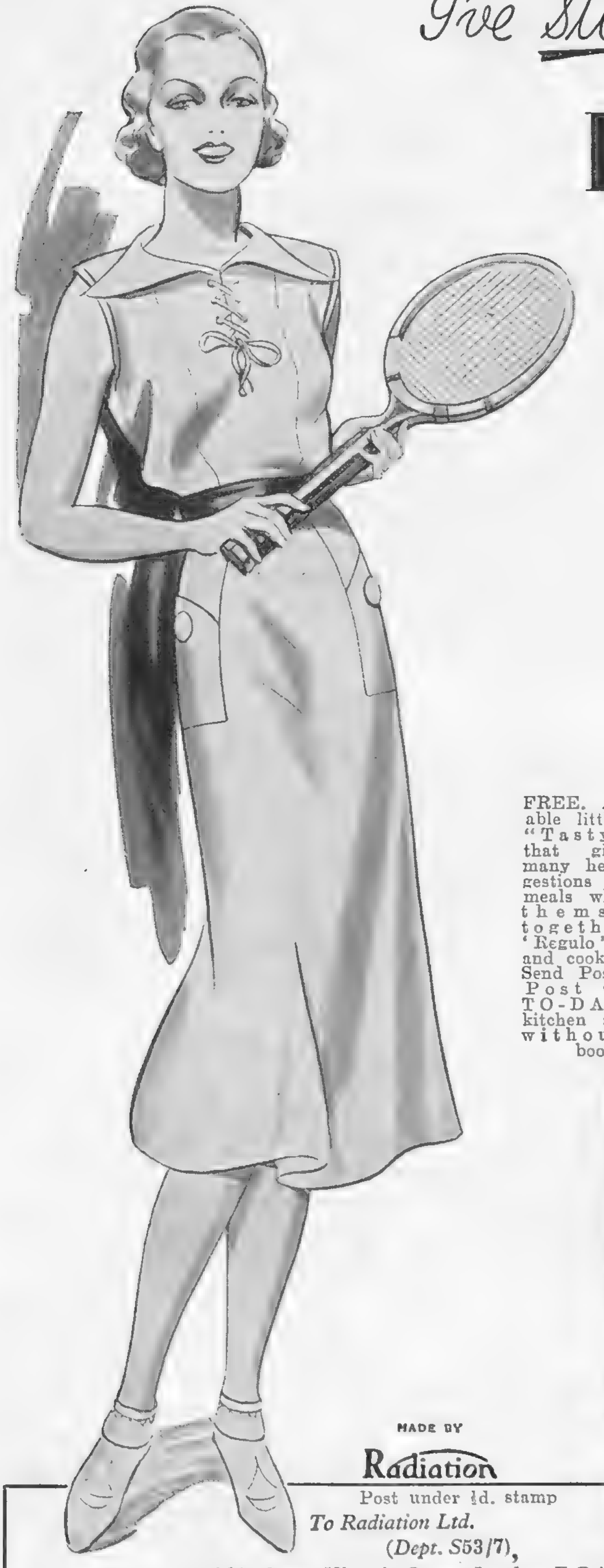
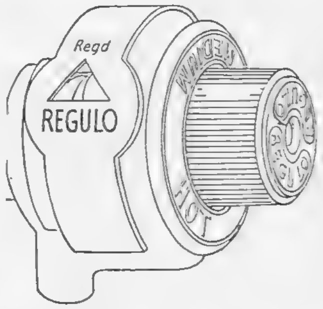


It isn't always easy to keep up your game if you've a home to look after and meals to cook, but it doesn't bother me—now!



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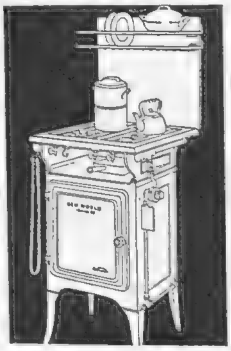

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thicket as airy man—an' I can raise it quick, too. I'm beginnin' now." And he walked away.

Captain Sillard came by a little later and was smilingly assured in manner and speech. He had seen the scout leaning against the wheel and his sharp eyes noticed the girl's flushed face. They narrowed a bit.

"We're rolling early again," he said. "You'd best get to bed early—my dear." The last words were softly spoken. The small, dark eyes smiled meaningly into hers as he passed into the darkness.

So Caution Pendergast had plenty to think about as she lay in her bed high above the goods in her wagon—two men—and life—and a future in a new land—and unnamed danger somewhere under the stars.

Strangely enough, she did not think of love.

ANOTHER day passed, two, and there was nothing but the lowing of the cattle, the patient plodding of the horses, the fires at night, to break the slow monotony. The men were a bit less grave, the tension relaxed. Young men sang again. The Captain sat nightly for a little while at the Pendergast fire. Will Dallas stayed away. Once Caution caught herself looking at him where he stood beside the Hanson wagon and teased the fairer twin. The firelight glimmered on him, turning the pale fadedness of his buckskins into shimmering gold and picked out his dark face, darker than usual for the young beard sprouting on it. His great form looked like a pillar of strength, with its straight back, its straight legs in their fringes, its high, black head thrown back.

That night something happened to Caution Pendergast that fairly upset the world for her, shamed her, thrilled her, filled her with such a turmoil of feelings as she had never known before.

It must have been well beyond midnight, for the earth and the skies were dark and still with that stillness which falls with the miracle of turning from one day to another, and the girl was deep in the healthy sleep of youth and work well done. She lay on her back beneath her quilts, her head on its pillow just back from the rear opening of the wagon where the canvas sheet was tied up a bit to catch the summer breeze, and her soft lips were parted with her even breathing. She did not dream, but slept as a babe sleeps, quiet and still. And then into her dim consciousness, along her veins, a thrill of flame went stealing like a golden flood. A very drunkenness of unknown joy seemed to pour itself within her, and she was awake. Awake to feel a warm breath on her face, to know a close shadow above her in the end-sheet's opening, to sink downward beneath the kiss of firm lips on her own, the brushing of a bearded face against her cheek.

She opened her mouth to scream, but could not, and the lips were gone, the shadow was no longer there, the stars shone tranquilly in the opening.

The girl sat up, her hands clutching her temples, holding her breath, her eyes dilated. *Someone had kissed her!* The hard, hot kiss of passion—and her heart was leaping against her ribs shamelessly!

She started up to cry to her mother in the wagon ahead, then thought better of it and lay down, trembling in every limb. But there was no more sleep for her that night, and the next morning she was covered with painful confusion, her eyes still big with wonder and a sharp dismay. *Who* had kissed her? In the night—in her bed! Oh, shame! And who was party to that guilty knowledge now? One of two men she well knew, but which? Whose had been those thrilling lips?

Had the beard been a young one, barely covering an audacious face, or one mature and heavy? To save her life she could not tell, since she was entirely unfamiliar with beards, and the moment had been so short, so breathless, so bewildering. She saw, watching covertly, Will Dallas mount his tall horse and lope away into the dim west, his breakfast of fried bear meat and a piece of bread in his flourishing hand, without a look toward her wagon. She saw Captain, serene, cautious, marshalling his people into their early start, and was no wiser than before.

She drove that day like one in a trance, her mind busy with her problem, and for the first time in her life she thrilled to an unfamiliar joy. The heavy, golden joy she had experienced last night as she awoke to that strange kiss. For the first time she lost sight of the dream of a new land, a white house in a newly planted orchard, and a man like Captain at his table's head. She felt only the rapture of adoring lips, the thrill of awaking love.

Love! But for which man? Truly Caution Pendergast was in a dilemma of the spirit and could ease her bewildered heart by telling no one, not even her mother. She could not eat at noon, and Mrs. Pendergast looked at her uneasily.

"You sick, girl?" she wanted to know, but Caution shook her head.

And so the day passed and the sun went down the tall blue sky again, and the riding scouts came back with their findings, and this time the whole train was summoned to the centre of the oval, where Captain Sillard stood in the light of the middle fire.

"Folks," he said straightly and very gravely, "our young men bring uneasy news to-night. We've been gradually overhauling the large train ahead—are but two days behind them now—but between them and us, camped on both sides of the trail, is a large band of Indians. Blackfeet, Will says, by their headdress, and they're in full war-paint. It is needless to say what that means."

A dead silence fell in which the leaping fire spoke softly to the heavens. These people were strong. They had known when they started westward months ago that they must be prepared for anything.

"This band is fairly large, as I said, but it was not, apparently, large enough to attack the other train, of ninety wagons, which it has been following parallel at the north. Evidently it has given them up and turned its eyes to us. We're headed straight for ambush, or rather to run the gauntlet between its two divisions. There is no way round, no turning back. I'm open to counsel. John Pendergast, David Sprague, William Grant, Jed Hanson—what have you to say? What is our course?"

The four men named stepped forward, thus making a small tribunal of destiny, gaunt figures in the firelight, striving to know what was best for those around them. Pendergast spoke first.

"There's no way, Captain, as I see it," he said, "but to arm ourselves to the last man, woman and child, and go ahead. To stay here in formation would only mean a siege, with rations eaten up, stock grazing exhausted. It would mean slaughter in the end."

"So would," Jed Hanson said. Sprague and Grant nodded.

"We'll go in double formation," the Captain said, "close drawn, and everything possible hung on the outside of the stock. Are you all of this mind? Hands up in favour of going ahead."

That was a tragic moment. Men looked at their wives, mothers' hands went out to children's heads beside them. But all around the circle hands went up, both men's and women's.

They were the builders of empire and their path was simple and straight—toward the west.

"There's one more thing," the Captain said, as if he had kept the only good thing in this sorry business for the last, "there is one hope of help for us. The train ahead. Ninety wagons. They must have many riders. Will says they have at least two hundred men, young men and scouts. If we can get word to them they may turn back for us, these mounted men. It is a matter of volunteers—and of good horses. Twelve hours' riding at the most—maybe fourteen—to get the word to them——" He stopped and the silence deepened. Then he went on. "And it is no common journey, this. Who volunteers?"

There was a movement among the men nearest the fire and the scouts moved forward in a body, six of

(Continued on page 118)

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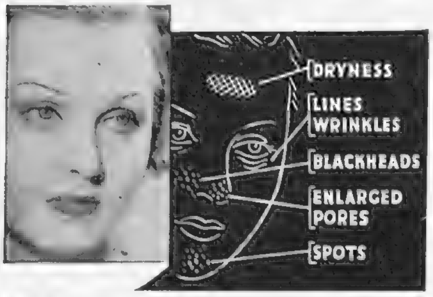

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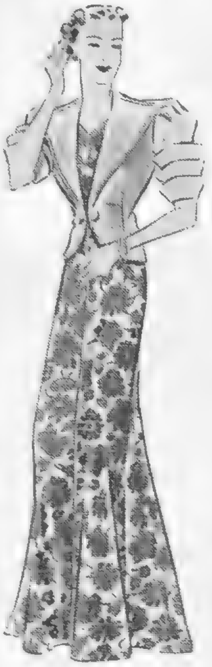

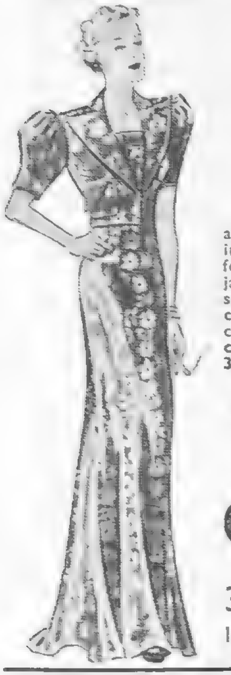

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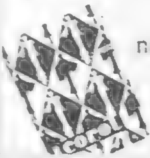

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them, their worn buckskins shining white in the glow, but it was Will Dallas who spoke first.

" Ain't but one man's work, Captain," he said in his great voice, " an' th' best man's work at that. I'm that man."

Bragging—thought Caution, but then the event that had happened to her some nights ago flashed suddenly in her mind, unfinished, chilled by the strange coldness that started at the pit of her stomach and spread all through her swiftly, even to the ends of her fingers. She stared at him, and for the first time seemed really to see him as he was, taller than all around him, broader, straighter, a young, handsome figure of a man, vital with health, filled with a boundless joy of living. His black eyes shone with the fire of courage, his black hair swept back from his forehead sweated white above the bronzed face. The dark face where a black beard already hid the skin. A new beard, quick of growth.

Something in the girl seemed to give way, as if a wall had fallen, and she began to tremble violently. She wet her lips and looked at Captain Sillard. Was it possible that a fleeting wimple of satisfaction swept for a second across his face ? It could not be.

No man could wish another sent to such hazard of life and death.

And yet—she saw his red lips parted in his beard, the flash of his white teeth.

" Well spoken, Will," he was saying. " As you say, this needs our best."

Caution had a wild and bewildering impulse to run forward and cry out to Captain to stop him, to send someone else less strong and happy, someone not so gay, not so bold—but she only stood by her mother with that strange and awful shaking in her body. She had to bite her teeth hard together to keep them from chattering aloud.

And there was turmoil on all sides now, men and women hurrying to their wagons to begin already the feverish preparations of protection, the council men gathering about Will Dallas, talking, giving him advice.

Advice—to him ! To the best scout who ever made the crossing.

People often said so. He said so himself—bragging. A deep and terrible sob caught the words in her very throat, and she had to fight to stop it. Her mother had turned away. Her father too. She saw already the stock coming in at the oval's head, where an opening had been left, so quickly had the word of danger carried.

She saw Will Dallas's tall head among the scouts as they moved back toward the Sneed wagon, heard him disclaiming company.

" Goin' it alone, fellers," he was shouting, " if airy man can make it, I can. If I don't, you can foller—say, three hours from now, anyway—but I go first."

Then, in almost no time at all, she saw him coming up the centre of the camp, mounted without a saddle, his long legs dangling. That would be for speed, to save his horse. His head was bare and he was laughing, as he always did. People were running towards him to reach up and shake his hand, to look at him yearningly. One of the Hanson twins, the fair one, was crying. And then he raised on his horse's withers and looked all around as if for some particular face. His eyes lighted on Caution Pendergast, and he rode toward her. He leaned down and put his big hand on her shoulder, a soft touch, yet firm and confident. It thrilled her as that unknown kiss had thrilled her, sent the heavy, golden flood along her veins. She looked up at him helplessly. If he said goodbye—forever, maybe—she knew she could not bear it, that she would do something wild—scream or faint, perhaps. But he grinned at her with the old, gay devil-may-care of him, and leaning down so that only she would hear, said softly :

" Still partial to beards—with kisses ? "

Then he kicked the tall horse, flung up a hand, yelled " Yah-hoo ! " and was gone out through the parting crowds, out through the head opening. She heard the thunder of his horse's feet along the levels.

She stood swaying, her hand at her throat, choking with agony.

Things ran together in a blur before her eyes, the faces of the people, the horses moving backward to the stockade's rear, where the night men led them in. Tall horses, gaunt, strong, hard as nails. A taller horse than all the rest, the Captain's swift bay stallion.

Something in the look of it seemed to catch at her consciousness, to clear the blur from her vision. As in a dream she looked at it.

Then once again that something in her seemed to break. Like a flash her hand shot out, caught the rope of its halter from its leader's hand. She whirled it towards her, caught up her wide skirt, set her foot against its bony knee and went up it like a cat. She flung herself astride, headed it forward, struck it with the rope's end.

Instantly the stallion shot away—between the astonished people—between the head wagons—out toward the boundless night. Its feet, too, made thunder on the plain. Then she was riding like the wind under the stars—after Will Dallas—into that night.

Those left behind stood petrified. Such an act by a woman was unheard of, unthinkable. It was an act of open choice such as only a man should make—and the Captain's face was a study.

Mrs. Pendergast, as strong a woman as any woman there, swayed in a wide arc against her husband's clutching arm.

" The Blackfeet ! " was all she said.

But Captain Sillard had more to think about than disappointed love. Once more he was everywhere, looking to the wagons of his people, the weary stock, the folk themselves.

" We'll rest the stock for three hours," he said everywhere, " and then move on. What we gain to-night may stand us in good stead when the other men come back. We all know that no Indian will attack at night."

That last common knowledge was a source of hope where hope was scant. It would let them go closer to that rescue which they never doubted Will Dallas and his great, gaunt horse would bring.

No Indian on the Great Plains would fight in the dark, for a soul set loose therein would surely lose its way to the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the stars.

So women tore their beds apart in every wagon, hung out their feather beds and quilts, their prized goose-feather pillows, ready to cover their still more precious oxen against the singing arrows of the Blackfeet. They brought their mixing boards, their flattest pans, their spiders with the long iron handles. The hungry cattle, denied their grazing, lowed pitifully among the wagons. Here and there a child cried.

And the indifferent stars looked down.

At an hour before midnight the still plains night heard Captain Sillard's call " R-o-ll O-u-t ! " and the train got under way. The wagons sprouted all along their sides with the thousand and one things the women had hauled out. Not yet would they burden the tired stock. It would be time enough just before the dawn, that fatal hour of attack from Missouri to the Oregon country.

And Mrs. Pendergast, driving her daughter's wagon, wept slow tears that dripped along her lined cheeks as she sat upright on the seat and held her lines in a practised hand.

Caution Pendergast, young Caution with her bright hair, her high head of youth ! Gone. Gone forevermore to what fate no one might guess. If she caught up with Will Dallas she might make it through, for the cunning of this young scout was known to match that of any Redskin on the prairies. But if she missed him in the dark and the wideness of the great flat spaces, death would wait her. Awful, unspeakable death by hunger, thirst and exposure, if she did not fall into the hands of the Blackfeet. Blackfeet ! The most dreaded word of the crossing. Her mother swayed again upon her high seat and steadied herself by a hand against a sheet-bow. No matter what stark agony scorched a soul this night, it could not fail the common need.

(*Continued on page* 120)

The making of a fine kitchen!

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She was not the only one who thought of the girl riding far in the moonless night, circling south as Will had circled south, to miss the enemy ahead. Will knew the country, the lie of the land. He would find the trail again no matter how far he deviated from it, but could Caution do so? They saw her sitting her horse on this rise and that scanning the world for sight of distant white tops crawling westward, hunting for water, getting farther and farther away from the trace, her sense of direction becoming confused—they saw too much in their anxious minds to think. They put the girl away and looked to the immediate moment—all but her mother, her father, and Captain Sillard riding a borrowed horse at the train's head.

And so they crawled slowly forward in the dark, a gun on every wagon seat, in double formation, close-tailed.

And what of Caution Pendergast herself?

When she flung out of the enclosure with the stallion running under her she had but one thought—to catch Will Dallas and ride with him to whatever awaited him there in the star dim wilderness of plain and wind and blowing grass. Nothing in this world mattered but that. Whether she loved him or not she did not know, did not stop to question. She only knew that she could never live another day in a world that did not hold him, that the memory of his lips upon her own was sweeter than life itself, his laughing face the most precious thing in all the universe. The stallion was fresh as though he had not walked all day at the train's head, a grand horse, and she leaned along his neck, her hand against its swelling muscles. In a happier circumstance the power and speed of this great animal would have thrilled her. Now it was only a means to an end, the end of catching the flying, hard mount of Will Dallas.

She rode as she had never ridden before, her hair coming down from its coil to flow about her shoulders. She had a momentary pang at the loss of the precious hickory pins. They were satiny smooth with use. It would take long to polish another set. That very thought showed her confidence in her ability to catch Will, her faith in destiny. But where was Will? Why did she not begin to hear the hoofbeats of his horse? All this vast plains country was like a sounding-board. It rang with a strange hollowness under the thunder of a running herd of buffalo, gave back the sharp, staccato strokes of shod hoofs. Will's horse was shod. With the same set of good iron shoes it had worn at start. Will took them off and set them back often with meticulous care lest one be cast and lost.

Caution slowed the stallion, brought him to a stop and listened.

She strained her young ears, keen with long attuning to the sounds of wild country, bent her head and opened her mouth.

Only the still night lay around her, silent as death, mysterious.

There was nowhere a breath of measured beating on the air.

She had missed Will Dallas. Somehow, somewhere, she had swung away from him. But surely he had swung south in that vast circle to go round the ambush on the trace. And she had swung south, too.

She looked up at the stars, the Great Dipper and the North Star, Job's coffin and the Warrior. Yes, she had swung south all right, with a long swerve to the west. Just so must Will have gone.

Then why did she not hear his running horse? Why had he not heard hers? Ask of the little winds that blew so sweetly up from the distant south. Caution opened her mouth and screamed, a wild, high call that had in it all of love and of despair.

"Will! Will! Will!" she pealed, clarion clear. "Oh, Will! Oh, Will!"

Then she struck her heels to the stallion's ribs and rode ahead, due west this time, her head bent, her lips apart again, listening.

And far beyond her, a mile to the north, the scout rode west also, leaving his southern swerve for hours later.

It was so that Destiny, in which the girl had blindly trusted, cast her off.

THE night was a good one for so delicate a job as Will Dallas had to do. There was no hint of a rising moon, would not be until almost morning. There was wind that could work two ways, and it was not in his favour, coming from the south. It could cover the sounds of his passing from anyone not directly north of him, but to those who waited there it could betray him. So he would turn south in plenty of time. He knew where the Blackfeet must have camped in ambush, low in a rolling swale where tall grass stood, and he would give the devils good wide berth. He would give them everything he had in any case.

His gun hung across his back slung from a shoulder, and it was full loaded. His knife was at his belt. His undaunted heart was high in him. Let him outwit the Injuns, come back to-morrow with the riding men from the train ahead, and what girl in her senses could fail to look at him with new eyes? He had a sudden twinge of pity for the fair Hanson twin. He must stop teasin' the kid; he must, so he thought. She was cryin' when he left as no girl as young as her should cry about a man. Yes, sir. He'd leave her alone after this. Leave her to young sprouts like th' Beamens boy an' young Jim Brant, kids her age. It was a girl like Caution Pendergast that a man must look to and stop his playing round with kids.

He was going at a fast running-walk, that prairie pace which eats up distance like a spider takes in web, yet leaves a horse unstrained and able, when the big black stopped, raised its head and snorted softly.

"Huh!" said Will inaudibly.

Many and many a time had this keen-scented animal warned him of unseen foes. It could smell a Redskin seven mile, Will often boasted after his flambuoyant fashion. It smelled them now, as was apparent on the instant, for Will Dallas heard the whistle of an arrow by his head, the "w-h-a-n-g" of a Blackfoot bow. He ducked and swung as the good horse swung and they were away at a sharp right-angle toward the south. He had waited just a bit too long to make his swerve and that was a close call. A flight of arrows hissed in the grass around him and he heard ponies running behind. Only for a little while, then they were lost in distance and returning silence, so monstrous fast was the tall black horse. The scout settled down to his travelling pace again and was only a dim shape going into the west. False dawn came and the stars wheeled and the drama of the night played itself out. The small scouting party of Blackfeet that had run afoul of Will Dallas followed him awhile, toward the south, then headed east. They knew as much as the white men knew of the pawns in this bloody game of time and distance and numbers, the wagon train ahead. They were looking for scouts like Will Dallas. Another band was deploying north of the trace for the same reason.

False dawn, that pale radiance which comes about an hour before the true advent of day and dies away to blacker night, spread its eerie light across the levels. The blowing grass was ghostly; a tall yucca plant stood here and there like the yearning soul of some murdered dreamer of the trail.

And where a rolling lift of prairie shone pale as silver, Caution Pendergast rode up with her young head outlined against the stars, and twenty Blackfeet faced her on the gentle slope beyond. She jerked the stallion's head around, but was too late. With cries as shrill and high as a bullet's whine they were after her, half on one side, half on the other. They had fresh ponies, and they set them fast, and presently they drew in together, their copper hands outstretched to the stallion's reins. Though the tired horse gave a good and stubborn account of himself, the odds were too long. He stood panting, his gallant head still up, and the girl on his back was a prisoner.

Another dark hand reached and stroked the long bronze hair *(Continued on page 122)*

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that swept his rump, and Caution's brave heart chilled.

The Blackfeet took few prisoners.

They took her now, however, and turned directly north. That way lay the ambush.

That was a long, long night to Will Dallas and to those he left to do all their best behind him. His horse was the best, by far and large, of any animal he had met on the crossing that year, and now it proved its mettle. It went on its fast running-walk towards the west, mile after mile, its head hung level before it, the muscles under its silk-thin hide slipping in a unison that was beautiful to behold. Its ears were pricked sharply forward; its big, dark eyes were wide and alert, its nostrils spread for any slightest scent that might mean danger. Will, too, went through the pale false dawn and on into the darker dark that followed. That passed and the clear blue light of coming day turned to rose and gold on the eastern horizon behind him, and he knew he had covered much ground. Seven hours from start and he was far beyond the landmarks he had made yesterday. If only some blessed accident could happen to delay the train ahead!

He stopped for an hour at a tiny creek and rested the horse, let it graze on the lush grass, abundant here so far off the main trace of the emigrants. He wanted to sleep, but sternly denied himself the privilege. Trained as he was to wake at any appointed time, he still took no chance this day. He stretched himself at full length on the stream's edge and looked at the fair blue sky, and the heart in him was not so bold as was its boastful wont. He'd make it through himself. He had no slightest doubt of that. The wagon-train, pulling slowly ahead to ambush, prepared for battle, was another thing.

And battle with the Blackfeet was the gravest hazard which the crossing offered. On the Santa Fé trail, that southern fork of the great hegira, there were the Apaches, bloodthirsty and very brave, their name a word to conjure by, but when Will Dallas thought of Blackfeet he rolled over with an arm in its buckskin fringes across his face.

At the end of the hour he had allowed himself he rose and swung himself to the horse's back and rode away once more toward the west.

He angled back north as the sun climbed up the sky and presently he was travelling abreast the wide brown strip of trampled earth that was the main highway from Missouri to the Oregon country, though keeping well south of it. His horse was getting gaunt of thigh, its always lean belly tucking high under its ribs. It had gone all day yesterday, all last night. It must go for hours yet, and Will was saving it for a last spurt when he should sight the wagons. Fours days ox-pace, twenty-four hours for a good horse, the Captain had said.

It was just eighteen of those hours from start when the scout saw far ahead in the high gold light of afternoon the tall dust of the moving train.

He leaned down and touched the animal's bone-hard cheek and the great horse lifted his weary legs into a long lope.

It was so that they came presently to the tail of the long train and steadily passed along it toward the head. Here and there someone recognised him from description, since he was famous on the trail, and hailed him with a yell. Tired as he was, Will waved an arm and yelled back. Flamboyant in the face of death he would have dramatised that death. Now he went to find the captain of this great train which the Indians had not dared to tackle. He found him, a fine, earnest man of middle age, riding far in advance of his people, dressed in the buckskins of a scout with long brown hair in waves upon his shoulders. He stopped at Will's approach and looked at him.

"Good day, friend," he said. "You show hard riding. What is wrong?"

"Blackfeet, sir," said Will Dallas briefly, "an' th' train behind you. They're fightin' now, I make no doubt, since we observed them yesterday makin' ambush. Twenty-seven wagons, under Captain Sillard. Been overhaulin' you for some time, tryin' to ketch up. I'm here to ask for rescue. If your riding men would come back with me I think we can save th' train."

"Bad hearing," said the other and rose in his stirrups with both arms held up at stretch. It was the signal to stop, and the great train began to settle back upon itself like some vast worm wounded at the head.

"I'm Captain John Sparks," he said, "and I think I know who you are. The scout Will Dallas, if I'm right."

"Right, sir," said Will, his lean face managing a smile, "an' glad to meet you, Captain. God knows how glad!"

But the outriders were loping fast along the train's sides to gather in a mass around them, as lean, hard-bitten a group of men as one would find in a month's journey. They drew into a close mass to hear what was afoot, and the captain addressed them in the most monstrous voice Will had ever heard, a great volume of sound that reached them all. In quick sentences he told them of the death that rode behind them, of the smallness of the other train, of Will Dallas's ride to overtake them and his request for succour. He called for volunteers, and the whole mass yelled.

"There are your men, Mr. Dallas," he said to Will, "and may God go with you. Will you rest an hour? You look exhausted."

"No, sir," said Will, "I will only thank you, for myself an' for my people—and ask you for a horse. This one is th' greatest horse in America, but he's done a monstrous journey, an' I'd ask for care for him an' a little food some time later, an' water later still. He's next to my heart, if you know what I mean, Captain. Please treat him like I would."

"Done," said Captain Sparks and called for a horse to be brought from the herd of loose ones that trailed the train. A little later Will Dallas sat on a fresh mount at the head of full two hundred riders, listening to this capable leader.

"We'll make camp here," the latter was saying, "and wait. Fortunately there's water back a little way. When you—you are through with the matter in hand, Mr. Dallas, bring up your train. We'll go on from here in company."

"I'll so do, Captain," Will said, "an' thankee once again."

He waved his hand and led out at a running walk, his files of men behind him, all armed to the teeth and eager for a "brush with Injuns."

"If he has a train to bring," thought Captain Sparks gravely as they drew away. He, also, knew the wilderness and the Blackfeet.

CAPTAIN SILLARD'S wagon train pulled slowly forward. Its stock was weary and had had scant time to feed. The cattle lowed and lowed, a betraying sound that carried across the still plains like the roll of drums. Its scouts and riders deployed ahead, fan-wise, to catch the first signs of what they knew they must encounter. No one talked, except here and there a mother comforting a child, or some young husband whispering love words to his wife. The night was dark, the wind from the south. Hour after slow hour they proceeded so, the tenseness growing as the time passed. Grim thoughts filled every mind. How far ahead was the other train? Was Will Dallas riding toward it, or did he lie dead on the prairie somewhere, his gay tongue stilled? And the girl Caution? Over and over again this band of intrepid pioneers moiled these vital questions and drove steadily on.

Midnight passed. The stars of the forepart of the night gave way to those of the afterpart. A vast and lovely Milky Way stretched across the heavens. Children slept in what might be their last repose. False dawn came dim around them. The pale grass gleamed. And Captain Sillard gave the word to halt.

The double lines of wagons drew into their accustomed oval, each pair of fore wheels locked against the (*Continued on page* 124)

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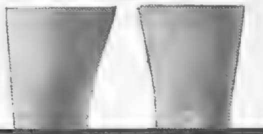

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hind ones ahead. The oxen were unhitched and tied inside across the gaps between the wagons, their outward sides covered by every conceivable shield their anxious owners could manage to hang on them. Patient, the tired animals stood, their very bodies a part of the close bulwark of protection against the unseen enemy.

Trunks were hauled out and placed beneath the wagons, small openings left between them. Tables that served as tail-boards were unhinged and set up against the inside wheels. Before the short dark came again Captain Sillard had under his command a fairly impregnable fort, manned by men and women whose courage was their greatest asset. He walked about among them, giving a word of approval here, of advice there, and his face was calm behind its thick brown beard.

His only sign of suffering was the pale lips that had always been so red.

Another man walked, too, among his people, talking as he walked.

This was the Reverend Asa Harple, his Book open in his hand, though he could not see to read its worn old print. The Reverend Asa had no need. He knew its contents almost word for word, and now he called aloud to all under the sound of his voice with a rare perception of the common need. It was not of good works that he spoke, or of service in the Lord's temple, or of the letter of the law. Rather he spoke of man's love for his fellow man, of the strong arm of the righteous, and of that other life to which they might all be called so soon.

"Come ye! Come ye! Come ye!" called the preacher in his deep voice that was like the bells of churches back in the ordered country they had left, "Come unto the Lord! Search your hearts, my brethren.

"Lay your souls open to His light. Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given you. At the eleventh hour the thief upon the cross was forgiven, was promised 'This day ye shall be with Me in Paradise.' This may be the eleventh hour for many of us. Let us make our peace with God. Where you lie with weapons ready is as good an altar as any. Pray as you load. If any hold a grudge against his neighbour, go now and make it up. Hear ye! Hear ye!" and as he passed around the oval his voice grew thinner, farther away.

But here and there his words bore fruit, for young Bill Black crawled from under his wagon and went swiftly back to that of Jonas Haines.

"Jonas," he said to the wrinkled boots that protruded in the dusk, "let's call off our feud. Preacher's right. It don't matter now."

Jonas wriggled out and, getting to his feet, held out his hand.

"Done, Bill," he said.

And so it went wherever the straight doctrine peeled among them.

Mrs. Prague told Martha Smith she was sorry for the way she'd treated her, and the fair Hanson twin prayed fervently for the soul of Will Dallas, forgetting her own.

The Beamens boy squatted quietly beside her with a hand on her shoulder and whispered words of comfort that were too old for his years.

"Hush, honey," he told her lowly, "don't cry so hard. Will—he'll make it through. An' if he takes an older girl than you—why, I'll always be waitin' fer you. Mebbe, when you see how well I love you, how steadfast I can be, it will count with you some day."

It was to count later, but the Hanson twin could not see it then and cried in low sobs with her golden head on her knees.

And true dawn came stealing in rose and gold and lavender up the eastern sky.

"Make ready all," called Captain in his singing voice. "Save your ammunition as well as may be. Pick your man and shoot to kill. Don't let the yelling scare you!"

And almost on the heels of his warning there came from somewhere in the mysterious dimness the wild, unearthly war-cry of the Blackfeet. It chilled the stoutest heart among them.

Presently they began to see a sight so fantastic, so unreal, that they strained their vision to grasp it all. This was a moving mass of colour that seemed to flow among the silver grasses that were turning green with light of day. A vast, circular movement from right to left that blended with the earth around, was part of the red and gold and purple that deepened with the rising sun.

Indians, hundreds of them, mounted on horses of every hue, bay and black and spotted, their copper bodies shining, their great head-dresses of tall coloured feathers streaming in fantastic beauty, rode in a vast circle around the wagon-train.

"Hold your fire," warned Captain Sillard, "until you can see their ponies' eyes. And pick your man.'"

Under her daughter's wagon lay Ellen Pendergast, her face as grim as any man's. Caution's gun was in her hands, its ancient muzzle pointed out above the precious trunk that held the lost girl's finery, the red dress with the pretty yellow sprigs, her best hoops folded round, the nightgowns with the knitted lace at neck and wristband.

"Wah-hah! Wah-hah! Wah-h-o-o-o-o-o!" the Blackfeet war-cry sounded in the dawn. The long roll of their running horses shook the ground.

The great whirlpool of the racing savages grew a trifle smaller with the completion of every circle. The yelling rose steadily in volume. Outnumbering the defenders of the wagon-train by three to one, these painted terrors counted out the wagons, horses, oxen to be shared among them and were fiercely joyous.

And then thin flights of arrows began to whistle in the stillness, to stick in the wagons' canvas tops, the wood of their sides.

It was Gram'paw Harkness who fired the first shot in the battle that followed and which brought down the gayest warrior of the horde, a chief by every sign. And then the guns began to speak from the barricade, a wild and steady fusillade that took its toll from the racing circle, only to find the gaps constantly filled, the pouring mass unchanged.

Ellen Pendergast accounted for five before she had to cool her gun. Her husband came once to see how she was faring and laid a quiet hand on her shoulder.

The massacre was not developing as the Blackfeet had planned it should; the toll of their dead was mounting.

They became increasingly vicious, their circle narrowing, their yells more wild and awful.

And then they played an ancient trick, a damnable trick that only so cunning a people could conceive. They brought themselves a shield into the foreground.

Sara Sprague, loading their two guns for her husband in grim efficiency, was the first to see this ghastly thing, to grasp its import.

She rolled from beneath the wagon and raised her voice and screamed. "Look!" she cried above the roar of guns. "Look! Hold fire! It's Caution Pendergast!"

Upright on the Captain's stallion, her arms bound behind her, her long hair streaming on the wind, her wide skirts billowing, Caution Pendergast circled with their foes!

In the forefront of their ranks, directly exposed to the bullets of her friends, she was forced to play as dastardly a part as one could picture. A shield and a buckler, she rode with them, and everywhere she passed the firing lessened, so that a wave of stillness went round and round the beleaguered train. And the racing horde came closer with every turn.

Captain Sillard's face was chalky white above his thick brown beard. "Spare the girl if possible," he said at every point. "Shoot behind her always."

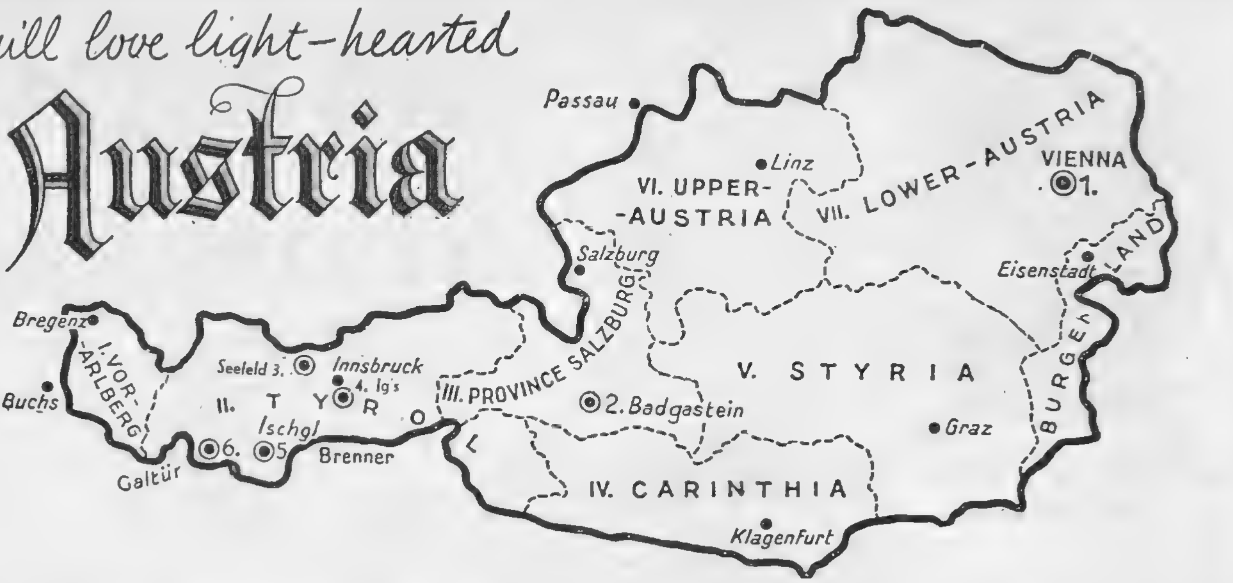
"Oh, God!" her mother said aloud, "only a miracle can save her now! I beg that miracle!"

At that moment Will Dallas, some hours away on the rolling plain, had the strangest feeling he had ever experienced. It seemed as if suddenly a hand had reached out from the dim distance ahead and clutched

(Continued on page 126)

You'll love light-hearted

Austria



EXPLANATION: The numbers indicated in the map of Austria correspond with those mentioned in each advertisement, ordinary numbers indicating a place, roman numbers indicating a province of Austria.

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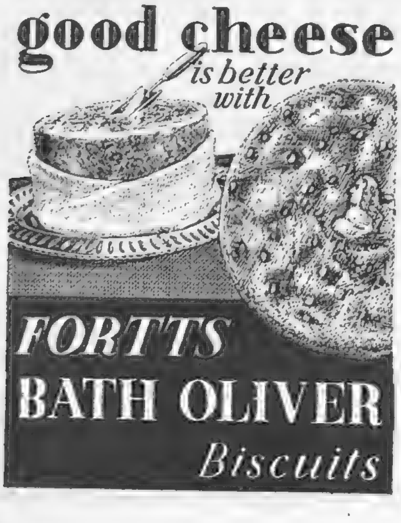

his heart in a grasp of steel. It closed down like a vice within him and drew him forward, so that he actually leaned over his saddle bow. It seemed imperative to hurry, as if a voice had called him, as if the voice of Caution Pendergast had cried out of the sunlit stillness, "Will ! Oh, Will ! "

Instantly he raised his hand to those behind him and set his horse to a lope. The whole long double column followed.

Though the day was becoming warm, there was a little breeze which enabled the bone-hard horses of the riders to keep that rolling pace for several hours, and they began to eat up the miles.

Long before he knew he should be seeing anything the scout was rising on his thighs and scanning the horizon, for the white tops of wagons, for the familiar cloud of dust that travelled with every train, or for that most sinister thing of all, smoke.

But there was no smoke, and the dogged hope within him strengthened.

The men were quiet for the most part, but here and there they talked in low tones. And all the time that strange drawing feeling was in Will Dallas's heart, the voice of a girl sounded despairingly in his spiritual ears.

He knew, as well as if he saw her in the flesh, that Caution Pendergast was in deadly peril. His always lean face was Indian thin, his black eyes narrow. Not all the hours he had ridden had taken toll of him like the constantly recurring memory of her sweet lips, open and soft as she slept in her tall wagon, nor the look of her eyes when he bent above her at parting. That look had been one of agony, of unconscious surrender, and he knew she had forgotten Captain Sillard.

"See anything ? " a man beside him asked, and always he shook his head.

Always until well into the afternoon, when he suddenly struck his doubled fist against his thigh and swore a full-mouthed oath.

He kicked his moccasined heels in his horse's flanks and the animal began to run.

"Smoke ! " he shouted terribly, "Smoke, men ! Hurry ! "

And presently they, too, saw that tall, thin column of smoke, pale in the sun, which told its own tragic tale.

SPRAGUE'S wagon was the first to get a fire-arrow in its canvas top. Sara Sprague dropped the second gun and, climbing on the brake-block on the inside, put it out with her bare hands and her gingham apron. Beamens' caught next, and again intrepid hands put out the little flame. Then the day was bright with a rain of arrows curving high and dropping beautifully and spectacularly on the circled white tops. This was a trick calculated to take the defenders from their entrenched positions under and behind the wagons, or leave them with only a blazing wall and presently defenceless.

An old trick, as old and cunning as that one which sent the white girl riding in the battle's front to be spared by her own people or sacrificed by them. And these pale-faced people had strange codes.

Little Sam Smith was dead under his wagon, and so was Peter Wendle.

Hope, that ever-present dweller in the courageous heart, began to wane. These people knew their chances, and they were dwindling fast. The end of the day would, in all likelihood, see the end of their lives, the end of all the high hopes of new empire in the Oregon country.

Well, it was the chance they took when they started on the crossing. At any rate they'd sell out dearly, as dearly as they could.

And Ellen Pendergast laid aside one charge with her powder-blackened hand.

That was for her girl.

Never in time would she herself go out and leave Caution to the ghastly mercies of the Blackfeet.

And then, suddenly, when all hope seemed lost, when more wagons were on fire, when ammunition was failing here and there, a strange thing began to happen.

The Blackfeet, so close now that one could see the grins on their painted faces, racing in perfectly spaced and timed accord, fell back upon themselves from towards the west. Their horses reared and jammed together in a sweating mass; the riders straightened, turning astonished faces in the direction of the declining sun.

A vast and sudden silence fell.

Then, like a tide turned abruptly back upon itself, moiling and seething, the whole band, which had been in such fierce and joyous abandon, began to flow away toward the north. The sound of their yelling changed. The war-whoop died and a wild staccato yipping took its place as they poured away.

And soon the reason was apparent.

Out of the west came a running band of mounted men bent low across their saddles, their rifles held in their raised hands.

They swerved as the Indians began to go, and as they swept by the tragic circle of the wagons men and women cheered and screamed.

"Will ! Will ! " they cried, tears on furrowed cheeks. "It's Will Dallas and the riding men ! "

Bareheaded, his black hair flying, the scout rode in advance and hell rode in his heart—for he had seen a sight that changed him from man to demon on the turn of a second.

Caution Pendergast, bound and swaying, her bronze hair in a shining cloud, tied to the weary creature that was the Captain's horse.

Caution Pendergast riding away among her captors.

Like a streak of living fury Will was after her, his men behind.

He fought as he had never fought before. He clubbed his gun and cleaved a way among the mass. He smashed at them with the butt. He took an arrow in his left shoulder, a gun-shot in a thigh and never felt a pain. Like the veriest madman, he charged and battled, and presently the savages fell away before him and he came nearer to the swaying girl. Men behind him shot and used the butts. The Blackfeet were in full flight now, their dead and wounded left where they fell. Riderless ponies ran with the rest.

And Will Dallas reached and caught the Captain's stallion, turned back and led it clear. His men swept on, still firing.

Panting, the bloody, smoke-grimed man sat looking at the girl, who was near complete collapse for all her stout heart.

"How"—he panted—"how comes it you were there ? "

White-lipped and all but falling, Caution Pendergast smiled at him.

"I—followed—you," she said with difficulty, "and they caught me at false dawn."

"You followed me ? What for ? "

"I—couldn't let you go—alone," she said.

Will Dallas leaned forward without a word and there, in plain sight of all the train, he put his arms around her.

He drew her head in the bend of his throat and kissed her on the forehead.

"I reckon," he said, grinning, "that I won't have t' wear this beard much longer. What you say, sweetness ? "

But Caution Pendergast was crying.

Night closed in on the wagon-train. Ten wagons were black with fire-scars, two gone entirely. Five oxen and three horses had been hauled away to bleach their bones beside the historic trace.

The Reverend Asa would read a simple and collective service for two women and three men. A nursing mother held a second child against her breast and hushed its whimpering.

And Will Dallas sought out John Pendergast where he repacked his wagon.

"John," said Will straightly, "I want t' marry yore daughter to-morrow just before roll-out. You airy objections ? "

John Pendergast looked at him soberly but with ill-concealed pride.

Presently he smiled and held out his hand.

"No," he said. "No, Will, I ain't. But what can we say to Captain Sillard ? "

"My gosh ! " said Will Dallas blankly, "Caution an' me—we plumb forgot the Captain ! "

END

CONTINENT
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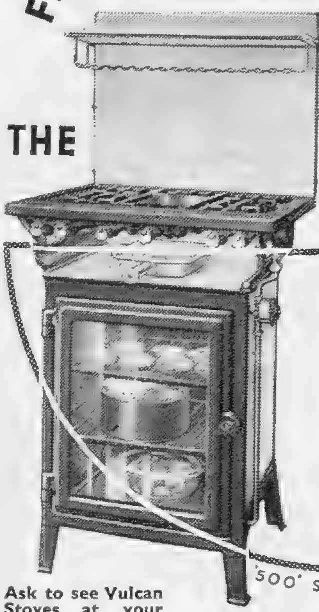

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- ★ *Housewife planned hotplate and covered griller.*
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V10A

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He's getting quite a big chap now, and his little white teeth are beginning to come through. He spends some time every day chewing Allenburys Rusks and thinks life's great fun. His mother loves to see him eating them because *she* knows that they're crisp enough to exercise his little teeth and gums, yet soften quite quickly so that he can't make his mouth sore. *And* they supply him with Vitamin D— the one that's responsible for making bones and teeth strong and sturdy.

Your baby would like Allenburys Rusks too. Why not get him some from your chemist or write for a sample—they're good for all babies from about five or six months upwards and are made by the makers of the famous Allenburys Foods for infants.

Allenburys Rusks

Allenburys Rusks. Trial carton 6d. In Tins 1/3 (34 rusks), 2/3 (68 rusks), 4/6 (150 rusks).

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Does ‘the weather’ get you down?

Women are naturally prone to suffer from climatic conditions. They do not stand up to life in the tropics well for this reason, and there are times when even the strongest and jolliest of them needs a pick-me-up.

If summer seems to drag you down, take this warning. You may have every reason to ease up for a few days—but it is ten times as difficult to catch up again once you give way. You need a tonic. Nature, who has ordained your weakness, has provided the restorative also. Wincarnis will put new life, new blood, new energy into you. Wincarnis is the ideal, safe stimulant for women. It does not contain drugs and does not impose any strain on the digestion. The moment you feel weak and listless take a ruby red glass of heartening, strengthening Wincarnis. You can feel the effect *At Once*. Wincarnis keeps you going and makes you enjoy both work and play day in and day out. For women who work Wincarnis is wonderful. From every licensed grocer and chemist, wine merchant and store 3/3 per bottle, champagne—quart size 5/6. Start today to win new life with Wincarnis. [ADVT.

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19,000 BRITISH MOTORISTS CAN'T BE WRONG! FROM 14 GNS.

Philco Radio & Television Corporation of Great Britain Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

Because of Cana—in Galilee

(*Continued from page 27*)

It was not profitable warfare, but they had not joined Hugh for profit. As Ian, the tall, craggy-nosed, red-haired Scot, said, they sought the Kingdom of Mary's Son and, being but plain men with no great gift of prayer or fasting, they prayed with the black iron and the tough yew and trusted Christ would understand and accept their offerings. He made a song about it in his own soft, northern speech that seems to evoke wine-coloured hills and fairy valleys which he crooned as he sat whetting the edge of his sword. When using the blade, however, he was more often dumb like a hound, eyes red under thatch of red hair, a snarling twist of his lip baring the right-hand upper teeth. The Turks had taken his wife and daughter on the road. . . .

Of such as Ian, each in his own way and type, were most of the ninety men sitting in the hollow below Hugh, tightening footwear, overlooking bow strings, eating coarse bread and raw onions from their wallets, drinking thin, acid wine from goat-skin bottles. The previous week seven ships had come into Acre, and there would be many pilgrims on the road. The Turk might perhaps appear; there were few more likely places than this jumbled expanse of hills. If he came, then by God's grace he would find himself forestalled. Sir Hugh had a cunning way in these matters.

“ He doesn't care whether he live or die, and so we live and the Turks die,” remarked Ella, the shock-headed Saxon groom who had followed Hugh from Twyford.

“ It is generally so, Ella,” answered Richard, the Norman-English man at arms, whose wife was Ella's sister. He played with the hound Bran's ears while he talked, ears that only Hugh, Ella and he dare touch, for there was a savaging devil in Bran now, born of that night of horror at Wychbotham. Prior to that, though good guard dog enough to Yvonne, he had not been savage as he had become since. Perhaps he had learned to mistrust the world that night. Also he came always with Hugh on patrol or foray, and the smell of men's blood always set Bran's hackles staring, again perhaps because he first smelt it that night at Wychbotham. Battle was, indeed, no place for a hound, but where leave him safely in this roving life of the pilgrim roads, sleeping here to-night and twenty or thirty miles away to-morrow?

“ Yes . . .,” continued Richard, bending down a little to examine the fastening of Bran's massive, spiked collar, “ Death is a cur. . . . Face him and as often as not he turns tail; run from him and he has his fangs in your leg. Is it not so, Bran? . . . Only you would set teeth in either way! . . .” He pulled the hound's ears and Bran stirred lazily, then got to his feet and stretched, lifting his head suddenly at the familiar footfall as Hugh swung down the hillside to join his men, a sturdy, middle-height figure, remarkable only for breadth of shoulder and for the set quiet of his clean-shaven face.

“ There is dust rising on the road yonder,” he remarked, handing Warrior's reins to Ella. “ But in the hills I see nothing. . . .”

Richard grunted . . . “ The Turk is like that. When I see nothing, I ride with greater caution.”

Hugh nodded silent agreement.

SCARFACE, man of moods, was more than ever moody to-day as he sat among the Turkish and Arab horsemen who followed the banner of Arslan, leader of raids. He was of his age, superstitious, and the day had begun badly; at dawn three pied birds had flown past him on the left. He had dreamed, too, and in dreaming the thing men call conscience would seize him, strive to escape it as he might in waking hours.

As a professed Mohammedan he should not have been thus anxious about the future, for does not the Koran say that God Himself hath bound the fate of every man about his neck? Anxiety therefore must be futile. But Eastern fatalism sat ill on the earlier foundation of Steven's inherited Christianity. The birthright he had bartered away still seemed to catch at him at moments—something he could not kill out by all his violent excesses.

But that dream. . . . Wrapped in his loose shawl during the few hours of the night halt, he had dreamed again, dreamed of the sea which had twice brought him evil, and awoke shivering. It had been a mixed dream; into it had come faces he sought to forget. There was Sir William, whom he had cut down as the old man, unmailed, had fought to close the way to Yvonne's room. In the dream Steven had seen him vividly, with the gaping wound in the throat just as it had been when he had thrust the limp body into the blaze after they fired the manor house.

Black Fulke had also come into the dream, with a face that was sheer raving horror, and Steven Scarface was hardened in such matters. Was there, indeed, perhaps Hell, and had Fulke come thence? Or was it only the memory of his cousin as he had seen him die two years before?

But the sea . . . and the long, narrow ship, high-beaked at prow and high at stern. . . . *The White Flower*. . . . He had laughed at the name when his men brought him to it—pointed out the aptness to Yvonne as he thrust her on board and bound her to the thwarts under the stretched canvas that made a rough shelter—the White Flower that he was about to cull. . . .

She too had come into the dream, with her great violet eyes, her knee-long tresses of dark hair. No fear in her eyes, though, but it must surely have been in her soul, hidden by the high courage which it was to be his sport to break. . . It was the feeling that inward fear must be tearing at her which had made him leave her untouched those two nights; the thought of her dread sapping at her was greatly to his taste, for he had a refinement in cruelty that cruder men lack. But had he miscalculated? Why had he spared her the second night as they neared the southern coasts of France? And why had he been so foolishly confident as to loose her a little from her bonds before dawn? In the dream he had seen his failure again,

THIS speed Twenty-five Alvis has coachwork by Bertelli, specially built to the design of Mr. A. Woods, of Messrs. Warner Bros. First National Productions Ltd. The coachwork is of novel design, incorporating such features as Young Patent sliding doors, and a radio installed behind the arm of the back seat seen her white-faced, but blazing-eyed, as she broke out of the canvas shelter in the dim lantern light and leaped outboard ere the sleepy men could seize her. . . .

They had put about clumsily in the darkness. But the glimmering lanterns held over side showed nothing but the slow-rolling, black waters, the cream streaks of foam, and once-floating wreckage where some ill-fated craft had been sunk; the charred piece of timber Fulke had dragged aboard spoke to fire, and there were always rovers in those seas. The grey dawn an hour later had shown them no more than three sails on the horizon, northland craft, Norse pirates likely—it would be wise to delay no longer. . . So that cup had slipped untasted from Steven's lips, and unslaked thirst tormented him even now whenever he let himself remember. . .

He came out of the ill-omened memories of the past aroused by the dream and looked at the present, at the swarthy men about him, many clad like himself in link mail such as the West had not yet learned to fashion. They were for the great part lean, desert-bred men with slim-fetlocked horses, curved sword and dagger, bossed and spiked round shields, though here and there were the great shoulders and thick lips that spoke of Nubian blood. These were now his people, alliance which had given him life where there had seemed to wait only lingering, tortured death. . . Their foes and their prey were now his; the prey would be gathering on the hidden road yonder, men and, better still, women coming up from the Western sea . . . the sea. . .

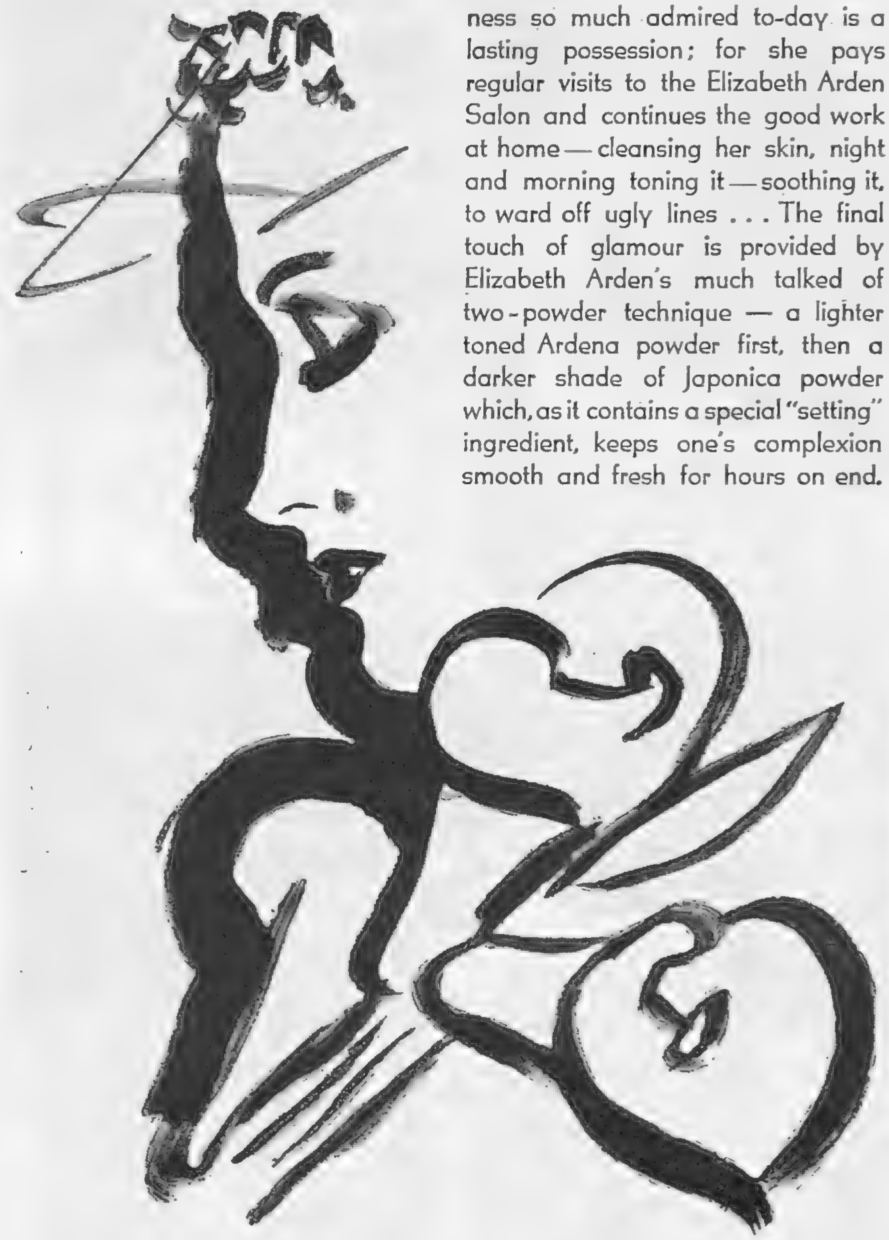
It was that sea which had brought him to this new life. He had dreamed also on that ill-fated night whose dawn had found his ship in close view of two others which, better-sailed, had closed in on her, their swarthy crews shouting exultantly in a strange tongue many of whose words were now daily on his lips.

He had fought mightily, the last man on his ship erect on his feet. As the uneven fight died out elsewhere, the Moors' captain, watching, shouted to his men, "Take me that scarfaced giant alive!" With the aid of a monkey-like figure which crept up the torn rigging and noosed Steven from above, they had succeeded. Thereafter, captivity and the choice. . . Islam and life or the Cross and death. . . Steven hesitated just long enough for artistry. . . no more.

He had prospered moderately, proving his worth on foemen's bodies until his captors accepted him as one of themselves, ready always to bear down upon the Franks, as they would do again to-day. There was little danger to-day, moreover, from that now-dreaded figure who had appeared this year upon the road—"Malik el Kelb," "The Master of the Dog"—the Turks called him this because of the great hound which followed him even in battle. Arslan's spies, sending in news of the new influx of pilgrims, had also reported Malik el Kelb as forty miles away in the opposite direction.

Two hours later the raiders halted above the road where it was closed in by cliffs and the way became steep and rocky and slow. A few men with stones and arrows from the short-curved bows could easily hold the way in front; as few could close it behind their victims. For the rest, there were ways down for men to charge into the huddled folk below, shouting, slashing, stabbing, rending, and then gathering what was worth keeping.

The past clutched at Scarface Steven as he sat by his tethered grey mare. He had taken her in a successful raid where he had killed her master, a young knight of the *Midi* whom Steven had known slightly in earlier years. He had laughed snarlingly in the killing of the helpless, crippled man because the dying eyes had somehow pierced through sun-tan and turban and had prophesied retribution as Steven ripped the last sobbing breaths out of him, and the man's wife, freeing herself from clutching hands, had come running. Steven had taken her too; she was of the Loire country by the (*Continued on page* 130).



Brides . . .

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sea coast where Yvonne had died and had Yvonne's dark hair and violet-hued eyes. He had sometimes wondered if Yvonne's spirit had passed to her at death, as the Eastern magicians said did happen, and in breaking her he felt that he was perhaps regaining lost opportunity, that it was Yvonne powerless in his hands. . . When she died at those hands three months later she had cursed him just as Yvonne did. . . .

He shivered a little despite the hot sunlight and forced memory away from his conscious mind. There would be action shortly, and therein he would forget ill omens and torturing dreams, in the red lust of driving steel into quivering flesh, and of wrenching it clear to strike again. . . .

The bearded man opposite to him, who had been watching his unseeing eyes, made a low-voiced comment to his companion, whom men called the Panther. "Scarface has a devil for all he professes the faith. I think some day he will be again with his own folk . . . in hell. . . . But he is a tower of strength in a fight. . . ."

The other man looked up at Steven, who had risen and was gazing over the hills. "I have met no men so void of the least jot of ruth or pity," he replied. His tone held reluctant admiration. From the Panther it was a notable tribute to superiority. In an hour or so in yonder gorge he would again watch Steven enviously.

"ONLY two more marches after to-day," remarked Hans, the Frisian fisherman, as he trudged sturdily along the stony track in his rough, dark frieze clothing, the leather jacket girt by the belt from which dangled his big seaman's knife still showing the unmistakable stains of salt water. He lifted his round, blue eyes to the hills ahead. There had been so much journeying, so many weary months of the road and the roadless seas, such tedious delays in strange ports and cities, so much peril from beast and man and storm, though this last was perhaps the least to be feared by men whose calling lay in the grey northern seas. . . .

"To-morrow and the next day . . . and then. . . ." He broke off because he was not a man of fluent tongue; he could not put into words all his fervent heart felt and hoped. The third day from now, surely, he and his would see the veritable traces of those things that kings and prophets had desired to see and had not seen, would tread the streets hallowed by the footsteps of Incarnate God. There might a man feel he had at long last reached the threshold of Heaven. If subsequently came death, which had taken so many of Hans's folk on the long road, what matter, since fisherman Peter would inevitably throw wide the gates for a fellow craft who had come by so perilous a journey. . . .

Such a thought in its myriad aspects was in the heart of most of the struggling multitude among which Hans and his party moved. A poorly clad throng, mostly carrying their own poor possessions, men with home-made weapons or none at all, women carrying babes or leading children, others great with child but feeling to-day perhaps some kinship with Elizabeth at the Visitation. They were almost at the end of a long road which held promise of all men dreamed and hoped, peace and the forgiveness of sin. For of sin those centuries were very conscious—black was black and white was white, and for the changing of black to white contrition and penance were needful—mere casuistry would not serve.

The motley crowd pressed on along the stony paths, a ragged Babel of many tongues, Normans and Italians, French of the south and dark-browed Spaniards, sheepskin-coated Hungarians and blond folk of Germany, all alike in their longing and their suffering, dissimilar all in custom and garb and speech, but united by one all-transcending thing, their burning faith.

Only at one point where rode three horsemen followed by a dozen sturdy foot soldiers was there cohesion in the crowd. The leading horseman was gentle born to judge by the mantle over his mail. His old face was certainly gentle as he looked about him, though for all that it was the face of a fighter, for Sir Gerard had seen much war in many lands. It had left, or made, him singularly humble and singularly kind to suffering.

"Many mansions surely there must be," he said to himself with a gentle smile, his wrinkled eyes taking in a group of women just ahead. Beyond any doubt the stews of Paris had been their earlier home. Now, like Magdalen, they were seeking the Garden. . . . His swift-moving glance turned to another party, men this time from his own sunny south. As he listened to their clipped, coarse speech, correctly he judged them to have been not so long ago fruit over-ripe for the gallows. They broke into a jangled *Ave, Maria,* and Sir Gerard's lips moved in unison.

Then as he looked elsewhere the whimsical light in his eye softened as he noted Hans and his followers. Two of them shepherded a rough-coated little ass on which sack-wise rode an aged woman whose crippled hands and feet were gnarled and twisted, but in whose lined and withered face was something of ecstasy. Beside her walked two younger women, one of them, a flax-haired Gretchen, with babe at breast. She limped painfully, and presently her companion took the babe from her in spite of her protests that she could still carry him. Sir Gerard reflected once again how God's faith and hope may transfigure the plain things and ordinary folk of every day. The flax-haired girl yonder was poorly clad, her mantle patched and stained; yet her face, drawn by fatigue and wan from poor food, had still something in it which artists sought to catch when they blazoned the saints in the missals. In the eyes of her darker-haired companion, too, dark-ringed though they might be, was a light that surely was hardly of this earth, though there was also, or so it seemed to Sir Gerard, infinite and bewildered sorrow.

He broke off his reflections as the way narrowed and rose more steeply. He became suddenly practical, his quick glance flitted hither and yon, his hand went to sword-hilt, easing the great blade in the many-coloured scabbard; he called to his men. To his seasoned eye the defile seemed a likely place for an onfall should there be Turks about. God help these poor folk if there were; they would indeed be sheep without a shepherd . . . For himself Sir Gerard had little thought. He had lived, known more joy than sorrow; even the sorrow had been blessed. God had been very good through the years, so when his time drew in he would have little care, though first he would like to see Jerusalem . . . But for these others, for his men who had followed him out of the Charente, most of all for these poor folk about them. . . .

It came without warning. Shouting ahead and the crash of stones. Sir Gerard checked his charger, then spurred forward, his footmen breaking into a run behind him. At a sudden corner he halted. The enemy had chosen only too well; the helpless crowd were packed in a narrowing defile, calling, shouting, praying . . . Sir Gerard considered calmly for a second, seeking a way onward through the press of terrified women, of mazed men. There was none to be found. A stone crashed near him, arrows whickered down: one of the gallows-ripe men stumbled, clutched at his throat, pitched over and crumpled up grotesquely. Sir Gerard decided. Here, evidently, was pilgrimage end . . . let it end bravely. He shouted an order to his men; they caught at the nearest women and children, forced them into a hollow of the cliff, made a steel bristling wall about them. Sir Gerard swung out of his saddle, backed his horse behind a boulder, settled his steel cap better on his head and waited grimly, bare sword point resting on shoe, a prayer on his lips and the light of battle in his steady old eyes.

. . . . .

Arslan, wolf-faced, gazed down into the defile. It had been well planned. That wild drumming yonder told him that his second party

(*Continued on page* 132)

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had closed in at the farther end. It remained now only to smite until arm-tired and blade-dulled. He noted the small group of fighting men about Sir Gerard and bade his archers shoot into it. There might be a prize worth taking there later but, prize or no prize, hell would presently be fuller with still more infidels. Then he waved to his waiting swordsmen, and they wheeled and followed him to the one practicable way by which horses could reach the choked gorge. Only a few archers and footmen need stay aloft to deal with any who might struggle up from the shambles below . . .

With him rode Steven, face swathed about with turban end, mad eyes looking out over silken folds, nostrils quivering at the thought of what was to come. The stones clattered under the horses' feet as they rode, jostling one another in their haste, wild voices calling on God; fierce hearts throbbing with the lust of killing, of seizing . . . They swung right-handed in a choked mass, and Arslan, his horse back on its haunches as the descent grew more steep, shouted back to them to ride easy; there would be time and opportunity for all . . . .

It was for this that Hugh, watching, had waited, his bowmen crouching in cover, his men-at-arms hidden in a small side valley. He had thought if raiders came they would take another way; he had planned to close their road, then coming on it found they had already passed, and his face had fallen grim at the thought. It was Ian the Scot, with his hillman's instinct, who had suggested a possible route that might yet save things or at least ensure prompt vengeance. They had come at great speed, bowmen loping along clinging to men-at-arms' stirrups.

From the higher ground, Hugh's men, in their turn, had looked down on Arslan's raiders as these looked down on the thronged road, and Hugh had studied and watched considering how Arslan would act. The raiders were a strong party—three, perhaps four, to one against him—and success could come only from cunning wits and God's help . . . But surely the latter would not be denied . . . Yonder, helpless in the defile, were poor folk, and the Seigneur Christ and His Blessed Mother were always friends to these . . . Unseen, he had moved nearer; it was ground his men knew well. If, as he expected, the raiders moved down by that side valley he might shake them before the real fighting began.

So did it happen. Flushed with confidence, unsuspecting, Arslan's horsemen packed into the descent. Their first information that others beside the pilgrims were present was the sudden shower of arrows that hissed about them like angry bees, thudding into man and horse, the death-leap of horses, the crash of riders flung against jagged rocks. They checked, unable to stop, horses slithering wildly on the steep descent, plunging, falling. The weight of those behind drove them on, for later volleys had now stung those, and turning in uneasy saddles they saw above and to their left, figures leaping up to shoot from the grey rocks, loosing again and again at ranges where even fine-ringed Damascus mail was insufficient proof.

Then into their hesitant rear crashed a small but solid-knit body of horsemen, long heavy lance and kite-shaped shield, in the wake of a man on a great red horse. The charge finished what the archers had begun; Arslan's horsemen clattered on down to the road, shaken instead of confident, aware already of heavy loss of horse and man, magnifying their foes by ten.

"One more lecher for hell," muttered shock-headed Ella as he loosed string with practised hand. The proper use of the bow as a war weapon was Norman William's gift to England, but already the art was finding apt English disciples. Notching another shaft to string, Ella watched the flight of its predecessor, saw it drive home under a lifted arm thirty yards away, and yelped gleefully as the turbaned figure sagged and slipped from the saddle. The weight and the drag on the reins pulled the horse round so that it stumbled in Ella's direction, the rider's foot still in the stirrup, his head bumping among the rocks. Ella dropped bow and caught at the trailing reins, wrenching the frightened horse to a standstill. Eyes slitted, he looked down at the shaven head from which the steel cap had fallen. The dark eyes opened wanderingly. Ella, grunting, swung his axe featly and the dark eyes were finally still. He tore the uncomplaining foot from the stirrup, picked up his bow, and swung himself into the high-peaked saddle. Sir Hugh was away down the descent now with the men-at-arms, and Ella wanted to be there too, in the best of the fight on a good horse such as this. About him other men were running, leaping down from the rocks where they had poured in those terrible volleys, waving axe and spear, killing out stricken enemies as they came.

Hugh came into the gorge on the tail of Arslan's riders whose leader was seeking to turn them in the press. Others of the raiders who had clambered down on foot to be first with the plunder, still unaware of what had happened later, were slashing among the pilgrims, cutting down the men and the older women; a pack of them clustered where Sir Gerard had taken his stand. It was close fighting here, straight sword against curved, broad axe against narrow, knife to stabbing dagger. Sir Gerard fought quietly as was his way, the long blade circling right and left in a shimmering arc of now dimmed steel. But he was hard pressed, for he had lost four of his men from stones and arrows before the enemy closed.

The fight checked an instant, mutual pause, as it seemed, for men to draw sobbing breath. In that pause Sir Gerard first caught the distant shouting, the blessed sound of a Norman-French battle cry. Now, maybe, these poor folk, the huddled women behind him, might yet live. . . .

Suddenly came a rush of Turkish horse, and for the moment Sir Gerard thought it was the end, then realised that their business was not with him and his, for after them came others, good men-at-arms in conical Norman helms and iron-ringed leather hauberks. The fight locked about him, yet left him on its edge, as the men who had been attacking him turned to the new danger. Calling to four of his men to guard the women, Sir Gerard plunged on foot into the struggle, seeking to reach Arslan, whose gold-bossed shield marked him clearly as a leader of note.

Seeking Arslan, Hugh had come against an enemy who could not be ignored, a man on a grey horse whose face was partially hidden by turban folds. Hugh had lost his lance in the body of a dark-faced Nubian whose crashing fall had torn it from his hand. He was fighting now with his sword, standing in his stirrups as Warrior, ears back and teeth bare, threshed and kicked at the struggling press about them.

Hugh's face was very still, pale under the tan, his eyes contracted, cold as those of a statue, yet balefully alive. This blow should finish it, he thought, as his leaping blade dipped suddenly and swung in under Steven's guard. It would have but for that swift sideways plunge of the grey mare. Steven's curved sword swept back on the instant at Hugh's throat so that he saved himself only with difficulty. It was at that moment an arrow tore away the turban fold twisted about Steven's chin and Hugh suddenly knew him. "Scarface!" he shouted. "Now, by God's Love . . .!" Steven recognised him then; Hugh, the fool who had wanted Yvonne. He spurred the grey mare forward to close, shouting, "She's dead! Soiled goods! Now join her!" But a rush of maddened, riderless horses crashed into them, forcing them apart and Hugh found himself sword to sword with Arslan, who had ceased to matter. All that mattered now was Steven whom Hugh must kill if ever he were to know peace again. . . .

Arslan fought well; he knew he was doomed if he were taken, for there would be no quarter on such a day. As he had sought to do to the pilgrims, so were Hugh's men doing to his, the bowmen killing from the rocks above,

(Continued on page 134)

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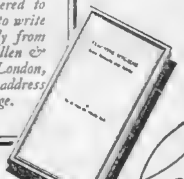

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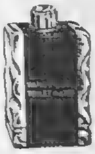

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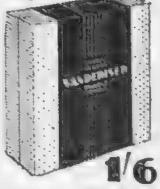

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the Frankish men-at-arms, more heavily armed and armoured than the raiders, over-running his horsemen. But Arslan's fence, good as it was, could not stay the sweep of Hugh's blade directed by the cool brain behind in which was now only the single purpose of clearing minor obstacles and finding Steven again.

Pulling Warrior round, Hugh sought Steven among those last fleeing figures. There . . . ! Over there . . . ! He drove heels home, and Warrior, red hoofed, leaped over tumbled bodies of man and horse. Steven, still horsed, was fighting with Sir Gerard on foot; behind the knight were some huddled women, one of whom suddenly called out in a high, clear voice. Nothing to have upset such a man ordinarily, but in Steven's mind was that dream of the sea . . then out of the past had come Hugh . . . Now, lastly, behind the little knight was this woman in whose wan face were great summer-sea-coloured eyes like those of the woman of the Loire. Just as that other had done towards the end, so this one shrilled out. "Vengeance comes, Scarface!" How, but by magic, could she know his name, even though the jagged scar on his cheek was so conspicuous that outland strangers had given him the title anew. Magic? or was it something even worse? He had no time to think or reason, and it unsettled him, his blow at Sir Gerard faltered, the cutting edge turned, the blade that should have driven into the shoulder slid harmless down the knight's arm.

With the half-animal instinct of the fighting man, Steven became aware of the danger approaching from behind and swung his grey mare round to see Hugh, sword lifted, bearing down on him. He was himself again at the sight; he saw too that if he could settle with Hugh, the road behind was now clear, for the fight had opened up. The grey mare might yet carry him to safety—there was no horse in all Syria or Palestine could stay with her . . . Just the least touch of the spur as Hugh closed, the trick he had taught her so well, she would leap like a cat a full pace sideways, the enemy's sword would meet empty air. Then as she leaped in again and forward, his own blade would crash back-handed on to the other's neck-bone.

He gave the touch, the grey mare leaped and then, at the utterly unexpected jag of the sharp bit in her tender mouth, stood stock still trembling. Hugh's sword indeed met empty air, but there came no return cut from Steven. Scarface sat motionless in his saddle, head thrown back. From his open mouth projected the yellow shaft of an arrow; its reddened point protruded through his neck mail behind. Five yards away, bow still quivering in straightened left arm, sat Ella on his captured mount, a happy grin on his round, fresh-coloured face. Steven, still looking upward wide-eyed, began to sway oddly, then rolled slowly out of his saddle.

Hugh hesitated an instant, then cantered away towards the sound of battle lower down the gorge. He came to the last of the struggle, Ella and Richard with him. There they found Ian the Scot and a dozen of his men cleaning out a corner where some of the raiders had tried to scale their way out of the trap and been checked by the bowmen above.

Ian glanced round, and the snarl faded from his lip, as he turned, sword in red-blotched fist. "That will be being the end, Sir Hugh," said he. "Where is the hound?" he asked. "He went after you when you charged down the hill."

"I had forgotten him," answered Hugh slowly, and Ian looked at him sharply. He had been with Hugh in not a few fights, but never had he seen him thus; he seemed half mazed.

"You have the air of one who has been seeing a ghost," he remarked at last.

"I have seen a devil out of the past. Ella here shot him . . thereby breaking my vow for me."

"And saving the life of you, perhaps," put in the Scot drily.

" But the hound . . . Bran ? " questioned Ian again.

There was noise enough in the defile, but over and above it all rose Richard's high, piercing call that should have brought Bran leaping. But there was no sign of the great dog . . .

SIR GERARD stood wiping his sword thoughtfully. Death should have claimed him—it was odd how that Turk's sword had turned at the last moment. He stepped forward a pace and looked down at the tumbled figure from which Frisian Hans was now stripping the mail. The stocky seaman turned his head and, seeing the knight, stood up to stammer out broken Norman French which Sir Gerard correctly interpreted as thanks . . " The women . . . my wife and the boy . . but for you . . ."

" But for that knight on the red horse and his good bowmen," corrected Sir Gerard, but he smiled kindly as the women clustered about him. One, however, stood apart looking down at Steven's body. Sir Gerard recognised her as the sad-eyed woman he had seen before the fight and suddenly remembered more. He touched her arm and she turned: in her wide eyes he glimpsed the shadow of some past fear.

" You knew him ? " he asked bewildered. " You called out to him." Her answer was in clear Norman French, no outland German or Frisian.

" Yes—an evil man—a Christian. Him I knew, but I saw dimly other faces behind . . " She lifted her hands to her temples . . .

Sir Gerard looked down again with greater curiosity. Such things had been heard of, Christian men joining Antichrist. His kindly eyes hardened as he looked: this woman, like others, had doubtless suffered evil at the dead man's hands. He remembered more clearly now that cry of hers. " Vengeance comes . . . " It had come, arrow-swift . . . He made to speak with her again, but she was talking with others, so he turned to Hans.

" That one is not of your northern folk," said he.

" She was not born so," replied Hans. " She came to us later. Some folk say there is magic about her ; you see it in her dealings with animals, even the most savage. But she is wholly good, though very sad. I think she seeks something lost. . . ."

" We all do . . . on this road," answered Sir Gerard simply. " Christ in His mercy give us our desire as He has given us life this day." He broke off abruptly, sudden understanding lighting in his eyes. " Malik-el-Kelb," he murmured. So that was who, under God, had been their saviour to-day. He stared at the big, rough-coated hound picking its way among the dead and wounded. It did not snarl or growl as it went, stiff hackled. There was no need ; something about its manner made men step back as it passed. A child sitting forlorn by its dead mother suddenly stopped its weeping, stared round-eyed at the great dog, then wailed piercingly, though Bran did nothing, having merely halted by him, lifted head swaying questingly, nostrils twitching as though seeking some lost scent.

The child's wail attracted the sad-eyed woman's notice : she ran forward to comfort the baby, thrusting the hound to one side.

" She fears nothing living," said Hans, stepping forward nevertheless, for there were many savage dogs to be met with in this road, and this one was of weight to pull down a heifer. Then, with a warning shout, he broke into his shambling run, for the dog had turned towards the woman, stood oddly hesitant and doubtful, then suddenly leaped. . . . Sir Gerard jumped forwards, a man by him flung a swiftly snatched up stone. But as they reached the pair they stopped with amazement. The hound was reared up full height, his massive forepaws on the woman's shoulders, but his shaggy tail was swaying flail-like. In one arm she still clutched the screaming child, the other was about the dog's rough neck . . . " Bran . . . ! Oh, Bran ! " Sir Gerard heard her say.

" It is her magic again," explained Hans. " She is like that (*Continued on page* 136)

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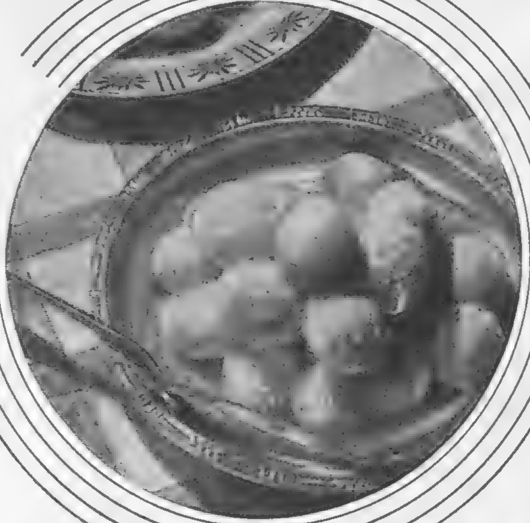

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with all dumb things . . . Ever since that first day when we picked her from the sea at dawn clinging to a piece of charred wreckage . . . half witless she seemed then and long after, starting up from her sleep to babble of some black evil threatening her, so that we feared she might leap outboard. Some of our folk were for flinging her back, as is the old sea custom lest evil come with those whom the sea claims. But were we not pilgrims to Christ's Sepulchre, making our way down the French coast in our boats ? So we tended her, and she has stayed with us ever since . . ."

"I have seen others with this same gift," said Sir Gerard. "But," he continued meditatively, "how could she know the beast's name, for it is surely his—his stern quivers each time she speaks it ! "

Another woman had caught the child from the girl. Sir Gerard saw now that she was little more ; fatigue and privation had given him a false impression of her age. She sank to her knees, arms about the dog as it crouched, seeking to lick her face . . . "Bran . . . Oh, Bran ! How did you come here ? Bran, I can remember it all clearly now . . . ! Bran, where is Hugh ? "

Up the gorge shrilled a high, piercing call, Richard summoning Bran. The hound stayed still an instant, ears pricked. Then he dropped them again as he turned to the older worship.

Hugh, with Ella and others behind him, came riding back to speak with the knight who had fought so stoutly to save those women. Hugh was unstrung a little. "Steven Scarface . . . dead . . at Ella's hand. . . . Why was I not allowed to kill him . . ? " His mind swung away from that insoluble problem to another more pressing: "Where is Bran ? " Fear lay at his heart. . . . Suppose Bran were dead. . . . He would sooner have lost Warrior.

He reached the chattering group where stood Sir Gerard, his mailed hauberk and kite-shaped shield marking him out among the poorer pilgrims. Hugh lifted hand in greeting to the knight as the throng made way for him. About to speak, he stopped, mouth open foolishly . . . "Bran ! " he called at last. "Here, Bran ! " The hound turned head an instant, the shaggy tail swept the reddened ground more swiftly, but there was no obedience to Hugh's call.

"The day is mad," said Ella aloud in his own Saxon, his blue eyes round with wonder. "We find Steven Scarface . . . not Sir Hugh but I, Ella, kill him with as neat a shaft as ever Weald man sped . . . Now here is Bran, who will let only Sir Hugh, Richard and me lay hand on him . . . with nuzzling head in a strange wench's lap ! "

He turned to Hugh, then saw that Warrior's saddle was empty. Hugh was on his knees on the ground, trembling fingers catching at the girl's hands, calling her by name, questioning brokenly, a man confronted with the unbelievable, the almost unrealisable.

"Here is some miracle," stammered Hans. "See her eyes . . . It is as a dead one coming to life . . . ! "

"Did not Jairus's daughter dwell hereabouts ? " answered Sir Gerard in the tones of a child. "They told me in Acre that this man had set himself to safeguard the road for poor folk because he had lost his own love. . . . Lo ! Christ first prospers his endeavours and then gives back to him her whom he counted dead . . ."

He looked at the pair again. . . . They had risen hand in hand. Ella, bareheaded, whimpering, was on his knees pressing the girl's other hand to his forehead, Bran seeking to displace him.

Gazing at the rapt faces of Hugh and Yvonne, thinking of his own much-blessed past, and of the rich future with which the Seigneur Christ, who always gives wholehandedly, would now surely dower them, Sir Gerard whispered reverently to himself: "Like these must have looked groom and bride at that thrice-blessed marriage feast at Cana . . . in Galilee."

END

The Grand Howl

(*Continued from page 17*)

though the many actual examination papers in my possession prove beyond doubt that no grown-up duplicity can compete with the genuine article.

The mixing of similar words is a frequent cause of howlers. The teacher does not appreciate that the words are new to the children; they are possibly mispronounced in the pupil's hearing, or they may be picked up casually by the pupil without thought, and unconsciously associated with a similar meaning or sounding word which the child knows, or thinks he knows, quite well. The fun in this type of error comes in the incongruity.

"A Conservative is a kind of greenhouse where you can look at the moon."

"Diagrams are delicate things just below the ribs and above the stomach."

"Immortality is running away with another man's wife."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"The Soviet is what the middle classes call their napkin."

Insufficient explanation by the master provides another excuse for unconscious humour. Phrases puzzle the pupils, and the teacher through imperception or laziness omits to elucidate them.

"Wolsey's fate," wrote one child thus misguided, "is attributed to his having shot at the Pope." The text-book had said that Wolsey aimed at the Papacy.

Guessing from association of sounds or ideas is another frequent cause of howlers. Even the most careful teaching will not prevent a certain type of child from delighting in the mental flying leap.

"C.I.D. means Copper in Disguise" is a gem. Pas de deux as "Father of twins" is at least ingenious, and "Infra dig." has been even more desperately translated than as "In lodgings."

Personally, I always suspect a master's—if not a master—hand in the translation of "Coup de grâce" as "A lawn-mower."

Of course, the most gloriously fertile field is misspelling. If I quote among others some of the classics, it is because nothing since has quite surpassed them and their laughter-promoting powers are undimmed.

"They gave Wellington a glorious funeral. It took six men to carry the beer."

"Thomas à Becket led a dissipated life. Three nights killed him."

"Columbus was a great navigator who cursed about the Atlantic."

"Lloyd George, of course, has always been an imminent politician."

"Pope wrote principally in heroic cutlets."

A category of howlers which particularly appeals to me is that in which mistakes are caused by the mixing of two entirely unrelated incidents or the confusion of two completely different personalities or settings.

Such errors may be due to ineffective instruction, confused thinking, or the linking of two subjects subconsciously in the child's mind by some other happening that he or she does not realise at the time.

For example, two subjects dealt with on the same day or in the same surroundings, two topics mentioned by the same friend, may be subconsciously confused or linked together by an entirely detached question which somehow strikes a familiar note.

Here are some instances:

"Elijah was the man who raised the widow's mite."

"Abraham had two wives. He kept one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt by day and a pillar of fire by night."

"Whenever you hear osculation, put a little water on the earth."

"Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives."

"Celibacy is a crime a priest commits when he marries."

The mixing of two questions occurs occasionally, sometimes with superb results. Take the case of the child who was asked to correct the

(*Continued on page 138*)

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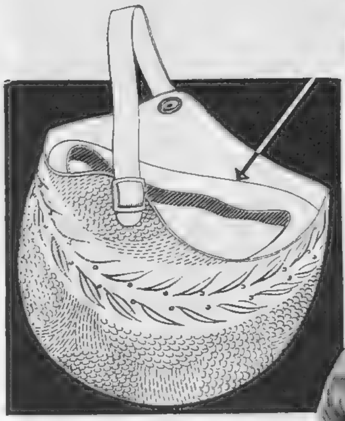

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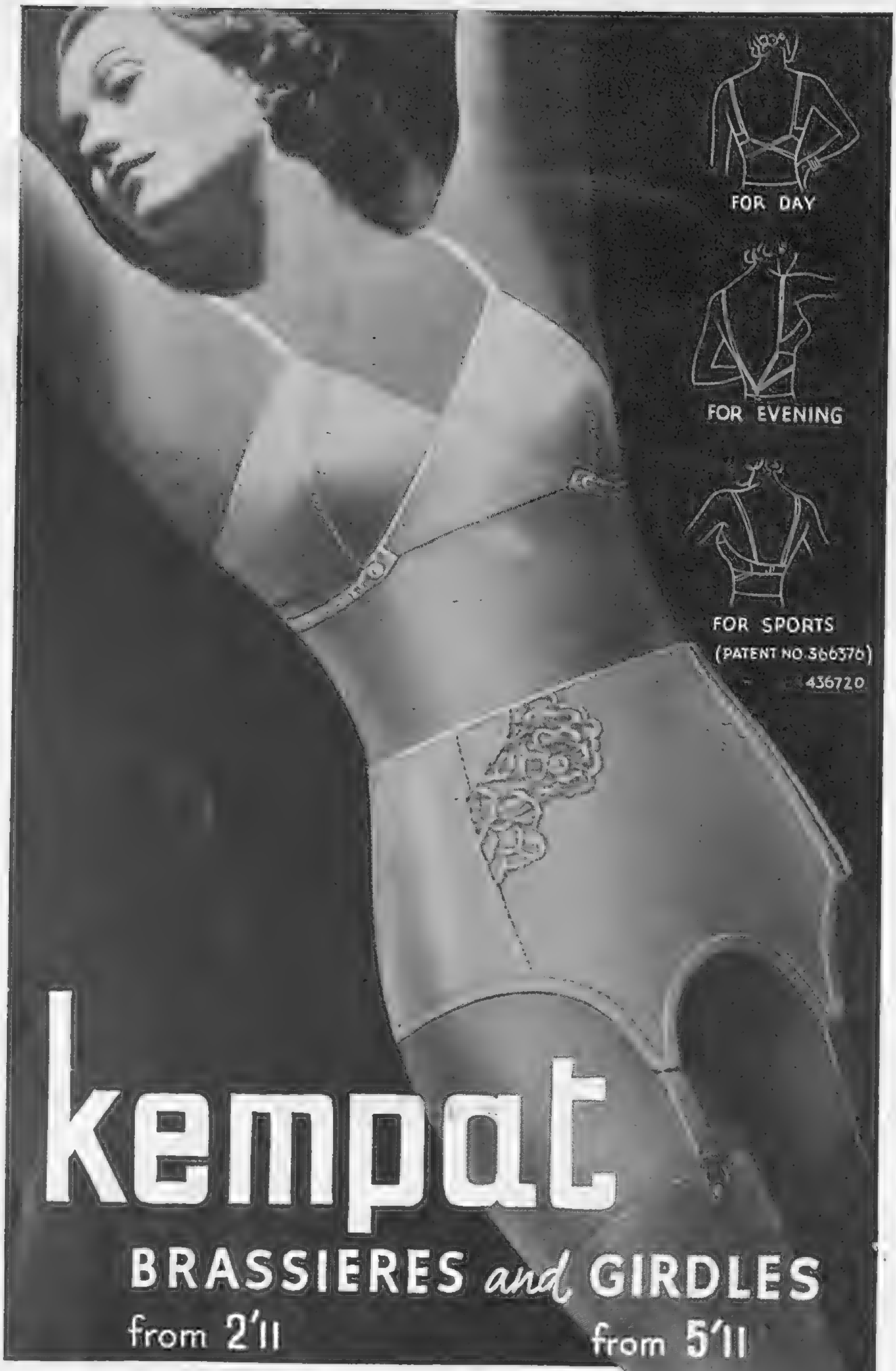

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following sentences: "*A*, A hen has three legs. *B*, Who done it?"

By some inexplicable reasoning the child saw the parts as a whole and wrote, no doubt with burning indignation: "The hen never done it. God done it." Not quite so brilliant, but still very funny, was the effort of the boy who, asked to correct "The toast was drank in silence," wrote: "The toast was ate in silence."

The type of howler that particularly delights those of us who are not only laughter-seekers but loving students of the young mind is the error in which the intention of the writer is quite apparent and invariably right, but the inadequacy of language or the quaintness of composition produces a very comical effect. These are the type of howler I have in mind—often discovered in essays when the mind has begun to flow eagerly, almost excitedly, and the writing loses its self-consciousness.

"Three shots rang out. Two servants fell dead and the other went through his hat."

"Many new faces toed the line at our school walking match."

"Of course, you can't put old heads on to young shoulders and if you did they wouldn't fit."

"The Scotch do not go to the Church of England. They go to the Free Church."

"The man drew his bow at a venture but missed the venture and hit Ahab."

"The Gorgons were like women, only more horrible."

"White is the colour for hope. Brides wear it at weddings. The men wear black."

"On reaching Blackpool I was struck in the face by the pier."

"Oliver Cromwell's home policy was that of being a good husband and a kind father. His foreign policy was to walk abroad in a big slouch hat and a very large red nose."

"Queen Victoria was the longest queen on the throne of England."

Quotation and translation questions are perhaps the greatest encouragement of all to the careless or inconsequent pupil. Give a boy a foreign phrase in which he *thinks* he recognises the verb or one of the nouns and it is not long before he has persuaded himself that the surrounding phrases suit his belief and justify an answer which probably sends even the jaded master into gusts of laughter. The old example, "Est-il parti, ma tante?" "Is there a party? My aunt!" takes a lot of beating, but I have a fondness for the lad who translated LXXX as "Love and Kisses," and a wholesome respect for the child who, faced with "J'avais à cœur de vous tromper," decided on "I have a heart to trump you with." There should be some leniency shown to a pupil who puts down "Sotto voce" as "In a drunken voice." Sometimes I suspect the teachers of laying traps. On a sultry summer afternoon, with the distracting sounds of cricket coming through the form room window, I should have secretly applauded the lad who translated "Je ne suis pas de votre avis" as "I am not one of your birds." But then, as I said, teaching is not my profession. Perhaps that is why, when studying some of the incredible questions set, I call to mind the boy who wrote with seemingly shining honesty: "All the teachers at our school are certified," and another who said "Our new head master is a B.S.A."

In these days of physical fitness it is perhaps almost sacrilege to mention "Voici le jeune anglais avec son sang froid habituel"—"Here comes the young Englishman with his usual —— cold."

If that was invented, alas I cannot claim the credit.

My broadcasting of howlers increased my world mail, but to my sensitive soul it seemed a little hard that whenever I was included in a programme it appeared necessary to include an antidote. Once it was the dearly lovable George Lansbury, another time a bishop, and once I was followed by a sewer worker to restore the tone.

The B.B.C., quite rightly I agree, would not let me broadcast a howler which I can print here. Without holding views either way on the question concerned, its humour is too good to dilute with prejudice.

"What are rabies and what would you do with them?"—a question set some years ago during the dog scare. "Rabies," wrote a child, "are Jewish priests. I would do nothing for them."

After one apparently successful broadcast I was asked to prepare a longer paper on howlers which, after voice tests, I was told, surprisingly, would be read in my name. A fee was agreed, the cheque received and spent, several weeks before my tailor happened to mention that he had enjoyed the talk read in my name. I had not heard it myself, but several weeks later still my script was returned with profuse apologies for the delay in a decision, but the authorities had now decided that after all they could not broadcast this material. They appreciated that I had been put to some trouble in the matter and would I accept five guineas as recompense?

How difficult is conscience! Fortunately I recalled a howler to console me: "Honesty is a rare flower which starts pink, but dries and goes hard before it gets into boarding houses."

Howlers have been my salvation on many impromptu occasions, but they have been something more than salvation to countless comedians. Some day I am hoping that the funny men—and women—who have made my books their boon companions will entertain me. Their names would provide an all-star cast. I'd like to tell them a few new ones, so that when they start their conversation pieces I do not anticipate almost every answer with exactness.

"Howlers from Hunt" ought, by right, to appear on many a programme along with "Wigs by Clarkson" or "Telephone by courtesy of the Postmaster-General."

But there is one very great comedienne who, I know, will never use a howler. With one volume my publisher sought to stimulate advertising my book by sending copies to various professional funny men and women, many of whom, we knew, "used no other."

The manager of this very famous comedienne rang me up and said, "Thank you for sending me your book. I've had a look through it, but it seems to me you've got to have a bit of brains to understand these. I don't think——would be interested, but if you've got a really funny book, send it along."

Once again my howler-philosophy was sufficient unto the day: "Humour is a kind of growth. Some doctors recommend an operation, others get it down with massage."

Perhaps one of the most disconcerting and yet most interesting talks I ever gave on Howlers was at Pentonville Prison. I had no knowledge of the type of offender there, or even of the prison's locality, thinking it to be in the Pentonville Road rather than near the famous Caledonian Market.

In an endeavour to assess the mental interests of my audience so that I could adjust my material accordingly, I asked one of the chaplains if they had burglars there.

He thought I said "murderers," and answered "No, but we shall have on Monday."

It was then that I learned of the worst type of cases going to Pentonville from the Old Bailey and elsewhere, and that almost all of the prisoners had served sentences before.

This chaplain told me with regret that which I had no difficulty in confirming from observation—namely, that they had a number of public school boys among the prisoners.

To my astonishment my talk was held in the chapel, which was packed; so packed that the warder who sat in the pulpit, no doubt from a point of vantage, would have found difficulty in sitting anywhere else.

These frequent lectures, I gathered, were also regarded as safety valves, and that while prisoners were given complete freedom of expression, the Deputy Governor would intervene if they became difficult from a speaker's point of view.

Fortunately the howlers soon reduced them to helpless laughter, but it seemed a little curious to me to be telling these varied tales (*Continued on page* 140)

Princess Pearl, Harry Roy and Baby

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Princess Pearl
Harry Roy

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from the sanctuary of the chapel, before a dressed altar. I could appreciate the fact that the chapel was their largest hall, and no religion that ruled out the God-given gift of humour would command my respect, let alone my adherence; but it did feel strange that the altar was not at least screened off so that when they came to worship the surroundings might not be completely identical with those in which they had heard of Lloyd George's motto as "Liberty, Equality and Maternity," or "A deacon is the lowest form of Christian."

However, that seemed to worry no one but me, and for forty minutes I spoke to the most acutely interested audience I have ever known.

I made a howler in the first minute, telling them a relative story, and, as one does when endeavouring to secure complete intimacy with one's listeners, forgetting the surroundings entirely. I told them that possibly some of them had seen the story in the newspapers . . . .

That set them alight. Two great bruisers within a few yards of me let out a roar that set everyone going.

Apparently they don't see the newspapers, or not the evening paper I cited. It was a great laugh.

The most enthusiastic audience wished me "R.I.P.," which is not quite so lethal as it looks, even when delivered within the high walls of Pentonville Prison. For, as every good schoolboy knows, all it really means is "Return if Possible!"

Joints in June

(*Continued from page 70*)

Pour the sauce all over the joint and serve, with no other vegetable, of course; just a few new potatoes *rissolées*.

Gigot d'Agneau Poché

Put in a large saucepan with cold water, an onion stuck with cloves, a few carrots cut up, thyme, parsley and bay leaf, salt and pepper and bring to the boil.

Meanwhile trim superfluous fat from a leg of lamb and sprinkle it all over with salt and pepper, rubbing it well into the flesh.

Place the leg in a clean cloth, sew it up and put it into the prepared boiling water and let it just simmer gently till cooked (about a quarter of an hour to a pound).

When ready remove the meat from the cloth, drain it well and serve with a *purée* made with Smedley's green peas, salt, pepper and a little butter.

Cutlets in a Square

There is one form of cooking cutlets much neglected, and that is to serve them still attached *en carré*, which means that you have a square joint of cutlets to be treated in various ways. In each case the meat should be very well trimmed. When ordering from the butcher simply ask for so many cutlets (two for each person), but left as a whole. Here are some examples:

Carré d'Agneau Printanier

Trim the *carré* well, salt and pepper it and roast it, allowing ten to twelve minutes per pound. Meanwhile cook in boiling salted water a few young turnips and carrots, drain them well and arrange them in little bunches, alternated with a few piles of green peas round the lamb in a hot serving dish. Serve plain new potatoes separately.

Carré d'Agneau Portugaise

The lamb is cooked as described in the preceding recipe, the garnish in this case being globe artichoke bottoms filled with tomato pulp. You can use tinned artichokes for this, in which case you make them hot, drain them and toss them for a minute or two in butter.

Peel and remove the seeds from the tomatoes, mash the flesh and heat it in a little butter. After the dish is arranged, sprinkle a little chopped parsley over each artichoke.

The Regulo setting for all the recipes in this article is Mark 6.

The Golden Skylark

(*Continued from page* 15)

them standing in the doorway of the beautiful, low, white house: Harriet, Elizabeth, Pansy, Posy and Baby. He leaned eagerly forward, his slender figure taut, his blue eyes shining and his beautiful, girlish face alight with joy. Coachman, reining in the horses to a more decorous speed, glanced at him curiously out of the corner of his eye. Effeminate-looking chap, Master Percy, yet there was nothing womanish about the pace to which he set the horses or the language which he used. His language, now, thought the coachman, that was very odd in a young gentleman, very odd indeed. There were times when the forcefulness of his remarks would have given points to a bargee, and other times when the loveliness of the things that he said caught at the heart like a snatch of music.

" How fresh it is ! " whispered Percy, suddenly sobered. The sun had slipped out from behind a flying wispy cloud, and it seemed to him that his home looked up at him and smiled. " How green and fresh ! "

" Rain in the night, sir," said coachman.

They had reached the open gate from the park to the garden and Percy could see the green grass scattered with aconites, and the dancing daffodils. " The twinkling grass," he murmured. " Rain-awakened flowers, joyous and clear and fresh. . . . Damn you, Coachman, you scraped the gatepost."

They reached the front door and he had leaped out long before coachman had brought the chaise to a standstill. He kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, placed chaste salutes upon the cheeks of Harriet and Elizabeth, held out a hand each to Posy and Pansy, winked at Baby and then abruptly disappeared. Used as his family were to his spirit-like appearances and disappearances, they were always a little taken aback by them just at first. . . . They rubbed their eyes and looked at one another.

" He'll have gone to the kitchen to see cook," said Elizabeth. " Don't you remember ? He always does."

They went into the parlour and sat watching the door with the rather strained, expectant faces of those who think they have just seen a kingfisher but are not quite sure until a second sight of the creature reassures them.

" Did you notice his coat ? " said Mrs. Shelley.

" My dear, I was not given time to notice anything," complained Mr. Shelley.

" Buttoned crooked," said Mrs. Shelley, " and in rags. . . It was new last holidays."

" But there's something so distinguished about Percy's untidiness," gushed his cousin Harriet.

" It's because he is so romantic," murmured his sister Elizabeth.

Mr. Shelley grunted and Mrs. Shelley sighed. The clock ticked and some of the shadows that were gathering so thickly in the garden crept in through the open French window and sat themselves down in the corners of the room, but Percy did not come back.

Three of the shadows stole forward and held out hands to Posy, Pansy and Baby. They rose, took the kind hands and stole with their friends out into the garden.

A blackbird broke into glorious song and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, Harriet and Elizabeth, raising their heads to listen, found that the children, too, had disappeared.

" Timothy," said Mrs. Shelley, " it's uncanny ! " And she burst into tears.

THE three little figures ran through the garden towards the setting sun. The shadows that had come to fetch them ran behind them, taking their shape and sticking as closely to them as though shadow and child were one person. Now and then they looked over their shoulders at the following figures and smiled and nodded to them. Their shadows were not the only shadows. All the trees had one, and the few peacocks on the terrace, and the birds, and even the daffodils. For they (*Continued on page* 142)

Sunbathe with sense

"Can't stand this sun another minute. I don't want to peel a *third* time! I believe you're naturally sunburnt."

"No, I'm not. Four days ago I was as pale as you are pink."

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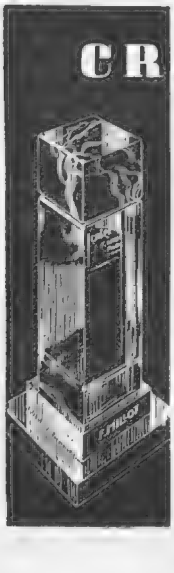

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had reached that moment of evening when the wizard touch of the sun's long golden finger calls up an army of ghosts to run and leap and crouch and curtsey beside each single created thing; alive beside the living, and dreaming beside the still. The wind had dropped and only the ghost of it woke up the daffodils to nod to their shadows. There was no sound except the song of the blackbird perched upon the may-tree at the bottom of the garden, a glossy fellow who rocked among the bright green crinkled leaves and sang to a phantom bird on a shadow tree below him on the grass.

And here they found Percy, with his feet entangled in the branches of one tree and the top of his curly head just touching the green leaves of the other, listening with all his ears to the blackbird's song. Percy, as Posy had said, loved birds. He loved them with an almost fanatical love; for they were to him, so he said, not birds but spirits. The souls of the gipsies go into the bodies of the vagabond cuckoos, he had told the little girls once; dead musicians live again in blackbird and thrush and robin; while the lark, the winged and crested singer who comes and goes between earth and heaven, is neither more nor less than a heavenly seraph, a member of the highest of the nine orders of angels, those beings who alone understand the meaning of love.

The children knew better than to interrupt Percy while he was listening to the blackbird, for if they did he would probably go into one of his mad rages, when his eyes flashed fire, his whole body trembled and shook and the things that he shouted at you were enough to terrify you into next week. . . They stood silently waiting, hand in hand with their shadows, until the blackbird had finished his song, had nodded to the phantom bird below him on the grass and had flown away, the phantom following him. . . . Then they dared to creep up and pull at Percy's coat.

"Percy," whispered Posy, "come upstairs to the nursery."

"Somethin' to show you," said Pansy.

"Up," said Baby briefly.

Percy swung his small brother to his shoulder and was dragged by the excited little girls in through the side door and up the back stairs to the nursery.

"Look! Look!" cried Posy, pulling him to the window. "We've got a lark, Percy!"

"But she won't sing," said Pansy.

"Bad!" said Baby.

They waited for delighted exclamations to burst from Percy; but none came. . . It seemed he was not pleased. . . A heavy, ominous silence filled the room and the streaming golden sunshine seemed to darken. Percy put Baby down, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and stared at the lark. She stirred a little, rustling the feathers that were clotted together as though she had been sweating with fear and misery, lifted her crested head and glanced at him out of her dulled eyes. Percy went white, as he did just before he was going to fly into one of his rages, and clenched his hands. . . . The signs were unmistakable. . . . Baby thrust his thumb into his mouth, seeking consolation, and the little girls clutched each other, waiting for the storm to break.

But a gong rang loudly through the house and the door opened, letting in Mrs. Shelley in a billowing evening dress. She was not a sensitive woman and she was completely unconscious of the undercurrents of rage and pity and fear that lay beneath the seemingly placid exterior of the nursery. She was conscious of nothing but her own wounded feelings and lacerated dignity.

"Percy!" she cried, dabbing her tear-stained cheeks with a lace handkerchief. "How can you treat me like this? How *can* you, Percy! I've sat in the parlour waiting for you for a good hour, crying my eyes out. Elizabeth and Harriet are nearly in hysterics and your papa seriously displeased. You've not *spoken* to us yet, Percy, not *spoken* to us!"

She seized him by the shoulders and twisted him round to look at her. Her eyes, tear-filled, anxious, bewildered, looked hungrily at this strange, beautiful creature who was her first-born and yet with whom she seemed able to establish simply no contact at all.

"Not spoken to you?" said Percy. "Haven't I? I must simply have forgotten to," and he tried to withdraw himself gently from her clutching hands . . . . He hated hands that clutched, threatening his freedom.

But Mrs. Shelley clung limpet-like. "Dinner has been put late to suit you," she wailed. "And we have a guest in the house, and look at your clothes and your hands and your hair! No one would pick you up out of the gutter, let alone think you were my son."

She lowered a hand from his shoulder to his arm and dragged him away. . . . Nurse arose in her wrath from the shadows in the corner of the nursery, and the ritual of a long-overdue bedtime engulfed the weeping children.

NURSE had gone and they were alone in the night. They were all three frightened of the dark, but Nurse refused to leave them a candle, nor would she leave even a crack between the heavy window-curtains through which the kind moon could have poked a bright finger to comfort them. . . . She did not hold with pampering the young . . . . But they were not so frightened as usual to-night, because Percy was home for the holidays and very soon they might hear his light step coming along the passage.

For there always came a time during the long social evening downstairs when boredom seized upon Percy—his mother doing embroidery and asking awkward questions about his life at Eton; his father talking politics with a neighbouring squire who had dropped in to dinner; Elizabeth and Harriet giving them a little music. By the time Percy had parried his mother's questions, tried to correct his father's mistaken opinions and been told that the young should be seen and not heard, turned the pages for Harriet and admired the curls in the back of her neck, he found home life begin to pall and the parlour folk, looking up to speak to him, would find that he had disappeared again. And only the children knew where he went to.

They sat up in bed, fighting sleep and listening. What would they do to-night? Would he sit on their bed and tell them stories, or would they have a ghost-hunt round the house, or would he draw a circle on the nursery floor and stand in the middle of it and raise the Devil? Whatever they did it would be exciting, unearthly, and in the doing of it they would talk straight out of the ordinary world into that other limitless one that whispered about its boundaries like a faerie sea.

Percy's step was so light that it could not always be heard, and to-night they did not know he had come into the nursery until the curtains at the window were suddenly pulled back and they saw his figure outlined against the stars. He watched a moment, then drew back so that they could see what he saw; the dark garment of the night embroidered with a thousand gems. "Wrap thy form in a mantle grey, star-inwrought," whispered Percy. "Blind with thin hair the eyes of day . . . . Beloved night; kinder than sleep, more beneficent than death."

The children stirred a little restlessly.

When Percy started stringing words together, fashioning golden phrases as a goldsmith fashions a jewelled chain, he sometimes forgot where he was and what was expected of him.

"Percy?" queried an anxious voice. "Baby wants."

Percy remembered his duties instantly. He left the window, sat down on Baby's bed and pulled him into his arms. All his life long he loved children and, completely free as he was from all the usual schoolboy shynesses, he did not care how much he showed it.

"Want?" he asked. "What do you want? The moon and stars out of the sky and the ball of the sun to play with?"

"Don't be silly, Percy," said Posy. "He wants a story."

Baby wriggled himself into the crook of his brother's arm and the long sausage curl on the top of his head flopped against Percy's shoulder. "'Nelius 'Grippa," he murmured sleepily.

(*Continued on page* 144)

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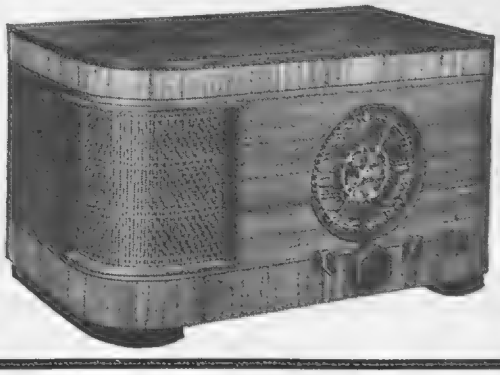

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Percy's stories of Cornelius Agrippa the magician, who took up his abode at Field Place as soon as his historian came home from school, were among the most popular in Percy's repertoire. The children believed absolutely in Cornelius. They had once spent an entire holiday digging out a summer shelter for him in the garden, and any queer noises in the house were immediately put down to the activities of Cornelius in the attic.

"Did I ever tell you," said Percy, "that Cornelius was an alchemist?"

"What's that?" asked Pansy.

"An alchemist," said Percy, "is a person who turns baser metals, things like copper and iron, into gold, but Cornelius, being a magician as well as an alchemist, can do more than that. . . . He can turn anything you like to give him into gold."

"Anything?" breathed Posy.

"Anything," declared Percy. "We could even make your little brown lark golden."

The children gasped. "Would she sing if she was gold?" asked Pansy.

"Of course she would," said Percy. "She is silent because she knows she is ugly in her dull brown coat. Give her a beautiful golden one and she'd sing for joy fit to burst herself."

Posy thrust a dimpled foot out of bed. "Could we take the lark to Cornelius now?" she whispered.

"Come on," said Percy, and putting Baby down he lit a candle and led the way to the day nursery, where the little lark lay crouched in her misery at the bottom of her cage.

Though they had so often heard Cornelius, and had done so much for his comfort, Percy had never until now actually taken them up to his attic in the dead of night to see him engaged in his mysterious wizardries, and an awful yet agreeable terror clutched them

They went up the attic stairs in single file, Percy leading, with the candle in one hand and the birdcage in the other, and the children following. Their shadows went with them, no longer friendly creatures who kept meekly behind them, but great fantastic shapes who leaped and sprawled beside them on the wall. As they climbed, Percy quoted in sepulchral tones those awful words of the poet Shakespeare—

> Wizards know their times:
> Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
> The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
> The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs howl,
> And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
> That time best fits the work we have in hand;

—and their bones turned to water within them.

There were several attics at Field Place and Cornelius Agrippa dwelt in the innermost one, that was always kept locked. Percy, however, had the key in his pocket . . . . They stood behind him trembling, clutching each other, while he put the birdcage on the floor and fitted the key in the lock.

"Now!" said Percy. "You'd better stay here, little girls. You don't want Cornelius to catch you and cut you out into little stars and throw you up into the sky, do you?"

"No!" they whispered, and clutched each other yet tighter. "No, Percy, we wouldn't like that at all."

The door swung slowly open and, peeping round Percy, they saw a sight they never forgot. . . . A great ghostly room, pitch dark in the far corners and lit only in the centre by the light of a lantern that hung from the raftered, cobwebby ceiling. Under the lamp, seated at a table piled with huge, dusty tomes, sat Cornelius, a very old man with a long white beard that flowed down over his chest and his knees; a terrifying old man with beetling brows, horn spectacles on his hooked nose, a tall, black, pointed hat and a black robe patterned all over with queer crimson symbols. He was writing on (Continued on page 146)

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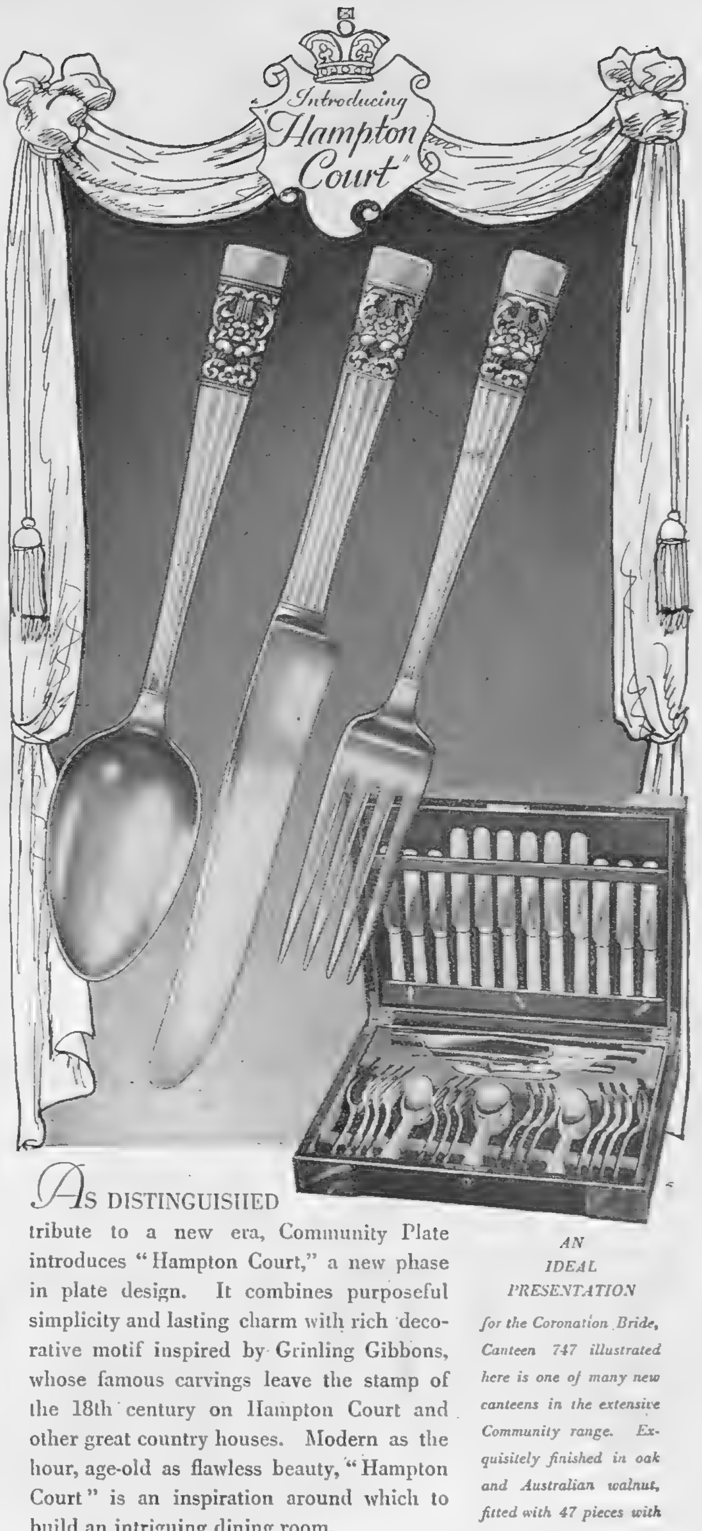

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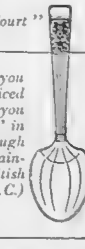

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a piece of parchment with a long quill pen that squeaked eerily, and he never so much as looked up when Percy opened the door. As the children gazed other alarming things took shape in the shadows; a great cauldron simmering in the corner, a black cat with green eyes, and large and horrible bats hanging upside down on the rafters.

But Percy was not afraid. With superb courage he advanced upon Cornelius, birdcage in hand, and addressed him in his clear high voice.

"We would be much obliged," said Percy, "if the art of Cornelius Agrippa the alchemist could transform this brown bird into a skylark of gold. Will you oblige us, sir?"

Cornelius took off his spectacles and looked Percy up and down. "Humph," he said, and rubbed his long nose thoughtfully with a horny finger. Then he raised the finger and beckoned Percy to come near. . . . It made the children shiver with delicious apprehension to see Percy bending his curly head so close to Cornelius's white one, his ear advanced to Cornelius's whispering mouth.

And then somehow the whole scene seemed wiped away, as though a sponge had been passed over a slate, and Percy was back in the passage again with the attic door shut and locked behind him.

"Yes?" whispered the children. "Yes?"

"He'll do it," said Percy. "When you come in from your walk to-morrow afternoon, little girls, there will be a golden skylark singing in the nursery window."

In the dark passage, lit by the pointed candle flame, three little children jigged for joy, and beside them on the wall leaped and danced their fantastic shadows.

* * * *

Years later, when what with one thing and another Percy had disgraced himself and the doors of his home were shut against him, the children thought about that fantastic evening and puzzled over it. For they had actually *seen* Cornelius Agrippa. It was Percy, they realised, who was the magician, and not Cornelius, but what was the secret of his magic? Was it the power of his will that could make them see what he wished them to see, or was his own imagination so strong that the intangible world it created became for him and for those who were with him more real than tangible reality? There was no answer to their questions, for the brother who could have answered them was, so said their father, no longer their brother. They might watch, day after day, with faces pressed against the windowpane, but no golden chariot came up over the horizon with the spring, and no Percy jumped out at the door with a merry crowd of sprites and demons scampering at his heels. . . . In those later days the house seemed always cold and empty, even though fires roared in the chimneys and a babel of voices rose in the dining-room and parlour, and in the garden the flowers drooped and the song that the blackbird sang was a song of mourning.

But on the day after the visit to Cornelius Agrippa Percy was still one of the family, and a great nuisance. He came down to breakfast very late, with his shirt undone at the neck and his hair like a last year's bird's-nest, and politely but firmly refused to accompany his father in a tour of the estate.

"I have no aptitude for business, sir," he announced. "Rents and mortgages and the price of corn—the whole thing bores me." He helped himself liberally to honey and watched the stream of liquid gold drop from the spoon to his plate with a kindling eye. "See the colour of it," he adjured his parents. "Was this honey made from the heather of Hymettus, mamma, or is it the tears of Phæthon that turned to amber in the waters of Eridanus?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Percy!" implored Mrs. Shelley with tears in her eyes, while the countenance of Timothy, her husband, turned puce while he struggled to master his rage.

"One day," said Mr. Shelley thickly, "you will yourself be the master of a great estate and great wealth." (*Continued on page* 148)

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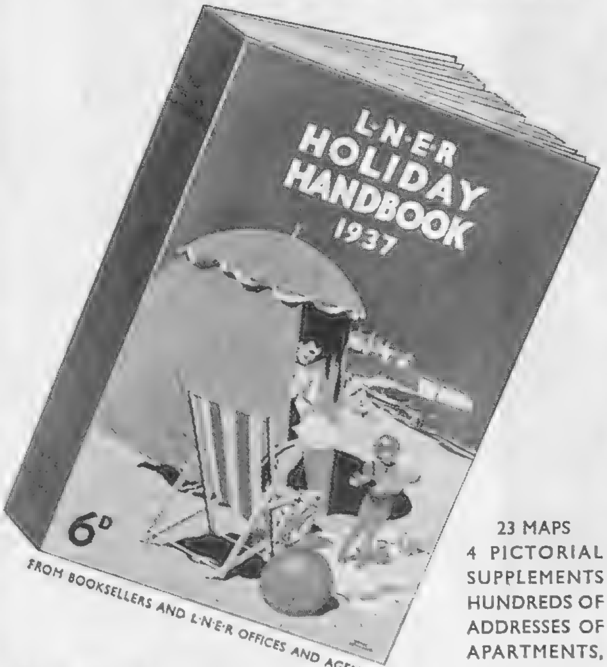
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"Heaven forbid," said Percy airily, spreading his honey. "The possession of private property is to my mind iniquitous. In my opinion ——"

Mr. Shelley rose hastily. "I have no wish to hear your opinions," he said. "They are both ridiculous and presumptuous," and casting his napkin upon the table he left the room with a tread whose decisiveness caused the floorboards to protest.

"Oh, Percy! Percy!" wailed Mrs. Shelley, and her tears brimmed over.

Percy jumped up and came to her, stroking her hair tenderly with one hand while placing bread and honey in his mouth with the other.

"Forgive me, mother," he pleaded. "These things are a matter of principle with me. I should be only too happy, should you wish it, to explain my point of view."

But Mrs. Shelley knew better than to allow herself to be drawn into argument with Percy . . . He went on for hours, and she understood not one word of what he was talking about.

"Never mind, darling," she said. "Let's forget about principles and arguments and spend a happy day together. Come round the garden with me and help me pick the flowers for the vases. Will you, sweetheart?" She wiped her eyes and turned her beautiful head to look at him where he stood behind her chair.

But Percy had disappeared.

HE was already in the stable, leading out his grey dappled pony, talking to it and rubbing its ears and laying his tousled head against its mane. Ten minutes later Mr. Shelley, pacing his library, saw him go cantering up the drive, riding bareback like a gipsy. He was obliged to admit that Percy could ride, and ride well, but why in the world could he not saddle his pony and array himself in garments suitable for gentlemanly equestrian exercise? . . . He must speak to Percy about it at luncheon.

But Percy did not return to luncheon, for he did not find what he was looking for very easily . . . It was extraordinary how loth people were to part with their canaries . . . Or perhaps the whole of Percy's worldly wealth, which seemed to him a great deal when he held it out on the palm of a grubby hand, was not sufficient to tempt them. From cottage to cottage he went, from village to village of the lovely Sussex land, singing in the green lanes and shouting for joy of the high blue sky and the green meadows silvered by the racing wind. He stopped whenever he saw a gleam of feathery gold behind the geraniums in a latticed window, stopped and bargained with a fluent, cajoling tongue and a pleading, melting eye; but it was afternoon before he at last made his capture and relieved a needy widow woman of a yellow bird in a tiny wooden cage, in exchange for all the coppers in his pocket and a smile that she remembered till her dying day.

Percy slung the cage round his neck with a piece of string and returned noisily the way he had come, calling to the sun and singing with the wind, his voice rising louder and louder in a desperate effort to out-shout the canary . . . At the park gates he drew rein to gaze in astonishment at the noisy golden ball bobbing upon his chest.

"You vulgar bird!" he ejaculated, and eyed her with a certain disfavour. She was a peculiarly blatant canary of a most blinding shade of yellow, with a corpulent stomach, bold black eyes and a voice of unbelievable volume. Percy remembered the blackbird in the garden, its night-dark feathers, the shroud of a dead singer, and the lark crouched silent in captivity, the voice of the seraph stilled by the cruelty of man, and had no doubts at all about the origin of his canary. "In you," he said contemptuously, "is the soul of a courtesan."

The canary opened her mouth yet wider, and winked her eye.

"Hold your tongue!" said Percy. "If you shout like that you'll rouse the whole house and give me away utterly."

He took off his coat and wrapped it round the cage in a

(*Continued on page* 150)

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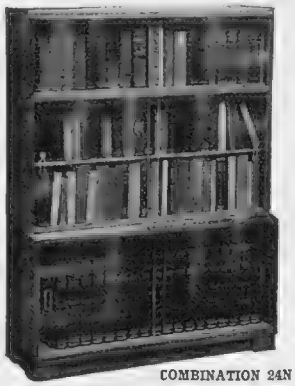

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desperate effort to quench the volume of song . . . It checked for a moment, then rose louder than ever, muffled but invincible . . . In all great courtesans, Percy realised, there is a zest for life that is unconquerable.

He cantered into the stableyard, handed over the pony to a groom and gained Cornelius's attic by way of the backstairs. He was only just in time. As he put the shouting courtesan into the gilded cage, and the silent seraph into the little wooden one, the stable clock struck the hour for nursery tea and sent him racing down the attic stairs towards the nursery with his heart pounding in his chest. . . . As he hung the canary in the window he could hear the high, sweet voices of the children, home from their walk, approaching up the stairs. . . . He fled noiselessly from the room, but hid behind the toy-cupboard in the dark passage, the lark in the wooden cage under his arm, to hear the outbreak of their joy.

It was nothing if not noisy. Shrieks and squeaks of delight rose higher and higher, as shrill as the ecstatic song of the canary. He could picture the rosy faces of the children pressed close to the gilded cage, mouths rounded and eyes sparkling with joy, and the happy golden canary hopping from perch to perch, its mouth as wide and its eyes as bright as their own, while an ear-splitting pæon of praise rose to the outraged heavens.

YELLS of "Percy! Percy!" began to mingle with the din, and Percy did not stand upon the order of his going. He fled down the backstairs, across the stableyard and into the park, the brown lark in the wooden cage still held close under his arm.

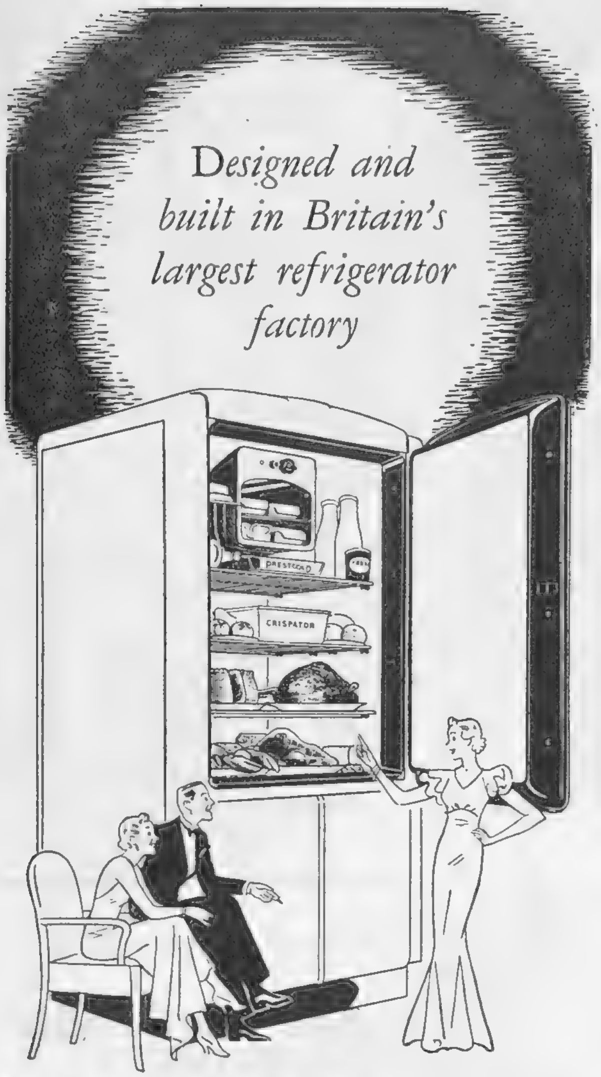
An instinct to take the wild little bird as far away as possible from the maltreating hands of men made Percy run on and on, through the park and the fields beyond towards a low wooded hill, where the strong green crooks of the young bracken were pushing up through a tangle of last year's leaves. The smell of wet earth and primroses met him as he breasted the hill, and there was a sudden flutter of wings beneath his arm, as though it had come to the drooping lark like the first sight of home to the returning exile. The two of them reached the top of the hill, where the trees thinned and ended, and there at their feet lay spread the fair wide landscape of Sussex bathed in the light of the setting sun.

Percy caught his breath as he gazed. . . . The immense bowl of the heavens touched by the finger of the great alchemist, the immortal, adorable sun, to a translucent gold so pale, so clear, so bright that its purity bowed the spirit within him to a trembling awe; the green earth lying peacefully beneath that glory, catching a pale reflection of it where pools and streams held up their quiet faces as the mirrors of perfection; no movement but the smoke from the fires of shadowed cottages passing straight up from earth to heaven in slim pillars of adoration.

It was with an echo of this almost imperceptible upward movement that Percy stretched his slim figure to its full height, standing on tiptoe with arms high above his head, his hands holding the cage with its door wide open.

There was no commotion as the lark took her freedom. She hopped noiselessly to the open door and then, with one slow, quiet movement, raised her crested head, spread her wings and flew out into the golden light. For just a moment she swerved earthwards, as though in greeting to the green fields that had cradled her, and then that same power of the air that had lifted the smoke from cottage fires and pulled Percy unconsciously to his full height, caught her to itself and she sprang upwards, mounting higher and higher, singing as she soared, her glorious song pouring from her in liquid notes of gold that seemed to Percy to be the perfect expression of all beauty and all joy. He listened spellbound, his eyes straining after the tiny black speck floating up and up against the gold, almost dizzy with wonder and with the effort to see and to

(Continued on page 152)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"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd., 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.	Cheap 1st and 3rd class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely Welsh district

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HALO
P3
SLEEPING CAP

hear and to keep so that this matchless moment should be his for always.

It might have been an eternity, it might have been five minutes that he listened, while it seemed that for him alone the heavens blazed and the bird sang; and then gradually the gold faded from the sky, following the sinking sun like a trailing cloak fastened to the shoulders of a king, and night came out of the earth, veiled in purple and grey, and one star shone in the heavens. . . . The lark had disappeared, but Percy thought that he could still hear her; or was it the star that he heard, singing to the young-eyed seraphim who alone understand the mystery of love?

He turned and made his way homewards through the dark wood, stumbling a little, his body ice-cold with the coming of night, but his head burning hot with the travail of creation; he felt as though hammer and anvil were busy in his brain, clanging and ringing, fashioning words into lines and lines into verse. He began to whisper to himself, trying the sound of the lines, trying to match words against the beauty that he had heard as an artist will match colours against a landscape.

He was halfway home across the darkened fields, when he suddenly stopped dead, trembling but triumphant, the first three links forged of a golden chain of sound that he would one day make. . . . He spoke aloud, the song of the vanished skylark still ringing in his ears:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
begun.

Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am
listening now.

END

The illustrations which accompany this story are by Norman Hepple. They are acknowledged in error on page 12 to Rowland Hilder.

Getting the Best Out of Your Refrigerator

(*Continued from page* 69)

the lamb in the usual way, covering it with greaseproof paper so that outside does not get too crisp. When cooked, cut the thinnest possible slices all round the joint so that the surface is perfectly smooth. When cool, coat with glaze, place in the refrigerator and serve when required surrounded by mint sauce to which a tin of peas have been added some hours before. The peas are much improved by the flavour of the mint.

Sweets from your refrigerator can be simple or elaborate, delicate or substantial.

Here is a simple one that is easily prepared: Boil one pound of chestnuts until cooked and then remove the skins. Mash well with a quarter of a pint of coffee cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and vanilla to taste. Whisk for five minutes and when quite smooth stand in the refrigerator to chill. Serve in individual glasses, topped with whipped cream and glacé cherries.

Apple whip is also very quickly made. Stew four large apples with sugar to sweeten and the rind of a lemon to flavour. When ready pass through a hair sieve and leave to cool. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of two eggs, whisk the purée to a froth, fold in the whites of egg and decorate with slices of orange and whipped cream. Stand in the refrigerator to chill.

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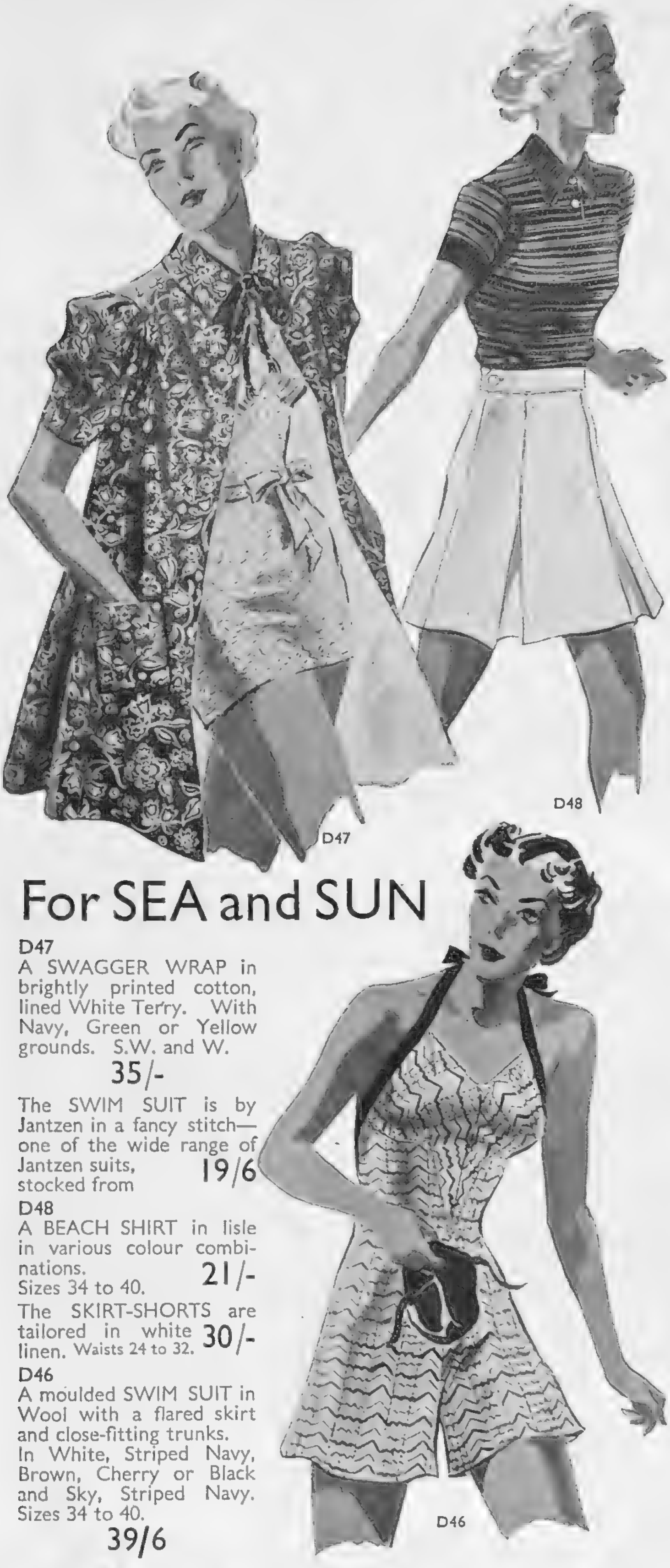

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G.F.B. 148

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NEW ZEALAND LAMB

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

Where Are They Now?

(*Continued from page* 31)

last year she divorced him. She has been in England lately and has, I think, made a film here. As a vaudeville headliner she has done very well; her name may pull us into cinemas quite soon.

After talking to Mae Marsh on the *Hollywood Boulevard* set, I watched a lovely fair girl rehearsing an important scene. It was good to see her in that studio again, for Esther Ralston was one of Paramount's brightest stars in the days when I first knew Hollywood. She is one of the players to whom talking films dealt a stunning blow. She turned back to the vaudeville stage, where she was always at home; as a member of an acrobatic team called The Ralstons, headed by her father and mother, she toured America from end to end through her childhood. When talkies brought changes, on the screen, Esther came to London as a music-hall headliner. Later, she divorced her first husband, George Webb, who had been her manager during her screen career. I saw her again two years ago at a cocktail party given in my honour by kind-hearted, tragic Thelma Todd, and Esther was radiant that afternoon, dancing incessantly with the good-looking man she has since married.

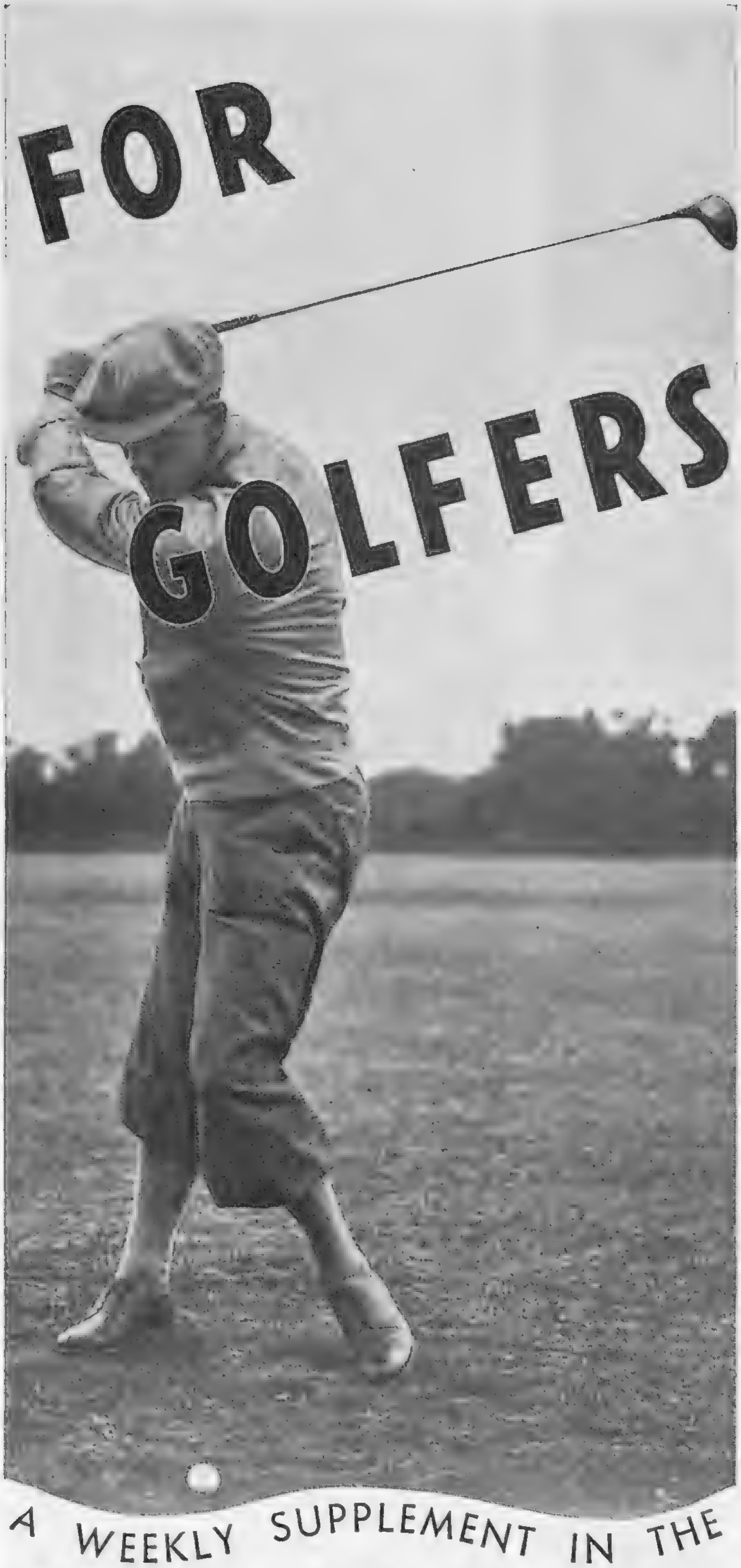
On the *Hollywood Boulevard* set I saw her at work; and that very day Adolph Zukor came to watch the work of many actors and actresses who had been his stars in the past. Esther Ralston talked to him for some time, and I heard her say, "Thank you for giving me a chance to be in a Paramount picture again, Mr. Zukor; it means a lot to me."

Audiences did not seem to notice that a star for whom they had shown great affection had dropped out of sight in the big shuffle. Eight years ago Monte Blue's name was plastered all over Hollywood's bill boards; he was one of Warner Brothers' best bets in the star line. I met him then, and when *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* was being made I met him again. Monte Blue made it clear that he wanted no sympathy wasted on him. "Listen, I had ten years of success, and wealth, and praise; I've had a little over a year and a half of hardship and partial extinction. What right have I to grumble?"

Two crashing bank failures left Monte Blue a ruined man financially, just at the time when his stock as a film player seemed to be on the down grade. He told me that in one sense he is glad he lost his money. He had started to think he was "pretty swell" as a leading man, and when an actor thinks like that he is likely to find himself on what filmland calls "the skids." Monte Blue says poverty and idleness taught him to be his own age, which lifted him clean out of the knee-bending romantic group and turned him into a character player of style. Inside the Paramount studios every Wednesday evening, two films are shown to about four hundred picked workers from certain departments of the organisation; publicity is strongly represented always, and as the guest of the chief of that department I have been to these Wednesday shows more than once.

I heard the applause with which Monte Blue's first appearance in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* was greeted, to be confirmed later by audiences in a thousand cities. And I wondered why cheers and much applause had broken out because a man had played a reception clerk for a few minutes. The man was Jack Mulhall, once a top-liner film comedian; and Charles Ray, another star of yesterday, was greeted in the same way in a tiny rôle.

Jack Mulhall is making a magnificent fight to come back to the game he loves so well. He started in films as a boy in 1913, when he worked in talking pictures (yes, they made them then) put on the market by Thomas Edison. He became a star under the banner of Adolph Zukor; then he went to Warner Brothers, where he reached the top notch of his upward climb. Now he is back at the Zukor studio and at many other studios, always in work, in (*Continued on page* 156)



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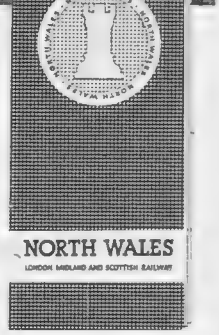

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parts an eighth of the size and importance of those he once played so brilliantly. He declares he is making no come back, because he has never really stopped working; it is only that he is doing a different kind of work. In his spare hours he has written a book which reveals all he has been through in the see-saw city we call Hollywood. It should be worth reading, and I hope it makes a new fortune for Jack Mulhall.

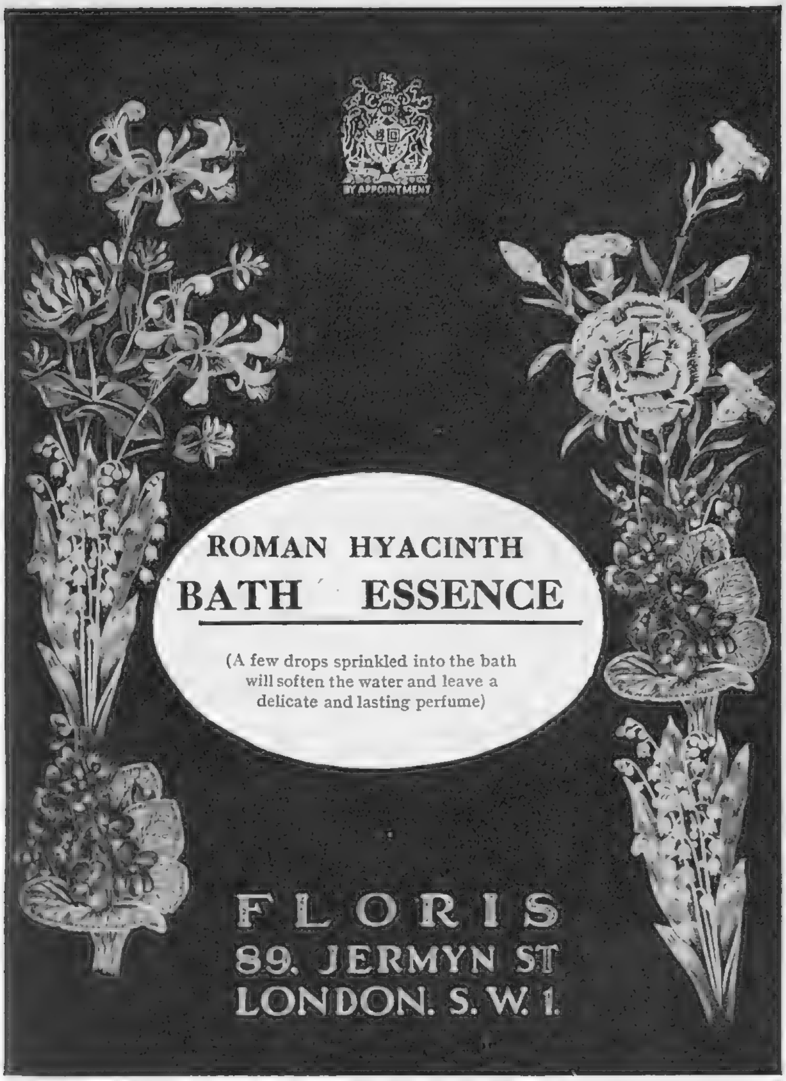
Charlie Ray was mentioned with bated breath ten years ago as one of the People Who Count in pictures. He had established himself in silent films as the shy country boy type, which he played so admirably. Then he became ambitious to the extent of sinking the major part of his personal fortune in turning out films in which he starred; they were the kind of films he thought he wanted to play, in which he imagined the public wanted to see him. He was wrong. That exquisite and luxurious house of his in Beverly Hills was sold; he was made bankrupt; tragedy laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the country boy who had been so popular once. To-day Charles Ray is publishing a paper called *Hollywood Digest*, and has a school where he trains young hopefuls for future success in the studios.

Around the same time that Esther Ralston was to Paramount what Carole Lombard is at the moment, a team of comedians were working strenuously at a series of silent comedies. The team consisted of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. They provided a great contrast to each other; and filmgoers who think of Wally Beery only as a serious, tough-guy, eat-'em-alive type, should try to catch a glimpse of some of the Beery-Hatton comedies, in which he displayed a brand of rich, unctuous humour. On the Beery-Hatton set there was always a crowd standing on the side lines laughing their heads off, not only at the gags the two comedians were putting over for the picture, but at the ceaseless quick-fire chatter that shuttlecocked from Wally to Ray and back again. Whether they were fire-engine assistants, or piano-movers, they joked just the same. It was always a marvel to me that they got any work done at all.

Wally Beery is still a star; but where is Raymond Hatton? Every now and then I say, as I watch a film, "Why, that's Raymond Hatton!" And it is. He contributes now and then a clean-cut gem of comedy or tragedy to a film, as one of the also-rans in the cast.

Mae Murray, for whom red carpet was laid down with reverence when I first knew Hollywood, has dropped out of the picture business, it seems. She has been appearing on the stage in New York; she married one of the Mdvani princes; her bee-stung lips and golden curls captivated susceptible audiences when she played *The Merry Widow* and battled with Erich von Stroheim throughout the making of that remarkable picture. John Gilbert, her co-star in the film, died last year a heart-broken, disappointed shadow of a star.

Nine years ago a luncheon party was given at the Montmartre Café on Hollywood Boulevard. Fourteen females sat down to lunch. On one side of me was Colleen Moore; opposite was Norma Talmadge; Bébé Daniels was there, Leatrice Joy, Claire Windsor, Helen Ferguson, Lila Lee, Aileen Pringle, and some others I do not recall now. To a journalist newly arrived from England it was a thrilling occasion. Within a few yards sat some of the loveliest and most celebrated actresses on the screen; faces that had been familiar only in terms of black and white smiled at me in all their vivid beauty. Several times during that meal I heard Norma Talmadge refer to someone as "Daddy," and wondered who it could be, because I had been told her father was dead. Later I learned that "Daddy" was her first husband, Joseph M. Schenck, film magnate and founder of the flourishing film careers of Norma and Constance Talmadge. (*Continued on page* 158)



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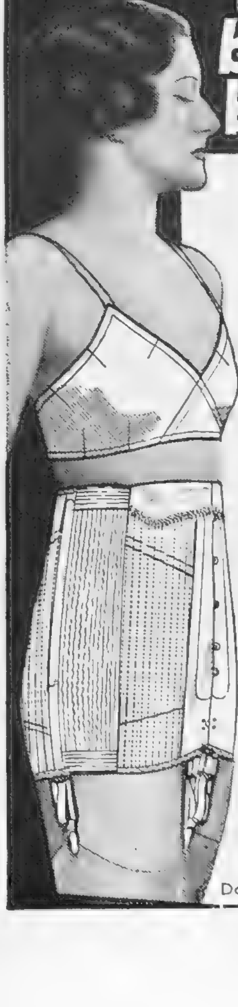

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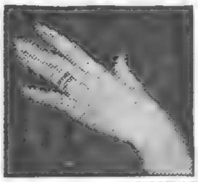

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Where Are They Now?

What has become of the guests at that luncheon party? Colleen Moore, then married to John McCormick and at the top of her fame, suffered the bitterness of a broken romance and divorce. Her unusual straight-cut, dark hair, her ingenuous charm began to demand a change of some kind. She remarried a business man called Al Scott; they are now divorced, or at least separated. She had invested her large salary wisely and continued to live in the delightful hilltop house she built in Bel Air. Then she changed the style of her coiffure completely, signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was stated to be all set to play in many films and step back to her old position. Somehow those plans must have come unstuck, for we do not see the name of Colleen Moore outside film theatres to-day.

Leatrice Joy, once Mrs. John Gilbert, has remarried a man who is not an actor. They live quietly in the house Miss Joy built when she was a film star, and she devotes most of her time to bringing up the daughter to whom John Gilbert left part of his fortune. Helen Ferguson has married Richard Hargreaves, a banker, and has branched out herself into the most flourishing publicity business in Hollywood. She counts some of the best known stars of to-day among her clients, and her office on Sunset Boulevard, opposite the Vendôme Restaurant, is a meeting-place for celebrities. Lila Lee, like Bessie Love, has been a star twice in her life; as a child, with the name of "Cuddles," she became very popular; as a girl she was a highly paid, much in demand star. She married James Kirkwood, and divorced him; when talkies began she overworked to such an extent that she had a serious breakdown and was sent to a sanatorium in the desert where, through slow, weary months, she fought to regain her lost health. Now she is back in Hollywood making films again — for Independent Producers.

Aileen Pringle, with the late Lew Cody as her opposite number, made a series of comedies for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that were very successful. She gathered in her house the most interesting personalities in the worlds of literature, art, music; she presided over Hollywood's nearest approach to a Salon, and was justly proud of it. Then she began to slide gently out of the spotlight. To-day Aileen Pringle is coming back. She played a small part in *Wife versus Secretary*, and another in *Piccadilly Jim*, both at the studio where she occupied a star dressing-room not so long ago. She is in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, and is working for Paramount, too; as witty, as chic, as full of animation as ever.

To the house of Louis Wolheim, the character actor whose early death robbed theatre and screen of a great actor, came many stars one evening. All the Talmadge clan (Norma, with Gilbert Roland; Constance, with her husband, Townsend Netcher; Natalie, with her husband, Buster Keaton; Mrs. Peg Talmadge, their mother); Samuel Goldwyn and his lovely wife, Frances Goldwyn; Aileen Pringle; Bébé Daniels and her mother, and many more. It was a joke that the Talmadges always went everywhere together, in one family bunch. The three sisters spent the evening gossiping with their mother; Buster Keaton, then one of M.G.M.'s biggest bets, dived straight into the library with Sam Goldwyn and two others, to remain there until it was time to go home. They were playing bridge!

Since that night Mrs. Talmadge has died; Norma's romance with Gilbert Roland is at an end. She has retired from the screen and is now married to George Jessel, a stage and radio star, who is producing pictures at Universal Studios; Constance is still Mrs. Townsend Netcher, living most of the time in Chicago; Natalie has divorced Buster Keaton, and that dead-pan comedian himself has done a sensational slide from the top to the foot of the heap. Talking pictures seemed to spell ruin for Buster, who had been brought up as a member of a vaudeville trio in which his sternest injunction was that he must

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never smile and never open his mouth in front of an audience. Years of that sort of training take a lot of living down; but Buster, after divorce, bankruptcy, remarriage and various other adventures, is rumoured to be about to make another film, possibly in this country.

A few years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno gave a party it was *an event.* To their gorgeous castle-like house on the hills above Los Feliz Boulevard went all the great ones of the screen, and others who were lucky enough to be invited. Mrs. Moreno had been Daisy Danziger, an heiress who was a popular social figure in a smart set; Tony Moreno was a charming person, gay, energetic, deeply interested in his work, earning an enormous salary. I saw him playing a love scene with Garbo in *The Temptress,* one of her earliest American films; and then it was Tony Moreno who was the centre of attraction on the set, Garbo who was the unknown girl from Sweden. What is the position to-day? Mrs. Moreno is dead, killed instantly when the car in which she was driving herself plunged over the edge of a hillside road. Suicide? Hollywood does not know. The castle-like house is sold; Tony Moreno dropped from riches to poverty, from fame to something close to oblivion. He made some Spanish versions of films, and last year played a good part for Universal in *Storm Over the Andes.* Perhaps he will be acting with Garbo again, one of these days. Hollywood has witnessed greater miracles.

Tom Mix is touring his own circus round America; white hat, white riding suit, diamonds, black hair, the old flashing smile—everything is there, as before. . . . . William S. Hart, that two-gun hero of other days, lives in seclusion on his ranch at Sargus, in the San Fernando Valley.

Lillian Gish is still unmarried; she was acting recently on the New York stage in *Romeo and Juliet.* Her sister Dorothy Gish is now married to James Crane, a New York stage director. She has a house in the State of Connecticut, and lives there far from the glare of studios and stage. The career of Mary Miles Minter received a brutal check when the radiantly lovely girl found herself mixed up in the unsolved murder mystery of William Desmond Taylor. The one-time star with the golden curls and wide blue eyes wants to act again. Only this year, in February, she stated that she intended to have the William Desmond Taylor case reopened in a final effort to establish the identity of the real murderer, and clear her own name completely, so that life for her might begin all over again.

Only last summer a woman got out of a big car in front of the block of furnished flats in which I was living in Hollywood. She walked past me to the desk; I noticed her dark hair, pale face, large dark eyes. She nodded to the clerk behind the desk and went on towards the lift. He jerked his head in her direction.

"Know who that was?" he asked me, with a smile. I did not know. "It was Theda Bara," he said, "the greatest 'vamp' of them all! She is Mrs. Charles Brabin; husband's a director. They live here." Theda Bara—greatest vamp of them all. And I had not even recognised her!

END

Savouries and Salads

(*Continued from page 71*)

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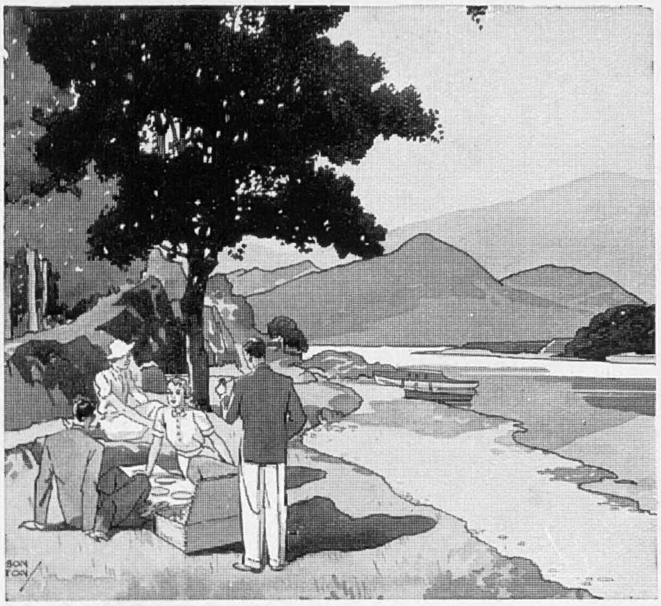
PRINTED IN ENGLAND by W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates : Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum ; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand : Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America : The International News Co., Ltd.



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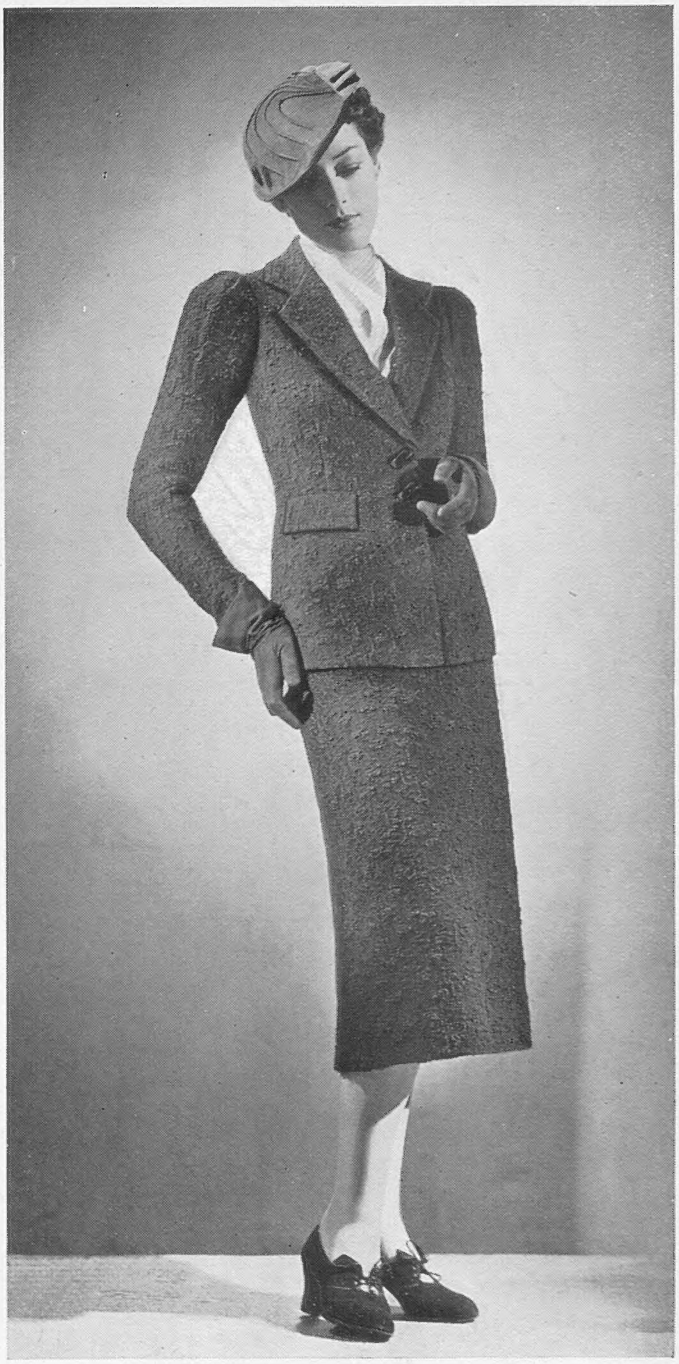

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